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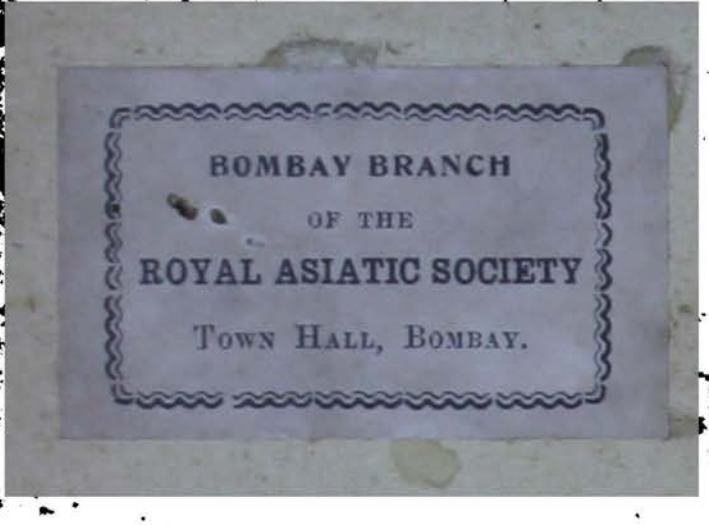

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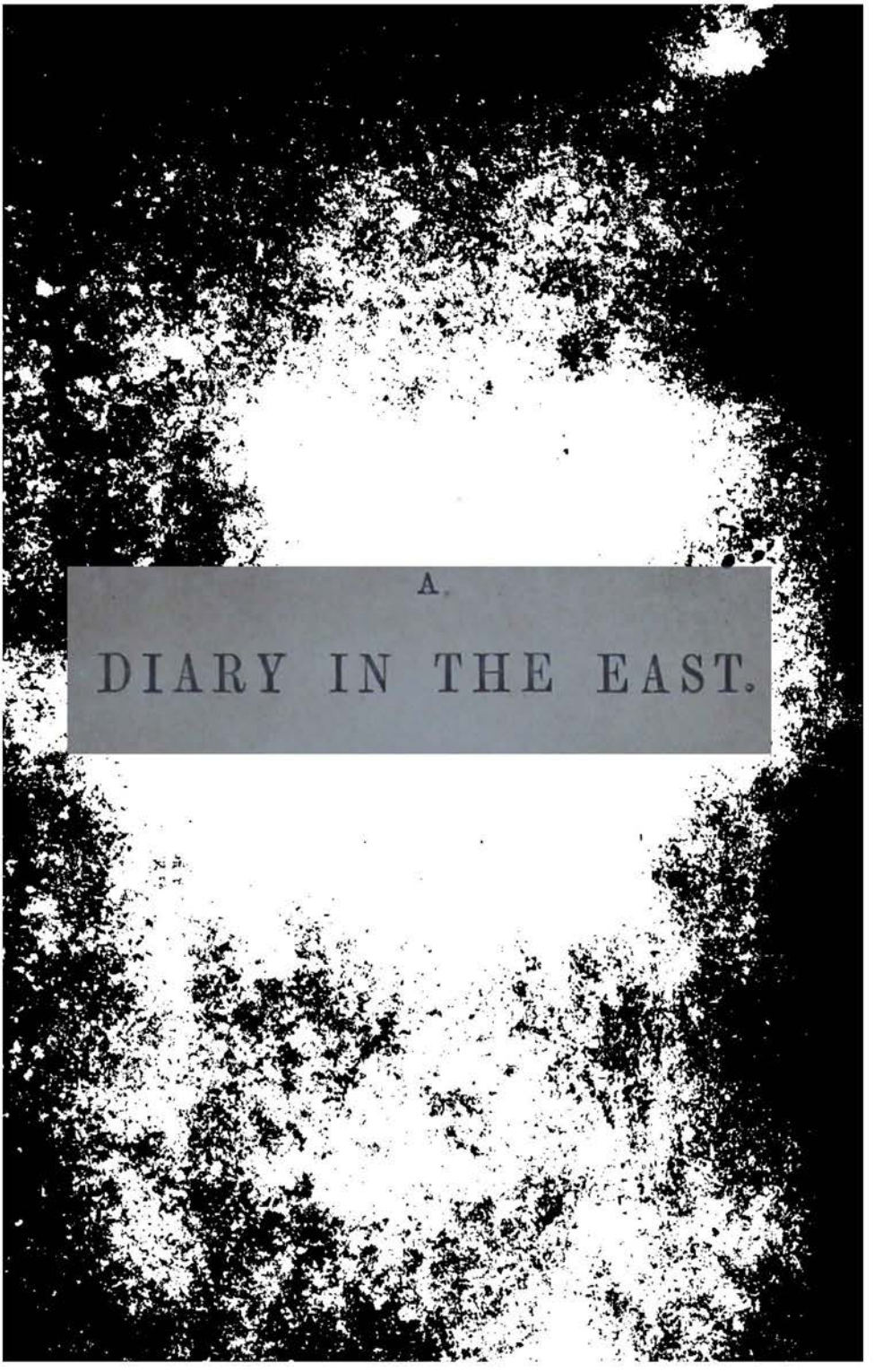
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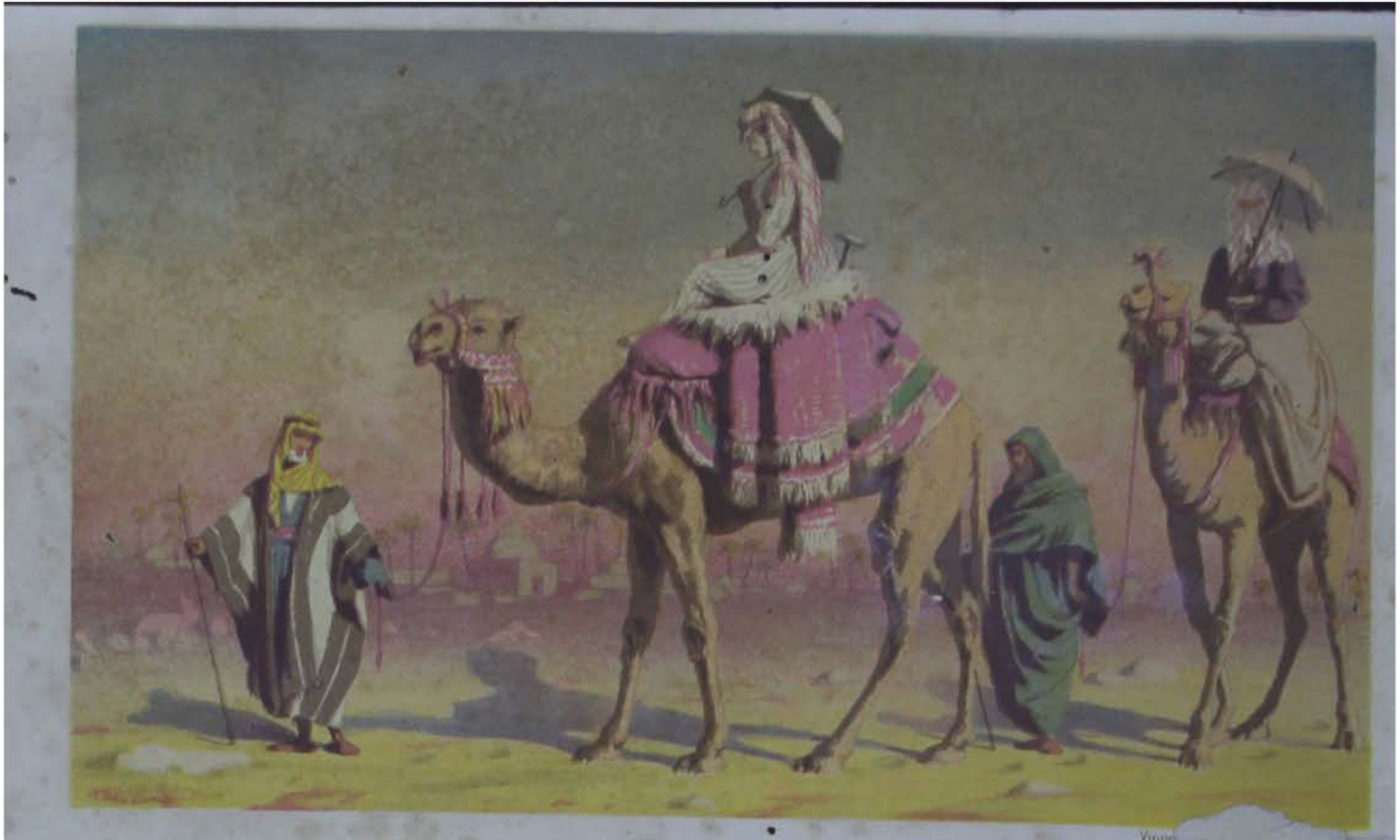

SHIPS OF THE DESERT

A

DIARY IN THE EAST

DURING THE TOUR

OF THE

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

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BY

ac.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
1869.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM,

The gracious permission I have received from your Royal Highness to dedicate this Volume to you, causes me to feel regret that it is not more worthy of that great honour; but I trust that the goodness which induced your Royal Highness to confer such a favour on the Work, will lead you to regard with an indulgent eye this Record of the interesting Tour in part of which I accompanied the Prince of Wales.

I am, MADAM, with profound respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Most faithful, obliged, and humble Servant,

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

TO THE READER.

It will be seen from the concluding pa
the Preface, that I intended to include in this
a chapter on the Nile Basin and on the Ocean
from a scientific point of view, as well as some
visions on the Ornithology and Natural History
Egypt
Professor Owen and others

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W. H. RUSSELL.

TO THE READER.

It will be seen from the concluding paragraph of the Preface, that I intended to include in this work a chapter on the Nile Basin and on the Suez Canal from a scientific point of view, as well as some observations on the Ornithology and Natural History of Egypt, for which I would have been indebted to Professor Owen and others.

The size of the volume has, however, far exceeded my original design, and I am obliged, very unwillingly, to omit the contributions to which the Preface refers.

W. H. RUSSELL.

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ERRATA.

Page 34, *line* 10 }
,, 35 ,, 13 } *for* "Tomasio," *read* Tommaso.
,, 38 ,, 3 }
,, 54, *headline, for* "Boulaq," *read* Boulak.
,, 199 ,, } *for* "Sonhadj," *read* Souhadj.
,, 200 ,, *and line* 22 }
,, 250, *line* 15, *for* "pyroteconic," *read* pyrotechnic.
,, 97, *headline, and line* 13 } *for* "Hekekan," *read* Hekekyan.
,, 99, *line* 24 }

*** *Oriental words and names, such as* "baksheesh" *and* "Boulak," *admit of great varieties of spelling. The more erudite the writer, the more eccentric to our eyes is his orthography, because he seeks to render the true phonetic value of Arabic, in English, letters.*

PREFACE.

I HAVE made my own journal the basis of the following account of the tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, although I felt some inconvenience would arise from adopting that course. In the first place, I had to obtain from others the materials for the itinerary of the Royal travellers between London and Alexandria, without which the record would not have been complete. Interpolated between that short chapter, which principally contains names and dates, and the narrative of the voyage to the First Cataract, there is a little sketch of the proceedings of the party with which I started from Paris, and of our life in Egypt previous to the coming of the Prince and Princess.

When I left England, to accompany the Duke of Sutherland and his friends, I had no intention of extending my tour beyond the Nile and the Suez

Canal. It had been arranged that we were to await the arrival of the Prince and Princess at Cairo, and attend their Royal Highnesses to the First Cataract in a steamer placed at the Duke's disposal by the Viceroy of Egypt. Beyond that there were no definite plans with respect to our movements.

In the early part of the year the relations between Turkey and Greece were so threatening, that a royal visit to Constantinople or Athens seemed to be impolitic, if not altogether impracticable. If Constantinople could not be approached, of course it would be impossible for the Prince and Princess to visit the Crimea. There is no real political incognito in the case of exalted personages; and the Baron and Baroness of Renfrew cannot make an excursion from which the Prince and Princess of Wales are debarred. But the cloud which hung over that stormy Icarian Sea, where the Eastern question is riding so uneasily, lifted in spring-time, and the Royal tour expanded as the sky became clearer.

Whilst the Prince and Princess were engaged on their expedition, between the First and Second Cataracts and back, I went on a very hasty pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I have borrowed the account of their excursion from the note-book of a friend. They

made a more rapid descent from the Second Cataract than was anticipated. Consequently I was compelled to leave Palestine after a brief stay, and to return to Cairo, in conformity with a promise I had made to await there His Royal Highness's arrival, in case he desired, or found it convenient to go to the Crimea. I was fortunate enough to arrive at Port Said on the same day as the Viceroy, and I was invited to accompany him in his inspection of the Suez Canal. On reaching Cairo, I received an intimation from the Prince of Wales that he would visit Sebastopol, and an invitation, couched in the most gracious and considerate terms, to form one of his suite on the occasion. From that period up to the date of the arrival of the Royal party in Paris, on their way home, the narrative is founded on my journal.

It will be readily understood, that he who writes an account of a recent Royal progress in foreign countries, has to encounter difficulties which would not lie in his way if he were travelling under ordinary conditions. It must not be inferred that there was anything to complain of, if I say that the guest of a King cannot very well sit down to criticise the arrangements of the Palace in which he was lodged, as if he were writing of his last hotel—

or that there was anything to condemn, if I remark that he cannot indulge in comments on people he met there, a few days after parting from them, as freely as if he had seen them in the street, or had heard of them by popular report. From a height, one sees more, but he does not make out the details so well as on the plain; and if his horizon be wide, his steps are limited. But, at the same time, he can observe objects on the summit, which are scarcely visible to those beneath.

If the advantages of visiting strange countries be recognized in the case of private persons, these, whatever they may be, should certainly be largely developed when the stranger is one whose knowledge of foreign lands, acquaintance with distinguished men, and intimacy with different Courts, will be turned to account some day when he is the ruler of a vast empire which possesses interests all over the world. Although the direct control of the king be constitutionally reduced to a minimum by our system of ministerial action and responsibility, the influence of the monarch, always considerable, is augmented in proportion to his personal ability and energy; and in many affairs he has, perhaps, a larger and more direct share of management than is generally supposed.

It is of benefit to the country that the true value of political questions and the actual characters of foreign statesmen should be known to the man who is destined to take such an important part as a judicious and strenuous king can always assume, without unconstitutional encroachments, in guiding our administration of foreign affairs. The Prince of Wales has just visited every Court in Europe, except that of Russia, with which he is already acquainted, and those of Italy and Portugal, which are, perhaps, reserved for a future occasion. Spain is courtless. There is not a statesman or politician of note, from Copenhagen to Cairo, with whom he has not conversed, and of whose views on most great questions he is not informed. Their armies, navies, social institutions, religious systems, educational establishments—he has seen something of these wherever he has gone, to his own great profit, and no doubt to the ultimate use of the State.

In the course of our Odyssey there occurred many incidents, there were seen many men, manners, and cities. Some of the men are so near to us—others were beheld under such peculiar circumstances—the manners and cities are so familiar—that it would not be justifiable to transcribe passages relating to

them from a private memorandum-book; but, on the whole, the narrative of our daily life will be given without restraint, though I am aware that there is nothing in many of the scenes, or in the course of the tour itself, to warrant minute details, and that it is in the travellers themselves, and in the circumstances surrounding them, rather than in their travels, that whatever interest there is in these pages will be found to centre.

I alone am responsible for any expression of opinion and indication of feeling which may be found in the following pages, and in no instance are they to be attributed to those whose sentiments would be entitled to the highest consideration. If I have written with perfect freedom, I have endeavoured to avoid injury to just susceptibilities. I hope my readers will pardon any deviations from the subject indicated in the title, which may arise from the introduction of personal incidents and recollections. My recurrence to the aid of friends I feel sure does not need an apology.

To Professor Owen my thanks are due for a chapter on the Nile Basin and on the Suez Canal, from a scientific point of view; to the knowledge and notes of some I confess my obligations in all matters relating to ornithology and natural history;

to the accomplished pencils of others I owe the best of the illustrations; and to all my companions, from the highest, I am indebted for unvarying kindness, for a long series of pleasant hours, and for grateful reminiscences of many happy days.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS FROM LONDON.—PARIS.—THE HUNT AT COMPIÈGNE.—COPENHAGEN. — STOCKHOLM. — BERLIN.—VIENNA.—DEPARTURE FROM TRIESTE.—ARRIVAL IN CAIRO.

NOVEMBER 17TH, 1868.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three eldest children, attended by Lady Carmarthen, General Sir W. Knollys, Lt.-Col. Keppel, and Dr. Minter, R.N., left Marlborough House, on their way to the Continent. They travelled by the 8.30 P.M. mail train from Charing Cross Station; and after a rapid passage across the Channel in the Maid of Kent steamer, reached the Hôtel Bristol, Paris, a little before 9 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of November.

On 20th November the Prince and Princess went to Compiègne, on a visit to the Emperor and Empress. They left Paris at 10 o'clock A.M. in the Imperial train, and reached Compiègne shortly after 11 o'clock. The Emperor was waiting at the station, and conducted his guests in open carriages through the town to the Palace.

A déjeûner was served soon after their arrival, and then their Royal Highnesses drove to the Rendezvous de la Chasse, about four miles off in the forest, for a stag hunt. Horses were provided for the Prince of Wales and his equerry. The Emperor did not ride. About a mile distant the hounds were waiting, and His Royal Highness having ridden to the spot, they were turned off.

To ride through the forest was impossible: it was necessary to go by one of the numerous allées, in which the forest abounds, in the direction in which the hounds were running. Shortly after the commencement of the hunt, a curious accident happened to the Prince of Wales. As he was galloping along one of the drives, a stag rushed across and knocked him and his horse completely over. He got up again at once, and, though slightly bruised and shaken, remounted and continued on horseback till it got too late to pursue any longer.

The stag was not killed till some time after dark. The curée took place, in the courtyard of the Palace, after dinner.

On 21st November the Emperor gave the Prince a day's shooting, the game chiefly pheasants and rabbits. There were ten guns out. The shooting party consisted of the Emperor, the Prince of Wales, Marshal Bazaine, the Duc d'Albe, the Comte de Moltke, the Comte Mercy Argenteau, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Comte Bedinur, General Sir W. Knollys, and Lieut.-Col. Keppel. His Royal Highness bagged 270 head; Lord Lansdowne came next, with 260 head, and the Emperor third, with 239 head.

After the day's shooting was over, the Prince and Princess returned to Paris, the Emperor and Empress accompanying them to the station at Compiègne.

Thursday, November 26th, 1868.—The Prince and Princess left Paris at 5 P.M., viâ Namur and Liege, and reached Cologne at 5 A.M. on the morning of the 27th. They left Cologne in the evening at 7.15, and reached Hohendorf soon after 7 on the morning of the 28th. The passage across the Elbe was effected in a steam ferry, and a slow train thence brought their Royal

Highnesses to Lübeck in about two and a half hours. At Lübeck they embarked on board the Danish Government steamer Freya, and after a sea passage of about eight and a half hours from Travemunde, reached Korsoer in the course of the night.

Sunday, November 29th.—Soon after 9 A.M. the Crown Prince of Denmark came on board the Freya to welcome the Prince and Princess. At 9.30 they landed, and were loudly cheered by the assembled crowd. They proceeded by special train to Fredensborg, viâ Copenhagen, where they were met by the King and Prince Waldemar. The Queen and Princess Thyra were waiting at the station of Fredensborg, and thence the party drove to the Slot. The Princess of Wales was greatly cheered by the people.

Tuesday, December 1st.—The birthday of the Princess of Wales. At 1.15 P.M. the ladies and gentlemen in waiting and several friends, assembled in the large saloon of the Palace, and offered their felicitations. In the evening there was a large dinner-party, to which Sir C. Wyke, the British Minister, and his attachés were invited. The King proposed in Danish the health of the Princess, saying it was six years since he had had the pleasure

of having her with him on her birthday; and that when he looked back upon the anxious time of her severe illness of the previous year, he could not be sufficiently grateful to Almighty God for being able to have her now sitting by his side almost completely recovered.

On December 2nd, and on several subsequent occasions, the Prince of Wales went out shooting. On these occasions the peasants sent their carriages, holding three persons, besides the driver, and drawn generally by a pair of excellent cobs, to take His Majesty's guests to the shooting-ground. In former days they were compelled to do so, but now the King always pays for the carriages he requires.

Tuesday, December 15th.—The Prince of Wales left Fredensborg, by special train, at 11 A.M. for Stockholm. The Crown Prince of Denmark accompanied him as far as Helsingborg across the Sound, which place they reached after a rapid passage of twenty minutes. The Prince proceeded as far as Jonköping, where he slept.

Wednesday, December 16th.—The Prince left Jonköping at 6.45 A.M., and reached Stockholm at 7.15 P.M. The King of Sweden met the Prince at the railway station, and conducted him to the Palace. The Prince remained at Stockholm till

Tuesday, December 22nd, during which time he was made a Freemason, and was present at a ball at the Palace, and at one given by Prince Oscar of Sweden.

On the morning of the 22nd December, the Prince left Stockholm at 6 o'clock, and was accompanied by the King to the first station. He reached Helsingborg at 3.30 on the morning of the 23rd, whence a special steamer and train brought him back to Fredensborg by 6 A.M., in twenty-four hours after leaving Stockholm.

Monday, December 28th.—The Danish Court moved to Copenhagen from Fredensborg, and on 5th January, 1869, the Prince and Princess were present at a full-dress state ball at the Christianborg Palace.

January 15th.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the infant Princes, and with Lady Carmarthen, Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, Sir W. Knollys, Lieut.-Col. Keppel, Lieut.-Col. Teesdale, Capt. Arthur Ellis, Lord Carington, the Hon. O. Montagu, and Dr. Minter, R.N., in attendance, left Copenhagen at 8.30 P.M. At the railway station the Foreign Ministers and various officers of Court, in full uniform, were waiting to bid adieu to their Royal Highnesses, who quitted the hospitable Court and city, where they had received such genuine kindness and heartfelt

attention, with great regret. To one of them there was, of course, a special and natural reason for sorrow. All, without exception, entertained a lively sense of the warmth of the right royal welcome. The King and Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince, Sir Charles Wyke, Mr. Strachey, and Mr. Macdonald, accompanied the Prince and Princess to Korsoer. Countess Reventlow, Admiral Irminger, Captain Lund, and Captain Bardenfelt, were of the suite.

It was midnight when the party reached the port and embarked on board the Freya despatch-boat, Commander M'Dougall. The King and Queen of Denmark then took leave of their daughter and of the Prince, and the steamer, proceeding at once to sea, lay on her course for Lübeck, which she reached in ten hours, and where Mr. Moore, the English Minister for the Hanse Towns, was in attendance. A special train conveyed the Royal party to Hamburgh at 1.30 P.M. The weather was cold, the thermometer marking five degrees of Reaumur. The party, forty-two in all, were put up at the Hôtel Victoria, where a dinner was given in the evening to the Duke and Duchess of Glücksburg, the Princess Louise, and Prince Julius of Glücksburg.

On the following day the first token of the long

journey before the Prince and Princess was given by the departure of the Royal children, who, in charge of Lady Carmarthen, Sir William Knollys, and Lieut.-Col. Keppel, left the hotel at 7.30 in the morning, on their way to England.

The same day, soon after noon, the Royal travellers left Hamburgh, and arrived at Berlin at 7 o'clock at night. They were met at the station by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Prussia, Prince Henry of Hesse Darmstadt, Lord Augustus Loftus, Mr. Petre, Lord Brabazon, Mr. Frank Lascelles, and Mr. O'Connor, attached to Her Britannic Majesty's Legation, and Mrs. Petre, Lady Brabazon, and Mrs. Frank Lascelles. The weather was bitterly cold, Reaumur marking eight degrees of frost.

On the following day (the 18th of January being one of the two days in the year on which it can be held) a Chapter of the Order of the Black Eagle was convened, and the Prince of Wales was invested with the Collar. At 2.30 a procession was formed at the Old Schloss, Heralds, Pages, Officers of State, the nineteen Knights Grand Cross entering in the following order: — General Von Roon (1), Baron Von Moltke (2), Count Von Redern (3), Count Von Bismarck (4), General Vencker (5), Count Von Waldersee (6), Count Von Werderer (7), General Von

Bresenniay (8), Prince Adolph Hohenlohe (9), the Chancellor, Field Marshal, Count Von Wrangel (10), Prince Albert of Prussia's Son (11), the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (12), Prince August of Wurtemberg (13), Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia (14), Prince Alexander of Prussia (15), Prince Adelbert (16), Prince Albert of Prussia (17), the Crown Prince (18), the King (19). All Knights wore their robes and collars; the King alone remained covered. He wore his helmet, and, standing on the throne in the Rittersaal, after a short address, proceeded to invest the Prince, who was introduced by the Crown Prince and Prince Albert, when he had taken the necessary oaths, with the Collar. The whole ceremony was exceedingly imposing, and the brilliant decorations in the hall and the display of old plate very striking.

An early dinner at the Royal Palace permitted the company to proceed afterwards to the Opera House, where they witnessed the ballet of "Sardanapalus."

The weather was so cold that every opportunity was given to indulge in the amusement of skating, and on the 19th and 20th there were very pretty exhibitions at the Thiergarten.

On the night of the 20th January, the Royal travellers left Berlin by the ordinary night express

train, the Crown Prince and Princess, together with their household, the British Embassy, and many of the Ministers, accompanying them to the station.

Ten degrees of frost, and a country whitened with snow, made them sensible of one of the few advantages which the English climate possesses over that of the dry plateaux of Northern and Central Europe.

It was 8 o'clock at night when the train reached Vienna. At the station, the Emperor, in full uniform, the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Archduchess Thérèse, Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg, the Princess Clémentine, the Princess Amalie, Prince William of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg, Prince Hohenlohe, Lord Bloomfield, the British Ambassador, with the members of the Embassy, the Danish Minister, and many others, were in waiting, and received the Royal travellers, who were driven to the Burg, where the Empress, attended by the Princess Thurn-Taxis and the Countess Hunyady, welcomed them, and shortly afterwards they were left to the enjoyment of repose in the fine old Castle. The rooms are almost countless, of great size, the floors of exquisite parquet. In one there is a series of the largest and finest mosaics in the world, which formerly belonged to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The cold next day increased to nearly fifteen

degrees, and a sharp wind gave an edge to its intensity. Visits, grand dinners, and the theatre, occupied the party during their sojourn at Vienna. Skating, too, had a share in the disposition of the time; and all the civilities and courtesies in which the Court of Vienna excel were lavished upon the Royal party, and tended to render their stay exceedingly delightful.

The Prince and Princess paid visits to the King and Queen of Hanover in their retirement at Hietzing, near Vienna.

On the 27th January the Prince and Princess left the Burg. The train, which started at 7 o'clock, having passed the Sömmering in all the glories of bright sunshine, arrived at Trieste at 7.30 P.M. The Prince and Princess and suite embarked on board H.M.S. Psyche (Commander Sir F. Blackwood), and went off in her to H.M.S. Ariadne (Captain F. Campbell),* which burnt blue lights and rockets.

Two hours after midnight a terrible fire broke out in the town of Trieste, and all the Royal party were aroused to come up on deck, and look at the raging of the flames, which destroyed a long line of warehouses.

* Captain F. Campbell, A.D.C. to the Queen, was sent out from London to take command of the ship, in consequence of the lamented illness of Captain Colin Campbell, who was obliged to remain at Malta.

The Ariadne got ready for sea, weighed at 9 A.M. on the morning of the 28th January, and proceeded on her way to Alexandria; but her progress was not very rapid. Next day was squally and misty, with a southerly wind right ahead; the speed fell off from eight to six, and then to five knots. On the following day, the speed increased to nine knots, but the wind was still adverse, and the weather cloudy. The next day (Sunday), with a calm sea, and lighter breezes, the Ariadne made good way, passing the Albanian coast, with its ranges of snow-capped mountains, Zante, and Navarino. Mr. Onslow, the chaplain, read service at 11 o'clock. Every hour brought an increase in the temperature; and the usual enjoyments on board ship in fine weather came into play. There were singing and hornpipe dancing, electro-biology and mesmerism, on lawful days, between decks.

At 9 o'clock on the evening of the 2nd of February, the Ariadne arrived off Alexandria, fired a gun, sent up rockets, burnt blue and red lights; but it was too late to try the inner passage to the harbour, which is only safe by daylight.

At 7 o'clock next morning, February 3rd, the Prince and Princess, with their suite, were in rea-

diness to land. Colonel Stanton, H.B.M. Consul-General, came off from the Psyche,. accompanied by Sir Samuel Baker, and paid his respects to their Royal Highnesses. The Ariadne steamed into the harbour at 8 o'clock, A.M., all the Egyptian and foreign men-of-war saluting, manning the yards, and dressing ship. The French and Danish Consuls-General, the captain and officers of the French frigate, Mourad Pasha, Abd-el-Kader Bey (attached to the Royal party during their stay), the Governor of Alexandria, &c., repaired on board. At 11.30 o'clock the Prince and Princess left the Ariadne, in the state barge, and repaired to the landing-place, where they were received by Mehemet Tewfik Pasha and Sheeref Pasha, and a great crowd of officials, all in uniform. The Prince of Wales was in his uniform of General, and his suite were also attired in the dress of their rank.

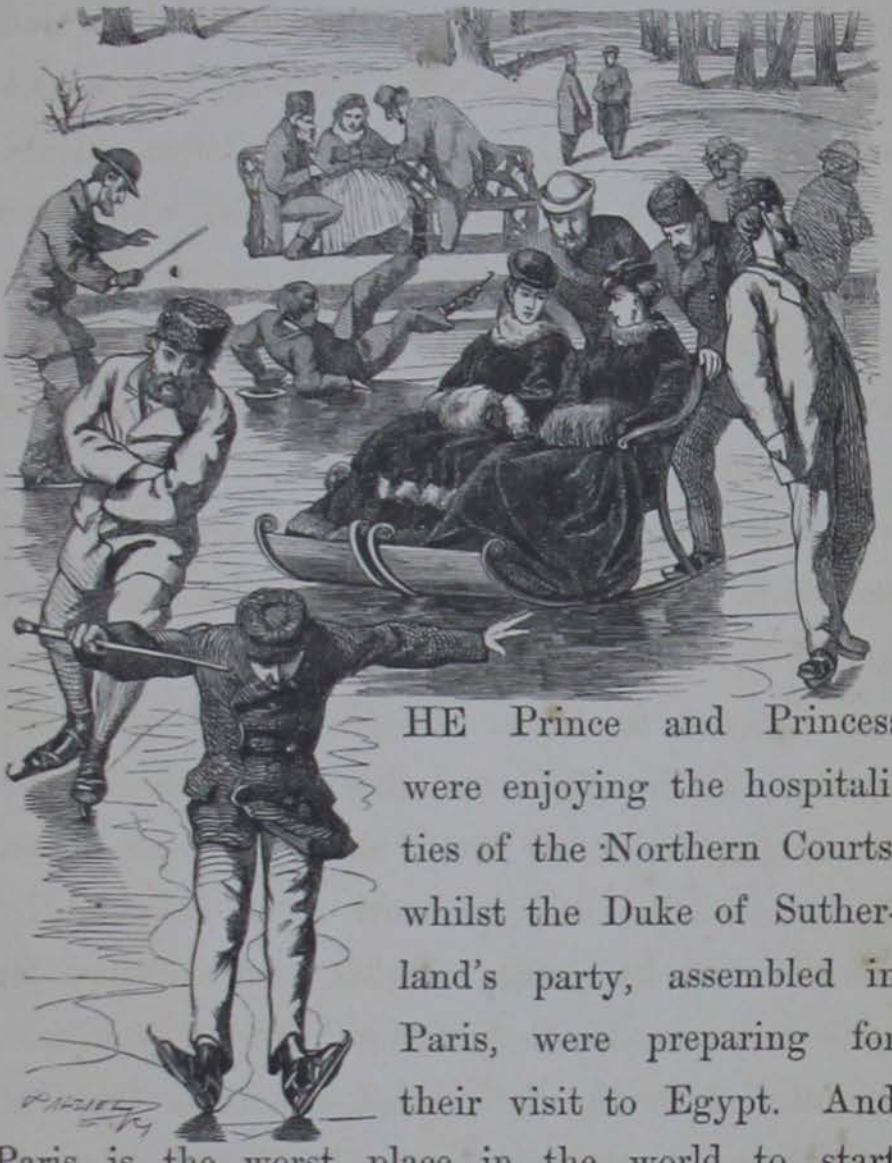
At a quarter past 5 o'clock they arrived at Cairo, at the Kasr El Nil.

So far, the account of the Royal tour has been carried by other hands. Having now seen the Prince and Princess safely into Cairo, I will go back a few days to my own party, which was anxiously awaiting their arrival in the Egyptian

capital, and will give some description of our doings on the way to it and in it, and of an excursion on the Suez Canal, which was made in the interval whilst we were expecting the Prince and Princess of Wales.

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S PARTY FROM PARIS.—ST. MICHEL.—MONT CENIS.—TURIN.—BRINDISI.—ALEXANDRIA.—CAIRO.—OUR PALACE.



THE Prince and Princess were enjoying the hospitalities of the Northern Courts, whilst the Duke of Sutherland's party, assembled in Paris, were preparing for their visit to Egypt. And Paris is the worst place in the world to start

from after a short stay, for it is the least pleasant to leave—that is, as long as one has money in his purse and friends around him. But at 8.40 on the night of 14th January we departed for Brindisi, over Mont Cenis. We were six in all, not including the faithful Alister (the Duke's piper), and the domestics. Our travelling impediments were reduced to the smallest size and least weight consistent with comfort. A saloon carriage—a director or two in attendance—plenty of room—civil and attentive guards, who kept the doors against all comers—and great powers of sleeping, and of contenting ourselves when waking, made the long route seem short, though nothing could render it always warm.

Now-a-days men travel by villages and towns very much as in old times they went past milestones; nay, they are even less noticed, unless the traveller have some interest in them. People go and come like shadows, in the night and the day. The face we are longing to know more about lightens up as the train halts at some station, is embraced by Monsieur as its owner alights, and vanishes for parts unknown in the interior. And if you take an interest in the face, what chance is there of you knowing anything about it? There! As you

are musing or staring, the whistle sounds and you move off, and in ten minutes are five miles away, while the face is going off by some poplar-lined road to Boissy le Sec or Château Bellefille. In the old days you might hold a long conversation on the subject ere the horses were put to, and learn a family history. But these are not the only differences between now and then, and it would be a big book which would hold them all. The greatest interest of the through-route traveller in cities and stations is now connected with his animal wants. "Macon at — A.M. Capital buffet!" "Ten minutes at Culoz." "Try those little game pies, and avoid the coffee and wine!" And so on.

I do not know whether I would advise any one unpressed by violent hurry in travelling to take the Mont Cenis route for choice in winter. It is very picturesque, very grand, very cold, and not very comfortable. And if for us it was so, what may it not be for ordinary passengers, who must not expect directors in attendance, special trains, saloon carriages, ordered banquets, and accommodation bespoken by telegram from the superior authorities? In fact, opening a new route across the Alps is very much like making a new line on the American continent. In the latter case you have to

carry inns, accommodation, and necessaries of life along with you. In the former, you must slowly break through the crust of old-established civilization and the hardened forms of torpid life which have prevailed for centuries—break them down, as it were, with the buffer of the engine. Old diligences still linger lovingly here at the stations and at the termini of the adventurous young lines which climb mountains, pierce through rocks, cross torrents, and descend swiftly down Alpine slopes into the far-reaching plains. The stalactite innkeepers do not understand it at all. They do not see why people should be in such haste. They cannot quite meet the wants of passengers who desire reserved bedrooms and special accommodation. But they are gradually warming up to the great fact that people who need these things must pay for them. St. Michel, where the party arrived in the afternoon of February 15th, is certainly not a tempting place for a traveller to live in—at least, for more than a day or two. The situation, indeed, is picturesque. Buried in one of these Alpine valleys, which eat into the mountain barriers, as if seeking to find a passage—surrounded by fir-clad steeps and rugged mountain spurs, growing pile upon pile into the snow-covered summits—it is shut out for many

hours from the rays of the blessed sun in its shivering depths. A one-streeted, many-laned, crooked-housed, rugged-paved place, with a Savoyard population, regulated by the usual proportion of booted gendarmerie, a small traffic carried by enormous barrels on attenuated carts, two gaunt inns, wine shops, and the various magazines which supply the wants of a southern French town introduced into an Alpine village—these, seen under the influences of bitter wind, clouds of granite-like snow whirling through street and passage and window-frame, were not very likely to lead to warm appreciation of the advantages of the situation of St. Michel. But, when the night came, indeed, and the whole party assembled in a large cavernous room, lit by cresset lamps, and sat down to a most excellent dinner, the interior of the Hôtel de la Poste we found could give better cheer than would have been anticipated. St. Michel has its master-pieces of cookery. On the top of Mont Cenis there is a lake which, even in winter time, yields store of famous trout. They grow, feeding the Lord knows how, to the weight of eight or ten pounds. Pale-skinned, feebly-speckled, large-headed, unpromising on the outside as St. Michel itself,

they are, beneath the scaly surface, worthy of the table of kings. And then, too, there is a very clever dish of Savoyard origin, which, with the trout, is quite enough for any man's dinner. But, ascending from the plain to such an altitude, and meeting so great a change of temperature, indisposed more than one of the party. "Miserable pain surprised" me. How the night passed, or the next day, or the day after, I scarcely remember. I was aware of many kind attentions from friends; of being animated by feeble hostility towards beneficent persons who inquired from time to time how I felt; of gazing, through a haze of suffering, at beautiful landscapes; of looking through vales of agony into vast ravines bedecked with rocks and precipices and tumbling torrents; of passing through dark tunnels; of making great descents through covered ways. I have a sort of a cloudy idea of a reception at Susa, where Count Arrivabene met the Duke, and a misty notion of a change of carriages, and of an arrival towards nightfall in Turin, and of a grand procession, up lighted passages and corridors in the Hôtel de l'Europe, and of an induction into a right royal suite of apartments, and of a mystic visit to the opera. But neuralgia was over it all. The recollection of the journey is now like that

which one has of a protracted nightmare. Early next morning—yes,—there *was* a bill. And all I am glad to say is that it rarely happens to us to have the privilege of sharing in payment of such a document; but then dukes, with gold mines, and companions, who would have gold mines if willing could do it, are not to be had at Turin every day.

January 18th.—It was close on 11 o'clock A.M., when the train reached Brindisi. We had taken some twenty-eight hours to make the run from Turin. What famous places had been passed night and day by our rattling chariot wheels—Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Rimini! What fair fat fields, enriched by many battles! What world-renowned sites, dear to antiquary, artist, and man of letters!—to us now mere notches on the finger-post of the time-table. Through our route yesterday it rained heavily, and there were few workers in the fields, and but small gatherings at the stations. But still it was known that an English duke was somewhere about; and the name he bears is dear to many Italians, who believe that the friend of Garibaldi must be the friend of their great idea. At Turin, indeed, when some of our party went to the opera, it was supposed the Prince of Wales was present incognito. The audience saw

a fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon with flaxen moustache in the box presented by the municipality to the Duke for the night, and they took it for granted it was His Royal Highness; and no doubt, in spite of certain modest retirements on his part, it gave our friend a pleasurable thrill. "I was taken for the king," says Müller in the play, "and hang me if I didn't feel like one!" At Brindisi, however, there were no doubtful honours awaiting the travellers or their chief. And, indeed, how could we escape them? The vessel would not sail till 9 P.M. There was a great reception. There were municipal bodies, and sotto prefettos, and magistrates, and civic and port personages awaiting to welcome "il duca di Sutherland, l'amico di Garibaldi." And they took possession. We were carried off to the hotel, of which I shall say nothing, because it is only a makeshift—the old original tavern, which contented Brindisians for ages past. There is a new hotel in posse on the quay—a heap of sand and rubbish and a pile of timber mark the spot. But till it is built, let passengers provide store of food, unless they are content with what they can get—it will be surprising if they are—and let them come prepared for a sojourn in one of the dirtiest places I ever saw. The whole nature of the people must be changed,

their habits and customs completely purified and altered, ere the streets of Brindisi can cease to be an offence to civilized human beings. Will "Brindisi farà da se?" It would be so much the better for the agricultural interest near at hand if she would. It will not do to discount the future. Do, dear sotto prefetto, think of this! Passengers will not face present discomforts sustained by the hope of comforts hereafter; and men, and even women, are usually very exacting when they arrive after a long journey by sea or land. Horace—no! not one word of the Iter ad Brundusium this time; nor of Virgil's house, nor of Roman arches and remains, nor of historical reminiscences! After a light repast at the Inn, we set out in two boats to visit the port; and landing at the works on the north-western side of the harbour, beheld a very busy scene—men, boys, and children at work in the quarries of lava-like rock, preparing blocks for transport by the rough rail, to continue the jetty or breakwater which is to complete the harbour. Ragged as Horace's edile, bright-eyed, sallow-skinned, merry enough they seemed, although the taskmasters over the little ones were harsh of voice and prompt of cane. Once, indeed, a young one of the party was so roused by the sight of a

sound whack on a blubbering boy's back that he was urgent to execute Eton justice on the authority, and was only deterred by force majeure. As we were "in charge" of local magnates by sea and land, we had to do all the works minutely, and to ask many questions and collect much information. So we travelled on one of the trucks to the end of the jetty, and saw the blocks thrown into the sea, which plashed up eagerly to meet and swallow them, and admired the sinewy frames and handsome faces of some of the labourers, who sang in chorus and cheered themselves in rude rhymes as they toiled. Then, embarking, we inspected the Citadel or Castle on the island,—a most interesting memorial of the old Spanish rule. It contains an internal harbour for boats and galleys, surrounded by the walls of the Castle. There were a few soldiers in the place, a chapel, and some monuments, much desolation and decay, and a good deal of dirt. On the crumbling parapet, seawards, there was a newly made gabionnade, with traverses; and a few guns ready to be mounted, some freshly repaired furnaces, and small heaps of shot and shell, indicated a purpose of defence should any Austrian vessel have ventured to attack the newly created station. For the Brindisians had "a scare" in 1866. One of the ironclads from the

fleet, after Lissa, might have come down and done just as it pleased, notwithstanding these defences; and no doubt, if the war had lasted, and Trieste had had its way, such a compliment might have been paid. "It's a splendid harbour!" exclaimed one of our Italian friends. "Some fine day the British fleet might anchor in it."

"That is a long way off," replied an ancient mariner, in a laced cap.—"One frigate was in here some time back, and could scarcely get out again."

"It is easy to approach in all winds," continued the first.

"Except when the wind is strong from the south, or north, or west," said the other.

"Why, a sailing ship can tack in with the wind from any quarter; three-fourths of all the points of the compass, any way."

"If she does not run ashore," quoth the sailor.

"Oh! you are an Austrian Lloyd's man, and you are prejudiced."

And no doubt he was—a little. For the harbour is better than he made it out, and in the future it is to be all that can be desired, if the plans be carried out—land-locked, with splendid moorings and quays, and deep channels, and good lights. So good luck to the Future. The Italian Government, however, must

stretch out a hand to meet it. The funds granted towards the works are nearly exhausted, and the annual vote should be increased.

In the evening the Duke and his friends were entertained at dinner by the Municipality in the Inn, and were introduced to the wines of the country, which were better than might have been expected; and made and heard speeches, ad Brundusii gloriam. The wonderful properties of the Italian tongue were set forth in a remarkable manner by our excellent friend Count Arrivabene, who acted as interpreter; for a few abrupt sentences in English expanded from his lips into rolling orations, which roused burgomasters and subprefects to the highest enthusiasm, and inspired them with great admiration for the eloquence of their guests, the benevolence of their sentiments, and the magnificence of their promises. And so we went out into the street in a blaze of glory, and repaired on board the steamer which lay alongside the jetty. There Captain Vecchini, best of mariners, received us, and, after a warm leavetaking of our warm-hearted and hospitable Brindisians, we prepared for our voyage. There were no other passengers; the ship was all our own. On such an occasion the selfishness of human nature is sure to come out. "How jolly!

We are the only people on board!" Poor Company! If it were always so, the Brindisi route must soon close up; but it is seldom indeed such advantages are to be obtained by a party of friends at the expense of the Societa Anonima; and I am glad of it, now I am on shore. There seems every reason for the line to prosper. Marseilles and Trieste may flourish too. The world is big enough for all three, and increase of appetite will grow by what it feeds on.

At 9 o'clock P.M., Il Principe Tomasio steamed out of Brindisi Harbour for Alexandria. We went swiftly during the night, and the Captain took the vessel through the inner passage, between the islands and Albania, of which we could see the snow-capped mountains, and the black-looking coast near at hand, when morning broke. Passing the Ionian Islands in a short chopping sea, next morning we saw a few Greek boats scudding towards shore. "It is different times with them now the English are gone," quoth Captain Vecchini. "They used to have fine times of it, catching fish, and supplying the tables of those lords at great prices. Now, they get little or nothing for what they catch. They regret you, when it is too late, and find they cannot live upon the glory of belonging to the Hellenes."

January is scarcely the best time for navigating the Adriatic.

Our good Captain could not always keep near land, and, once out at sea, the grégale was upon us in all its fury, to the great despair of the Captain, who desired to show how the Prince Thomas could make a good passage. Next day, it was still the grégale which blew, and the seas came swishing overboard, and running down-stairs and playing about in the cabin. We passed Cerigo and Cerigotto, and the Cape of the Morea scowling through drifting sheets of foam. The Principe Tomasio can roll under such circumstances, and we were all knocked about, and as miserable as could be. F. M. suggested a vigorous policy. Candia was under our lee, but it was fenced round by jealous corsairs. F. M. advised that we should run the blockade of the Turk, and take shelter in any port which lay handy. Whereat the Captain told terrible tales of Turkish cruisers, of their reckless firing at everybody, and of his own captivity once—for the Prince Thomas had been overhauled and detained, although she was, he said, far outside the line of blockade. "Who knows what a Turk will do when he has got cannon? The only chance we should have

would be that they are all lying snug under cover somewhere. Otherwise the first warning they would give us—the brigands!—would be a round shot; though they seldom hit anything they fire at." Captain Vecchini had evidently no good opinion of Turkish, nor, for the matter of that, of Egyptian sailors either. "How long do you think they would keep at sea, if they had no European engineers? How long would they last at all, only they have money to buy and pay with? They get robbed, of course they do." And then he tells the famous anecdote of the Egyptian captain who was ordered to take his ship to Malta for repairs, and who returned to Alexandria with the statement that there was no such place as that tight little island. "Malta mafeesh!" he reported. "There is no such place. Malta's gone!" And all the time the Captain was on board a steamer built by Palmer, with Glasgow-made engines, and Scotch engineer.

But that our party was in a condition of unstable equilibrium, the voyage might have been enjoyed; for the table was excellent and well served, every one willing to please, capital stewards, and all the means of making life pleasant—if the sea would but keep quiet! The Captain was held in constant conversation. "Ask the Captain, please, if he

thinks the wind will go down." "What does the Captain—ask him—think about Garibaldi?" That one subject lasted for hours. Then we diverged to the Papal Government, the affairs of Ancona, and the bravery of one of our Brindisian friends, who, as soon as peace was proclaimed, challenged an Italian general for a blow given in active service, and kept a promise he made to shoot him through the hand which inflicted the insult. Austria, the Emperor of France, the price of tobacco and of land, and the future of Italy! Oftentimes the querists taxed the powers of their poor interpreter beyond his resources. It is astonishing how little one knows of a language when he is tried in intricate subjects—especially about navigation!

One more night—one more day—a night again—the wind moderating—the party recovering—that is, the suffering members.

The last day of all became sunny and nearly calm, though the shoals of flying fish could still spring from the top of a rolling wave as vantage for their flight, and the stability of cups and glasses was not to be confided in.

On the 23rd of January we anchored in Alexandria a little before noon, having maintained our

speed of ten knots an hour on the run. Even now I shall not be deterred from asserting that Il Principe Tomasio is a capital boat, though I know I hurt susceptibilities. All will agree that Captain Vecchini is a capital sailor. As a worthy British officer from India wrote in the ship's book: "I am sure the Captain is a regular brick, although my ignorance of the lingo he used prevented my having much talk with him." A Government boat with eight oars came alongside, and an Egyptian official boarding us, presented the Duke with an autograph letter of the Viceroy, bidding him and his party welcome, and full of pretty compliments. Ali Risa, the officer in question, speaks English, French, German, Italian, Arabic, Persian, and his native language, Turkish. He took charge of the Duke and his friends; and, I may fairly say, from that hour, he never lost sight of us till our departure from Egypt. There was also the consular dragoman, who must be as well known as Pompey's Pillar or Cleopatra's Needle, to lend his voice, his staff of office, the splendour of his laced attire, and the terror of his curved scimitar, to the landing, which was performed with a serenity such as is seldom attendant on the proceeding in Alexandria. How many

thousands of tempers are lost there annually? Who can withstand the temptation to incur the loss offered by porters, donkey boys, beggars, touters, and Egyptian cabmen? Now, they moved in a revolving circle around us, afraid to come within reach, but unable to overcome the force of habit; just like jackals wheeling round a carcase which a lion is guarding. Some Europeans like an excuse for the excitement of assault and battery. It pleases them to indulge in their weakness of "hitting a nigger" with impunity. And nowhere are there such excuses as in this ancient town—ancient, yet very modern.

The population is a very cloaca gentium. It does not flow. It stagnates, and precipitates a villainous deposit. No city in the world contains such a heterogeneous inflow of various races and rascalities. In self-defence, the respectable inhabitants, of whom there are many, are obliged to draw a broad and deep line outside the fortress of their own circle, and good society in Alexandria is difficult of access. The stories one hears of the doings of our Christian friends from some of themselves are nearly inconceivable. No wonder that the Viceroy is anxious to obtain some sort of control over the immigration which finds it worth while to resort

to his dominions, but refuses to obey the laws of the land, or to be subject to the rule of the authorities. I am not now prepared to say that it would be quite safe to sweep away the Consular Courts absolutely and offhand. Sound guarantees are needed for the administration of justice between Egyptians and Europeans. But it is obviously impossible that the present system can go on if Egypt is to prosper. No country can tolerate, within its centres of trade and commerce, some dozen and more of distinct national existences, with separate and independent jurisdictions, frustrating justice, and offering strenuous opposition to improvement, refusing to contribute to municipal funds, or in any way to aid the state by their purses, no matter how well filled they may be.

A special train was in readiness to take the party to Cairo; but after so much fatigue, Ali Risa, who has a profound respect for creature comforts, considered rest and refreshment absolutely essential, and a banquet was ready, spread by the adroit hands of M. Joseph at the Hôtel de l'Europe. We had a drive through the town, visited the Needle and Pompey's Pillar, and at last, with a great following of native and European servants in the Viceroy's employment, started on our journey,

arriving at Kafr e' Zyat in a couple of hours, where another banquet was laid out, and so on to Cairo, which we reached about 10 o'clock P.M.

At the Station carriages and cavasses, and the animated lanterns which precede private vehicles in Cairo—men carrying iron frames on long poles, from which burning tar, coals, and strips of pine throw a bright yellow light on the roadway—were in readiness. In a few minutes the carriages, driving in succession through a gateway into a narrow courtyard, deposited the party at the gate of the Palace. A double line of servants in black received and showed them upstairs. The rooms were a blaze of light. Ali Risa insisted that supper was a matter of the first necessity, and, late as it was, we had to repair to the dinner saloon, where there was another great meal, to which some meritorious persons of the party did ample justice.

The Palace consisted of a large central hall and two corridors, or smaller halls, on the ground floor, the one leading to it from the front entrance, the other leading to the garden at the back, and to the out-offices. Off the first, there were four large rooms, in which the servants lodged. The dinner saloon and other rooms were off the inner passage. From this hall a marble staircase, supported on four

pillars of the same material, ran to the upper floor, on which, to the right, was a spacious and handsome drawing-room, on each side of which were two large bedrooms, one occupied by the Duke of Sutherland, the other by his son. On the left hand a similar large room, which was not used for any state purpose, served to give access to four bedrooms, which were occupied by Colonel Marshall, Major Alison, Mr. Sumner, and myself. The drawing-room was richly furnished. Satin- and damask-covered ottomans, sofas, and easy chairs lined the walls; rich carpeting was spread on the floor; and the windows were hung with the most massive embroidered silken curtains. But it was curious to see how recklessly nails were driven into the walls, how windows were cracked, how doors were left without paint, and what ruinous legs and backs were united with frameworks of fine stuff, which had no doubt cost sums that would have astonished Holland or Gillow.

CHAPTER III.

THE BUZZARDS.—NEW CAIRO.—THE ARSENAL.—THE KASR-EL-NIL.—THE GREAT BARRAGE.—THE NILE.—THE PROFESSOR IN EQUILIBRIUM.

January 23rd.—There is a peculiar sound in the air, coming in through the jalousies of the open window. It announces the East at once—an Oriental people, without cares about sewage or rates for the Victoria Main Drain. It is the shrill whistle of the innumerable buzzards—a quavering, not unmusical, note, repeated for the livelong day on all sides, as they flap over house-top and garden. Listen to the cries which come from the street outside the Palace wall; the voices of people always in each other's way, and raised in incessant warning! Veiled women, strings of camels and asses, covered with loads of a certain pulse, on which all the cattle are feasting freely, preparing for the heats of summer—men on donkeys, smoking pipes as they ride—men on foot, with bundles of sugar-cane under their arms; men and women in open carriages and

buggies—all jostling, bumping, and shouting in the dusty road! The Egyptian, who is more liberal and civilized than the Turk, is to all appearance far more Oriental and Mahometan. Reflections cut short by a tub of water, deliciously cold, also by troubles connected with musquito bites. The sleeping miscreants being detected as they reposed, bloated and helpless, on the curtains, inside which they had secreted themselves, met their death. Ali Risa came charged with messages from the Viceroy, who desired to see the Duke at 1 o'clock. Then, after undress levées from room to room, the company assembled for breakfast in the saloon downstairs. The table was covered with fruit and flowers, and plate, and delicate decanters, and fine glass and china, all marked with the Viceroy's cipher, "I. P." The attendants — Italians mostly—polyglot, dressed in black, and wearing the fez or tarboosh. The cooking excellent; oysters and fish from Alexandria, European dishes, French and German wines, Eastern pilaffs, and tiny eggs, and many sweets. After breakfast we went upstairs to the drawing-room, and pipe-bearers and coffee-bearers entered in succession, the latter bearing trays on which stood, in diamond- and ruby-studded holders of immense value, cups of real coffee; the others with long-stemmed pipes, having vast amber

mouthpieces, blazing with precious stones, in one hand, and a metal dish to receive the pipe-bowl in the other. When an Egyptian takes a pipe, he raises his hand to his forehead, as a token of thanks. The bearer inclines the pipe-stem, so that the bowl shall rest easily on the stand, as the mouthpiece is held to the lips, and then puts his hand on his stomach, as a salutation, and retires backwards. The bearer of the coffee-tray carries on his left shoulder a velvet cloth or cover, ornamented with golden bordering, in which are set many precious stones. These gentlemen were Turks or Arabs, Europeans not being worthy or capable of such important charges. When these pipes and coffees had been puffed and drunk, we descended to the court, where carriages, driven by coachmen in the gold-laced livery of the Viceroy, were in readiness, and took a turn through the city, each vehicle preceded by a running footman, in richly laced vest and wide white shirt-sleeves, loose white drawers, cut off a little above the knee, and leaving the legs bare, who maintained an eternal cry to the passers-by to get out of the way. Cairo is undergoing, in its way, a process of Haussmannization. Whole quarters have been pulled down, and new houses and new streets perplex the traveller who remembers the ancient places, where he was wont

to walk in fear and trembling through the mazes of the decayed honeycomb of a city. There is a fine open space in front of Shepheard's Hotel, and the New Hotel beyond. Here the Viceroy appears divided between his desire to form a park and his wish to get money for building sites; for the sake of the city let us hope the first may prevail.

Our first visit was made to the river, to inspect the boats which had been prepared for the expedition up the Nile, those for the Royal party having been fitted out under the superintendence of Colonel Stanton and Sir Samuel Baker. The vessel set apart for the Duke and his friends was the Viceroy's favourite steamer, The Pride of the Two Seas, and the fastest craft on the river. She is about the size of a Dover packet, and draws four and a half feet of water. The accommodation below, set forth in rosewood and gold, consisted of a long saloon, at one end of which was a bath-room, and a small cabin appropriated to A. S. (by himself) little provident of the results of its proximity to the boiler; at the other end two cabins, which were told off to the Marquis of Stafford and to myself; and then beyond, a V-shaped divan, on the sofas of which the Duke and Colonel Marshall made their beds.

By-and-by I will describe how we were lodged, and give an account of the little flotilla.

Whilst we were at the river-side, we came across what is called the Arsenal. There were some field-pieces and gun-carriages to justify the name, but the main object to attract the attention of the intelligent foreigner, is a vast collection of Fowler's steam ploughs, Appold's pumps, agricultural engines, and various costly apparatus of the kind, lying in dislocated rusty heaps all over the enclosure. Cosas d'Egitto! Ordered by Said Pasha, or some other ruler—found to be in advance of the age—the cart before the horse—and so left to the dust and rust. At a rough guess, there was some £30,000 worth of machinery there. What it cost Egypt, who can say? I was going to add that rust, owing to the dryness of the air, was not of rapid formation in Cairo; but it actually rained a little this afternoon, and, a few days before our arrival, a deluge fell on and astonished the city.

At 1 o'clock we drove to the Kasr-el-Nil, or Nile Castle, and visited the Viceroy. The Palace, which stands over the water's edge, is full of mirrors, chandeliers, rich carpets, and damask and satin furniture. It is not large, and, indeed, may almost be described as being cosy. The view from the windows, out over the

ever-flowing stream, margined by the forest-like masts of the native boats, and the pyramids of Ghizeh rising above them towards the west, is animated and interesting. The reception of the Duke's party was of a most friendly character, and the Khedive was exceedingly gracious to all, for he retains a lively recollection of the efforts made by the Duke of Sutherland to show him attention when he was in England. He expressed the great pleasure he experienced at the coming to Egypt of the Prince and Princess of Wales. He particularly desired that the party should visit the Barrage of the Nile, the works of which he is about to urge forward, in the hope of effecting the irrigation of a great district below Cairo. The visit lasted about half an hour, and was graced with the pipe and coffee of honour.

In the evening we went to the Theatre. The company (French), retained at a great expense by the Viceroy for the Prince of Wales—remarkably fat women and lean men—rendered two of the flimsy little pieces of the Palais Royal, which seem so attractive to the Cairenes. Not that the house was very full, although the Viceroy was present, for, as a rule, the natives are not yet civilized enough to appreciate French farces.

January 24th.—The early business of the day over, our courtyard resounded with the cries of the attendants as they summoned the carriages to drive to the steamer in which we were to visit the Barrage of the Nile. The start was not so easily effected, for the turn into the crowded street through the gateway is narrow, and our gold-laced master of the whip took a sharp angle, and had to draw up his horses in the gateway to avoid demolition of the hind wheels. He could not back, for the carriage would have come against the gate. It was amusing to see the derangement caused to the attendants by this little catastrophe. Whilst they were chattering over it, the Europeans, to the discomposure of Ali Risa, got down and lifted the carriage wheels, so as to clear the dangerous portal; and then, heralded by our running footmen in laced jackets and bare legs and feet, we cleft our way through the throng of the busy street very much as a steamer goes through a shoal of herrings. The shrill cries of the herald to "Clear the way!—take care!" act on the mass of people—on the veiled women and swarming children—like an instinct. They do not look to see what is coming, but gather up to the side of the street, and merely glance at

the passing vehicles without curiosity or surprise—without even that half-resentful, half-pleased look which lights up the face of a European who has just escaped being run over.

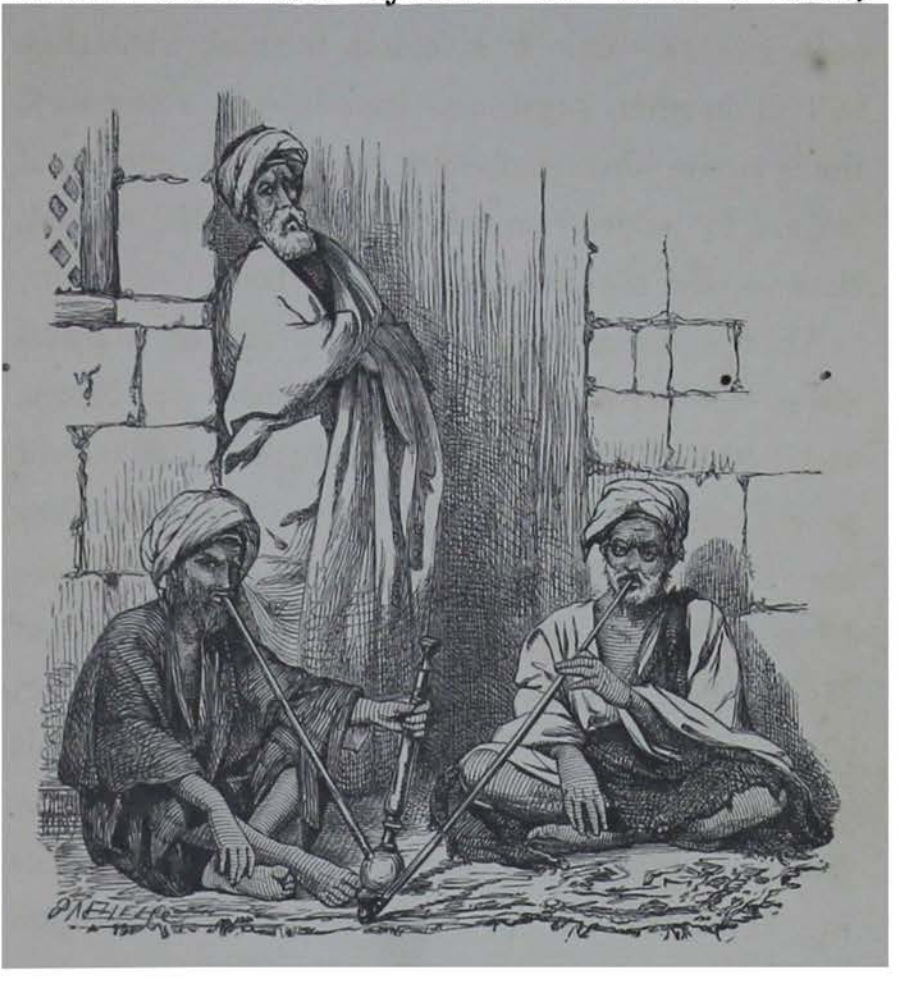
The streets of Cairo have often been described—that is, painters in words and in colour have made innumerable efforts to convey the impressions produced on the eye by the combinations in architecture, in animal and human life, which are in their entirety quite beyond reproduction, and defy adequate representation on paper or canvas. To add one more to the list of failures in that way, is not a legitimate ambition, though, where so many masters have not succeeded, it would not be discreditable to achieve another fiasco. To my mind there is one great drawback to the pleasure with which the eye would otherwise rest on such an animated scene as every thoroughfare in Cairo affords to the stranger. It is that the population have such a limited allowance of eyes among them. I doubt if there is a good sound pair to be found among every three persons—men, women, and children. Aged and young, it is all the same. The prevalence of ophthalmia, produced, perhaps, humanly speaking, by dust, dirt, and flies, is most destructive to the comeliness of the race; but,

somehow or other, the women of the better class of lower orders are, as far as one can judge, free from the worst ravages of this plague, and gaze on the stranger with a fair share of the organs of vision above their masked cheeks. The eyes afflicted by the disease are surrounded by bleared lids, and are either half-closed or diminished in size, so that the pupil, dull and whitened with opaque spots, is like that of a half-boiled fish. The basané tint of the Egyptian skin is often blurred with the marks of disease, and the hue would give one the idea that the ablutions of the race do not extend above the neck. But the crowds who may be seen washing in the river, show that they are clean or religious. The poor children crawl about in the streets and the doorways like neglected kittens, each the centre of a swarm of flies, which have their main points of attraction in the eyelids of the little miserables. What do they care for that? Has not every one of them a piece of sugar-cane a couple of feet long, and perpetually renewed, to chew and suck at? This is sugar-cane season—men, women, and children are at it in all directions. People walk about with bundles of cane six feet long under their arms, and eat it as it were unconsciously. A poor wretch is he who has not a couple of yards

au consommation; and all along the paths people sit in the midst of patches of masticated pulp, and munch the live-long day. In the fields near and inside the city, they are busy cutting it, and loading asses and camels with the mounds of the sweet porous canes. One is at a loss to think what they will all do when sugar-cane time is over. Any way, the practice does not hurt their teeth, which, if we are to judge from what we see, are the whitest, cleanest, and soundest part of their body.

At the present time Cairo is full of pilgrims about to start on their pilgrimage to Mecca, and either it is fancy or fact that the devout people are not fair to look upon. Assuredly they are a long way from godliness, if cleanliness be a mark of approximation to the beauty of Mahometan holiness. Such picturesque, scowling, monoptical old vagabonds look up at the infidels with an unpleasant light in the only visual ray directed against our persons! They are smoking in doorways, or at the shop fronts, or are slouching in their grandly draped figures (no matter how poor the texture of the robe, it is sure to be well put on)—sombre, grave, if not sad or fierce looking. Sometimes, oh! horror!—cometh one in a huge pair of horn

spectacles, incongruous with beard and turban. But be it noted, by the way, that the Egyptian hereabouts is not grandly bearded like some of our Indian friends—Sikhs for example; or like Asiatic Turks and Syrians. At times a blind,



vindictive, but sincere, Mahometan, led by a boy, approaches, cursing in good set terms all infidels in general, and your Highness in particular, in that your domestic has driven him against the wall,

which is not always the place of honour in the East. I am not quite sure that the ladies, as being more pious than the men, are not also more unkindly in look; but it is hard to judge from a veiled face.

The carriages drove through the gateway of the Palace, which is also a barrack, and the sentries, at the sight of the viceregal livery and runners, seemed in doubt whether to turn out the guard or not, but gave the guard the benefit of it.

We passed on board the steamer, and were soon running down the Nile. The wind was exceedingly strong, and by no means warm. But a terrible fate sits behind the wanderer in distant lands, and impels him to do all sorts of unpleasant things to himself. The steamer shot by the Arsenal, where repose in inglorious peace the implements, which a Viceroy imported without the workmen, and found too late he could not work. The lower part of Cairo is not often seen by strangers now, as the rail has put the old route by water from Alexandria long time out of date. But it is worthy of a visit, if it be only for a view of the tumble-down picturesque old houses, hanging over the water, ready to fall into it on the least provocation, and the long lines of

the native boats, with their crews of diverse looks and sorts, and enormous yards, some more than a hundred feet long, drawn up by the shore, or bowling along with the wind, or beating across the river. There are also many kiosks and palaces to be seen, steam pumps for irrigating the land, side by side with the patriarchal water-wheel and double bucket. Much to be admired at is the pertinacity with which people spend their money in building walls of masonry, jetties, and quays, by the banks of the wily and unconquerable old Nile, who bores into and splits and searches them out in their inner places, and rifts them up and topples them over. The ruins abound nevertheless, like most warnings and awful examples—fruitless of good. Palace succeeds palace. They are only two storeys high, flat-roofed, with Venetian blinds to the windows, and very plain outside, being generally washed in grey, blue, and white; but each has its mirrors, chandeliers, carpets, and furniture. Apparently there is no idea of repairing or doing up one of these residences. When a great man's house becomes shabby, he builds him another.

It was most interesting and exciting to watch the incredible multitudes of wild duck which rose from the water on the approach of the steamer.

They did not mind the native sail-boats coming within a hundred yards, but paddled off from all comers to that distance, and were quite wary enough to test skill and patience. Among them were occasionally flocks of geese, which kept by the shores, some few flights of teal, flocks of pintail and crested widgeon. One lovely sheldrake on a bank quite invited a long shot; but we were not out for sporting; "and let the sportsman note," as old Izaak Walton says, that this latter end of January is a trifle too late for Upper Nile shooting. The duck are now going North, and are congregating in the waters, between Alexandria and Cairo, where there is still excellent snipe shooting, as many as a hundred couple between breakfast and dusk being possible in some places to a good shot.

In an hour and a half or so we came in sight of the Grand Barrage, which far exceeded the conception we had formed of it. The project of Linant Bey, a Frenchman in the Egyptian service, was to construct two great dams across the two branches of the Nile, which divides here, and forms a large island, so as to keep up the level of the waters to a height which would permit canals cut at the sides to irrigate the country after the Nile had sunk below the high-water mark; in other words,

to maintain a constant water-head for the purposes of fertilizing many thousands of acres. To form an idea of such an undertaking, we must fancy what it would be to throw a barrier across the Thames at Greenwich, in the height of a full tide running down, with this exception, that the bottom of the Thames would afford much greater facility for laying the foundations, for the Nile bed is for many feet only soft mud. The appearance of the whole structure is so very light and graceful, that the spectator is apt to overlook the difficulty and the greatness of the work itself. The Barrage is architecturally very beautiful, with a noble front and a grand general effect, produced by a line of castellated towers which mark the site of each of the sluice-gates. There are also two lofty crenellated towers in the centre of the dam, to correspond with towers over the gateway at each end. The towers on the right-hand side are constructed with small sentry-box-like chambers inside; but they were not used as sentry-boxes, though there was a guard of soldiers at each end of the dam. As far as I could count, there are sixty-two arches in the Barrage. They are made of carved stone, and rise to a height of some forty or fifty feet above the river. A considerable number of the sluices were

down, and the Nile was raised six feet above the level; but in the middle, where the flood-gates were open, the water was rushing through with immense rapidity, and in great volume. They do not venture to put down all the gates, because the pressure of such a vast mass of water would, it is feared, bear down the whole Barrage before it. But would that be the case if the intended canals were ready to carry off the upraised waters? There is at present only one canal, which irrigates a portion of country of most fertile character, and of great importance in consequence of its vicinity to Cairo, on the right bank. Why this canal is insufficient to carry off the water, or whether it be really so, could not be exactly ascertained, as the communication between the Egyptian officers in charge of the works and ourselves was not always easily established. But it seems to be the rule to declare that the Barrage has not done its work—that it is a complete failure; or, to use the words of Mr. Murray, that "the works have ended in being a very useless impediment in the river." There is a lock and sluices at the side of the river, on the right bank, which permit the navigation to be carried on without any considerable impediment. Now, in Mr. Fowler's opinion—which is that most men of com-

mon sense would come to without examining the question from an engineering point of view and with special knowledge of the subject—the Barrage must be regarded as a great work not yet completed, or in a state of imperfect development, not as a failure at all. When the Viceroy's financial position will permit the execution of the large schemes which he contemplates for the improvement of the country, there is reason to think the original design will not fall short of the full measure of good which it was calculated it would effect.

The boat was made fast to the side of the quay of the first of the Dams, where a group of Egyptian officials connected with the Ponts et Chaussées awaited us, and behind them a crowd of syces, with horses, apparently belonging to a cavalry regiment. As there was an exceedingly cold wind, the party preferred to walk along the Barrage, which is broad, and well protected by a cement or chunam floor, over which animals and light traffic can pass easily. The Egyptian officers proceeded to show the construction of the sluices, which are formed of double cones of hollow iron, in a semicircular form, working on radii of rods fixed to a central axis at each side of the sluice-gate. These double cones increase in size from

the lower part of the curve to the top, and the lowest, which are the largest, fill with water as they descend into the bed prepared for them in the masonry at the bottom of the sluices. The labour of two men at the crank raised one very slowly against the great pressure of the water from its bed; when the gate was lowered, it was easy to understand the advantage of the curved surface in pressing obliquely against, instead of directly opposing, the current. At the other side of the Dam, near the end of the causeway, a series of strong earthworks, facing the south and west, was visible. These works are evidently meant as a tête-de-pont, and a small amount of labour would soon make them fit for use in war-time. On the right of the causeway leading to the Dam, there is a large native village, in which the soldiers engaged in guarding the bridge were quartered. Here were the usual groups of veiled women and half-naked children, and fellahs, sugar-cane in hand and mouth. There is probably a toll levied on the traffic, carriers and passengers, over the Barrage, for several uneasy-looking people started up at our approach as if to demand their fees. But the Viceroy's friends do not pay for anything, and we passed on, and dawdled about whilst the engineer-

ing details underwent elaborate description and discussion.

Two girls, closely veiled, were walking by the river-side near us. An old Egyptian rushed out of the guard-house, and shouted to them; the young ladies at once turned and shuffled along at a trot into a place of safety. What harm did the ancient man of Egypt suppose we could do to the ladies whom he warned off so peremptorily? We were not all so fair to look upon that he thought their peace of mind was in danger, and they only showed us their eyes through a slit in a black mask with a piece of reed jealously barring the bridge of their dear noses. But so it was, and we were obliged to be content with the aspect of the village from afar, and with observing the manners of certain respectable Moslems, who came one after another to the lock-head, spread their carpets on the stones, and devoutly said their prayers and bowed their heads to the ground, standing and kneeling alternately.

It was a pleasant and peaceful scene; the swallows wheeled around us boldly; the large pied kingfisher flopped into the stream close at hand, and the little ox-eyed dotterel ran along the banks in constant activity. Far away, the tops of the

Pyramids rose above the belt of date palms which barred the horizon, and the tall lateen sails of the river-boats glided as if free to steer their course over field and meadow. But there is not much time for strangers in the land to take their ease. Poor victims! if they come so far to see, why see they must; just as in some country houses visitors are persecuted by daily programmes founded on the horrible hypothesis that they must all and each be always doing something and going somewhere, travellers are presumed to be dissatisfied if they are ever left in peace. Away back again, over the Barrage to the right bank of the Nile, where our steeds await us, and then in a procession, some preferring the safety offered by a seat on the back of the placid donkey, others on hard-bitted junketing nags, we canter along a narrow and dusty road across the Delta to the other great Barrage which forms the dam across the Damietta branch of the Nile. It resembles the work over the Rosetta branch in most respects, but it is in a more secure condition; perhaps some day, not far distant, thanks to the new water-works, it will turn out of vast utility. Just now, however, the object of the works around it seems to be intended for war rather than for peace. We were in the midst of

a very considerable military position, in the nature of an intrenched camp, with a wet ditch and strong parapets, on which are already mounted some of the armament. An enemy marching on Cairo must either mask these works, or take the chance of leaving a powerful corps in his rear. It is quite obvious that the city is immensely corroborated by the existence of the works covering the heads of the Dams, and by the intrenchments, within which an army of 20,000 men could be well covered. Some of our party attempted to mount the parapet, to get a view of the surrounding country, but they were ordered down by the sentries. There were hundreds of workmen engaged in deepening and widening the bed of the canal which is to irrigate the Delta, and will, it is to be hoped, prove a permanent blessing to the country—for it is a blessing to have crops five or six times a year, is it not?—a blessing to somebody far away, if not to the growers. What other favours of Heaven may follow who can say?

As in all excursions, as long as we were the Viceroy's guests, there was a lunch to be eaten. We were conducted to a pleasant little kiosk in a garden full of trees, where a repast was spread with the usual profusion—champagne, hock, claret, bur-

gundy, sherry, seltzer water, caviare, curries, pâté de foie gras, hot and cold dishes of fish, flesh, and poultry, salads, dessert ad infinitum — coffee and pipes to follow. The gardener sent in bunches of flowers, and the table was loaded with mandarin oranges, apples, and exotic fruits.

A circumstance not in any way connected with the dessert distinguished our return. The Egyptian ass is a very useful animal—all asses are useful in their way; but in no country in the world is donkey power so largely employed as in the land of the Nile. No matter what horses, carriages, and chargers may be in waiting, there is sure to be a succursale of the humble creature which bears so much of Egyptian life on its back. So in this present case, our locomotive powers were in due course augmented by the accession of a number of the asses of the land; and on one of these a learned and valued Professor, who can clothe a valley of dry bones with flesh, and open their old skeleton secrets with the keys of science, sat himself down, and prepared to trot off gaily, amid the noise of the captains and the shoutings. But the animal was of a morose disposition—jealous of the paces of the high horse; bent on teaching the Professor a lesson of its own

on the force of the laws of gravitation. It became evident, from a certain oscillating motion, in which the Professor's seat on the saddle was the centre and his head the arc of part of a circle, that the lesson was likely to come off, along with the corpus delicti, very soon. Genius is fertile in resources, and so is the donkey boy. The former, in the person of the Professor, called on the latter, and the latter called to his fellows, and in a few seconds our friend appeared with a satrap on each side. He sat his donkey, as it were on a throne, proudly and securely, his legs pendulous and sweeping the ground, his arms cast round the neck of the two children of Ishmael, one on each side, who preserved his equilibrium as if he were Europa herself. And thus he gained the end of his land journey, and alighted amidst the congratulations of his friends—and who with him and near him are not?—on his own feet, and at the end of his journey. After a pleasant ride back to the steamer, with many salaams to the officials, we proceeded on our way towards Cairo.

There was a glorious sunset to welcome us, just as there had been a rainbow of transcendant brightness and beauty to herald our downward journey. As its rays brought out the Gizeh Pyra-

mids boldly and sharply, and turned the hue of the palm trees into deep ebon on our right, they struck the landscape on the left with many-coloured fingers; and house, and field, and tree responded to the touch, and warmed into an outburst of gorgeous splendour, framed by the waters of the river, on which were reflected the lower part of the picture, amid a mass of slender spars and lofty sails.

It was nearly dusk when we reached the city, and it needed many cries to prevent our chariot making a Juggernaut-like track through the narrow streets. In the fields on either side, among the water-courses and sugar-canes, the watch-fires flickered in the centre of the family groups encamped there for the night, with horses, camels, asses, and goats around them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WEATHER.—VISITS.—THE SUEZ CANAL.—ISMAILIA.—PORT SAID.—SUEZ.—CAIRO.

January 25th.—To an invalid, who expected to find an agreeable warm morning to greet him on his awakening, the weather at 8 A.M. would have been disappointing. There was neither fog nor frost, nor raw east wind; but though the air was pure and light, there was a sharpness in it, which suggested the use of a warm coat or a brisk walk. As the road before the Palace, which, by the way, is also the thoroughfare to the fashionable drive, is not in first-rate condition, an army of children, boys and girls, has been turned on to cut down the hillocks and fill up the hollows. It was painful to watch the little creatures, toddling about with baskets of earth on their heads, and bags of the same held against their stomachs with both hands,

while task-masters, rod in hand, stood by to stimulate their energies. Still they seemed merry enough, and if they did not execute very much work, they probably gave full value for the few piastres they received for their labour.

After breakfast, Tewfik Pasha, the eldest son of the Viceroy, accompanied by Mourad Pasha, came to the Palace to return the Duke of Sutherland's visit, and the rest of the party were presented to him. He is seventeen years of age, of middle stature, slight, good-looking, with an agreeable smile and fine dark eyes. He was dressed plainly in the Turkish-cut frock-coat, with the eternal fez or tarboosh on his head, and a star on his breast. Pipes were brought in, but His Highness only held the amber to his lips, and did not smoke. The conversation was short, and the incident not very remarkable; but an interest attaches to the young gentleman, as he is heir-apparent to the Viceregal throne under the new dispensation, which overturns the ancient law, and fixes the succession in the elder line, excluding the Viceroy's brother, Mustafa Fazil Pasha, and creating, it is said, much uneasiness in the minds of the Faithful. That the change must be salutary in its general effect on the Viceroyalty cannot be doubted; for of all the mis-

fortunes, in regard to its rulers, to which a country like Egypt can be subject, none, perhaps, are more formidable than intrigues and disturbances connected with a disputed succession. It is feared, however, by those who see the advantages of the change, that in the event of the Viceroy's death, a little pressure, and a great deal of other influence, may procure a new firman from Constantinople.

According to arrangement, the party started for the Suez Canal in the afternoon. There was first a small difficulty to be got over. They were the Viceroy's guests, but M. de Lesseps is King of the Canal, and he had invited Mr. Fowler and Professor Owen to join in the excursion. Although His Highness has a couple of summer residences along the route, he could not give the party the same facilities for seeing the Canal. If they did not accept the hospitality of M. de Lesseps, they would have had to camp out, sending tents and horses and food to various stations; not to say a word of the harassing of governors and deputy-governors, and the trouble about boats and steamers all along the line. The Viceroy gave orders that a special train was to be at the Duke's disposal, and thus the two parties were comfortably amalgamated.

The scene at the station was very strange to a new-come Europe man. A train was about starting, and the open cars were thronged by a very vociferous — nay, screaming — swarm of Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, and Arabs, who struggled for places with the utmost apparent ferocity, but submitted at once to the law of the stronger. This was frequently administered by the servants of the railway, through the simple agency of a thick stick. Wonderful was the strange noise which rang out of the skulls of most respectable-looking persons on the application of this cogent bye-law; and admirable the submissiveness and peace produced by the second or third decision of the court! There was as much shouting on the platform as in the carriages. Certain of the latter were shut in and latticed closely, being reserved for women of rank, simple enough in their tastes and food, judging by the supplies of dates, oranges, and water, handed in through the windows by their sable attendants. The women sat crouched in groups by themselves, and did not always leave the men the squabble-making and controversy. Sundry stolid religieux, bound for Mecca, with all their goods in a bundle the size of a hat-box, and with a water-bottle and some dried beans as their sole viaticum, regarded the confusion as a

part of the sufferings to which the pilgrimage is subject. It is surely a thorn in the flesh of the staid stay-at-home Moslem, that they should be obliged by their faith to undertake such a distasteful journey as soon as they can afford it, after paying all just debts, and providing for their wives and families.

At the station, M. de Lesseps, who was accompanied by Count Waldstein, M. Voisin, M. Le Clercq, &c., met the party, and the special train got off at 2.45 P.M. for Ismailia. The route of the new line, which bisects a triangle of land between the Nile and the old rail, affords a daytime passenger an excellent opportunity of seeing the best part of a fertile and well-watered district. M. de Lesseps was of course irresistible. He proves as conquering when he deals with mind as he has done in his conflict with matter; and as the train rattled unevenly towards Ismailia, he made the Desert smile with his fanciful, and perhaps well-founded, dissertations on the land of Goshen, the route of the ancient Israelites, the wandering of the Tribes, and his treatment of similar topics which the locality was likely to suggest.

It is impossible to do justice to Ismailia now. Wait till we come to it somewhat later, when the

Paris of the desert was dressed out to welcome the Viceroy and the Prince and Princess. And then it will not be easy to give the least idea of the strange effect of this toy city in the wilderness. The French made, in a few months, a little Paris at Kamiesh, in the Crimea. They established right-angled streets and police; whereas at Balaclava and Kadikoi, as at Donnybrook, higgledy-piggledy, tempered by the Provost Marshal, was established. Kamiesh is a Tadmor, fourteen years old, in ruins. What may Ismailia become? There is no germ in it of long life, perhaps. But it is a pretty butterfly. And may it live a thousand years! It was evening—6 o'clock—when the train reached the station. There were horses and carriages, with broad wheel-tires, to travel over the sands, and a whole host of French gentlemen connected with the Canal, who came to welcome M. de Lesseps and his guests. In a few minutes we were all settling down in various chalets, to prepare for dinner. In front of my window there was a boulevart parallel to a sandy beach, against which waves were breaking with a gentle rustle, and a lighthouse near at hand cast its rays, paled by the moon, over the water. "What is that? Is it a sea, or is it a fresh-water lake?"

"Neither, Monsieur. It is Lake Timsah, which they tell me is Arabic for a crocodile. I remember when all you see was quite dry, but it is now thirty feet, aye! and forty deep, in places. It is filled from the Mediterranean, and the water is salter than that of the sea itself, but it is full of fish. It was made by M. de Lesseps."

At dinner there were some forty persons present, among them two officers of a French frigate, which has been carefully exploring the Red Sea, and has found out an excellent channel free from reefs, rocks, or shoals, from Suez to Aden.

Next morning, early—too early for most of us—we were awakened, and descended to a light meal of coffee and bread, and as 7 o'clock struck, we were on our way to La Mathilde, a little steamer, which was to take the party to Port Said on the Mediterranean. It was a Canal day indeed! Never were men so plied with questions. There were M. de Lesseps, M. Voisin (who is a Bey, by the bye), and M. Guichard, and M. de la Roche, and M. Le Clercq, and sundry others, to each of whom was attached a sedulous Britisher, bent on informing his mind and finding out some weak point in the Canal, and full of doubts and suspicions. The perseverance of these gentlemen

was not, however, too much for the temper and tact of the French officials. Mr. Fowler began to admit that the engineers knew their business, and that they had accomplished a great deal—nay, that the Canal was "a very considerable work." In the evening—an hour before sunset—spires and masts were visible above the level banks, and beyond them the sea.

The masts and the spires marked the site of Port Said.

Two large full-rigged ships in the inner basin were dressed out in flags in honour of the strangers. The vessels belonged to Russia and Great Britain, and were laden with coal from England, which can be got at Port Said for 44 francs a ton. This "caused to reflect" one of our party, at all events, whose bill for three days' chauffage in his room, at a very good, but rather exalted, hotel in Paris, was equal to what he would have paid for one and a half ton of coal here! There were, in addition to the ships, one large bark, twelve brigs and schooners, and a fleet of small craft, feluccas, &c., giving a great show of activity and life to the port. As the Mathilde entered the inner basin and glided onwards towards the outward harbour, which lies between the two great

arms of masonry extending into the sea, there was full opportunity to contemplate and admire the extraordinary progress of this singular enterprise.

Having run down past the Western Pier, the steamer turned and made for the shore end of the Eastern Pier. Here we landed and inspected the vast — for they are vast — preparations for making the blocks of artificial stone for the piers. M. de Lesseps pointed out to Professor Owen a shell imbedded in one of the blocks, and exclaimed, "There, Professor! There's a curious fossil! Can you make out the epoch of the formation?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the Professor. "It's what may be called a very recent formation indeed. I know it, though I have not seen it before. It's la formation Lessepsienne."

Embarking in boats, we were landed at the other side of the Port. Here there was a Lighthouse to be visited, which casts its rays out to sea, to guide the voyager to this port, as yet unmarked in many charts, yet destined, perhaps, to a great future in the commerce of the two worlds. It was well worth while to climb the tortuous staircase and look down from the lantern gallery on the newly created town, which has

sprung up as if some great conqueror had ordered an Alexandria to be founded anew. To the north lay the long arms of the port, thrown out lovingly to catch the coy commercial beauty which seemed so little likely to spring from the foam. The sad sea-shore extended east and west, marking its limits on the belt of sand which separates the Mediterranean from marshy salt lagoons, and the placid waters of Lake Menzaleh, by a line of breaking foam. Below, the town of Port Said, spacious and sandy streeted, enclosing the basins in which float the ships which have found out a new emporium, and the canal, like a broad street, thinning away between its banks, southward, into a thread. The wind blew sharply from surly Europe, and we descended with alacrity to find shelter in the comfortable residence of the Chief of the Section, where we enjoyed all that hungry and weary men could expect in far better known and more luxurious cities. After dinner the moonlight tempted us to visit the City. Miraculous are the efforts that Port Said has made to assert itself as a civilized place. Dominoes, billiards, beer, cigars, and music can be had by those who want them! It was observable, however, that certain men with bludgeons were not dispensed with as guardians of the night; and the Oriental character

of the streets was sustained by the dogs, which gambolled and growled in the moonlight, unvexed of infidels. In a little café which we entered, there were two groups of men, drinking beer, playing dominoes, and smoking cigarettes, of such quaint attire and ruffianly aspect that they would have made a reputation for a London ballet-master. With a moonlight strong as day blazing in on us, we retired to sleep, deeply impressed by the greatness of the work we had seen, and not at all sorry that the duty of seeing so much of it had been successfully terminated.

January 27th.—The wind was blowing strongly from the west over a cold grey sea, scarcely lighted yet by the faint light from the clouds in the far east when we were roused from sleep. "M'sieu de Lesseps!"—(for M. de Lesseps is partout here)—"il faut éveiller ces Messieurs." And, Messieurs rose accordingly, each in his own frame of mind, as the steps and taps and voices of his awakener aroused him to a sense of his situation and duties. My window looked out on the side of the "city," next Lake Menzaleh, facing the south-west. There lay a great expanse of dark slime, which might be taken for a lake dotted with sand-banks, the seeming banks being really patches of water, on which the dawn cast a strange reflection. This stretched away

to the horizon, and as the light grew stronger the early cranes and flamingoes became visible stalking about in search of unlucky crustaceans out too late at night or up too soon in the morning. Near at hand and bordering the lake a belt of sand extended between the houses of the town, and this was spotted by groups of dogs, or by isolated figures of pious Moslems waiting for the first ray of sun to begin their prayers. Draped figures passed, hurrying from the Arab quarter towards the workshops, wrapped up in their bournous to keep them from the biting wind; for the air nipped keenly. The sun did not shine out, but the bell of the principal workshop announced the hour at which all in Port Said who had work to do—and who had not?—must get up. Straggling down at intervals, each member of the party came to his breakfast of café au lait, bread and diminutive eggs; and those who came last found that their predecessors had acted on the principle of "first come first served," and had remembered the great precept of "Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera."

Before 7 o'clock some enthusiasts were already improving their minds and their French by a walk on the western jetty. Our charming temporary residence faced the sea, and gave us a view of the

roller-like waves beating against the long line of the jetty, and of sheets of foam flying over it. In the garden at the rear, the marvellous effects of fresh water on the Desert soil were visible in the groups of bananas, of rose lauriers, and flowering plants neatly disposed in bordered plots, and fed by small rigoles from the central reservoir of water, furnished by pipes all the way from Ismailia. The trees and plants were moderately healthy looking—some, indeed, fine and vigorous—but the leaves of the banana are easily torn by high wind, and have nothing of the trim conservatory air about them. From the tall chimneys of the factories volumes of smoke mingled with the dust, and the clang of machinery and hammers rose above the moan of the waves on the beach. The shops were open as we marched through the fine soft sand which rises to the instep towards the ateliers and chantiers. There is the "Grand Café de France." Menazet, Coiffeur, who sells "postiches pour dames," is shaving an early and an ugly customer of unknown nationality. Billiards and dominoes are yet asleep, but various persons, who might have just left off playing at them, are not; and what with the dogs romping in the streets, and groups of Arabs crouched about the sheds and in the front of stalls of provi-

sions, Port Said has a busy air; though seawards there is only to be seen a solitary steamer plongeur depositing its load of sand far outside the jetties.

As it was desirable to get in good time to Ismailia, we were obliged to forego visiting the Hospital, the Church, the Cemetery, and the Arab village. The latter lies to the west of Port Said, and contains about 3,000 souls, to which large accessions are being steadily made.

It was 8 o'clock when we got on board La Mathilde, which lay alongside the jetty with her steam up; and having bade good-bye to our friends, we set out on our way to Suez. It strikes me that the name of Port Said was a mistake. To most Europeans the words give the idea of a mere "port," a place for landing and embarking goods. The name is due to the desire of M. de Lesseps to pay a compliment to the late Viceroy, who was such a patron of the enterprise. It will not be easy to change it now, and persons who do not find Port Said in Guide-Books or time-tables, will be astonished to hear that nearly 100 sail of foreign vessels came into the harbour last year, and that this very day, when we leave, three steamers—one of the Russian Company, one of the Messagéries Impériales, and one of the

Austrian Lloyd's — will arrive to-land and receive goods and passengers.

The return voyage to Ismailia along the Canal presented no unusual incidents. For ever the same annular sand-hills bound the banks, dotted by Arabs and fellahs, who find it pleasant walking by the side of the water, and cream-coloured mounds which hide the desert at each side — the same succession of dredging machines and their attendant flats and boats. We had proof of the speed of the lateen-rigged Arab boats in smooth water. Two of them kept ahead of La Mathilde for more than five miles, though the steamer was making thirteen kilometres an hour. The Arab steersmen enjoyed the contest with sombre delight. Each tried to jockey the other and take his wind in the most approved fashion; but when the steamer, panting and puffing, overtook first one and then the other, it was too much for the feelings of the helmsmen; and they turned their backs, in order not to behold the victory of the infidel contrivance over the plain sailing and homely agency of the wind. And so to Lake Timsah and Ismailia once more.

Thursday, January 28th.—Not quite so early a start as usual this morning. There was an excellent

breakfast to fortify us against the day's fatigue, and at 8 o'clock we were on our way to the La Mathilde, which was lying at the little jetty of Ismailia. What is that we see on board? A tartan plaid cloak, and a smart little riding-habit! Look again, there is still another riding-hat, and another cloak. And listen! There is the ringing of silvery laughter. M. de Lesseps has filled the Desert, not with flowers and with pleasant watercourses only.

The Mathilde dived her bow at once into the bright briny waters of Lake Timsah. It is not possible by words or painting to give an accurate impression of the newly created sea which has found out its ancient bed. It is in parts three-and-a-half miles broad; but longitudinally the expanse is broken by numerous islands and sandbanks. Grebes plunged deep at our approach, flocks of wild duck fluttered along the surface and squattered down at a safe distance; the boats of Greek fishermen were busy near the shore, and the smoke of the bateaux plongeurs streaked the sky. The surrounding Desert, hillocks of sand, dotted with tamarisks, spread to the horizon. As we drew farther away, Ismailia stood well out against the background, and formed a fine object in the strange landscape. The tall factory chimney, the white

verandahed houses, the front of the street facing the lake, gave the idea of a fashionable sea-side watering place.

The Fresh-Water Canal runs close by. At times we see the sails of the boats which are using it as a highway to Cairo rising above the desert level. We now enter the cuttings from the Lake. The Canal here is dredged to six metres deep, and is twenty-two metres broad at the bottom. Huge banks of very light sand rise high on either side. There is, no doubt, some danger in this; but the Desert is covered with tufts of low brushwood, and it is hoped that some growth of arenarian grasses, such as there is on the Dunes, may be established, to check the flying clouds. As yet we are assured no positive injury has been experienced from them. We pass a once dilapidated tomb—now renovated by the pious care of French engineers—which marks the resting-place of Sheik Ennedek, of whom I regret to own I can say nothing except that he was a holy man, and that his memory is much venerated. Even now it is not a very imposing structure, as it might be easily mistaken for a whitewashed molehill or a primitive oven; and as it stands alone in the Desert, a little way above Toussoum, it is not likely Sheik Ennedek will

ever have occasion to anathematize the disturber of his ancient bones. In half an hour the party came to the end of the Canal southwards from Lake Timsah. The cutting here is very deep—some seventy feet apparently; and the water floated a large dredging machine, which was biting busily away into the bank before it, and casting the earth and sand into the barges, which were to carry it away and deposit it in Lake Timsah. There were many of these barges on their way to the lake, as we came down the Canal. The sight of this machine, working its hardest, was very interesting. The way it is brought to bear on the bed of the Canal is not novel to engineers, but to ordinary mortals it seemed most ingenious. The earth and sand at the end of a section are first cut down and carted away by men, camels, asses, and mules, till a flat surface, the breadth of the canal, is left, a few inches above the water. The dredge is brought up to this, her anchors are carried inland and firmly fixed, the machinery is set to work, and speedily the edges of the buckets, tooth-like, bite in and fill their stomachs with the earth. As we landed from La Mathilde, a proof of the immense energy of fishes in seeking new pasture, and of their enterprise in exploration, was afforded to us. A couple

of Greek or Italian sailors were casting a net close to the dredge, within a few feet of the fast-yielding bank. At every throw the net came up with a fair haul of fish. They varied from ½lb. to 3lb. each, and consisted of five distinct species—one, a large-eyed, very deep fish, with broad scales, like our sea carp; another like a sea bream; and two which looked like varieties of grey mullet. Professor Owen did not see them, I think, and I am not able to assign their true character. These fish had groped their way from Lake Timsah, and as that lake was filled from the Mediterranean, very soon there will be between the fishes of that sea and of the Red Sea a meeting, after many roving years, of those that had been long estranged, which may prove most distressing to future geologists. Who knows what M. de Lesseps may have to answer for on that head? A visit to the fish markets at Alexandria and Suez enables one to appreciate the vast difference between the denizens of the seas of the middle earth and those which swarm in tropical waters around their coral reefs. It is evident the fish of the Canal will make acquaintance with strange bed-fellows on the spawning grounds. Maybe the shark, now a visitor to the Nile, and a visitor, parcus et infrequens, to

the waters of Alexandria, will take a turn up and down the Maritime Canal ere long.

At Serapeum the preparations for turning the bed of the Bitter Lakes into a series of inland seas were going on with activity. The principal object of the engineers is to construct a dam-head to arrest the flow of the waters from the Mediterranean through Lake Timsah, and to form an enormous reservoir from which the overflow will be discharged into the Lakes. Careful investigations have led to the conclusion that it will need about five months to fill the enormous area of the Bitter Lakes, so as not to damage the works, or impede the progress of the labourers in the other parts of the Canal. It is a vast enterprise to let the waters of two oceans into a basin upwards of 100,000 acres in extent.

The party mounted horses and made for Chalouf, to which we came after a pleasant canter over the Desert. The station consists of a few houses of wood, and workshops, erected on a small plateau of sand. Here there have been some very curious remains dug up—sharks' teeth (one of which Professor Owen carried off with glee), wood-work apparently belonging to an ancient sluice in the Canal of Pharaoh Necos, some hieroglyphicized tablets, and a part of a monolithic image. It may be noted that

a traveller will find the sign-board at any rate of a "Hôtel du Canal Maritime" there. It was 1.30 P.M. when we halted, and after lunch we mounted our horses once more, and rode to the station of the Suez railway, where we bade farewell to the fair ladies, whom we most likely were never to see again, and watched them flying at full speed over the Desert back to Ismailia, till they were hid by the intervening sand-hills. The party crossed the old canal of Pharaoh Necos (Darius' Canal), which has been filled with fresh water, and a special carriage and engine took us on towards Suez.

Sails and boats were visible on our left, where the Fresh-Water Canal and the Maritime Canal run almost parallel to the railroad. To complete the civilized air of the place, once sacred to solitude, sand, simooms, and Bedouins, telegraph posts and wires flank our course. Once more, after a run of half an hour, we left the railroad, and, mounting a fresh set of horses, proceeded along the line of the Canal works to Suez. They presented a very striking picture. The work here is very much like that in the northern sections, when the Canal was first begun. Salt blocks, and earth, and sand, and stone are being cut away, by the incessant exertion of upwards of 7,000 men. The course of

the Canal is marked out in sections, separated by dams of various thicknesses and heights. As we rode along the bank, formed of the earth excavated by these hybrid multitudes, we beheld such a scene of activity as Egypt never saw since the days of the Pyramids. A Londoner may form some idea of it by a peep into a great cutting of the Metropolitan Railway—if he fancies it ten times as broad and five times as deep, and fills it in his mind's eye with camels, asses, and half-naked Gentiles from all the swarming multitudes of the East. At intervals, on the banks, are fixed steam-engines, which drag up laden carts on one line of rail to discharge their contents over the rapidly increasing embankment at each side, whilst the empty carts are let down on another line of rails by a chain, so that the two lines are worked simultaneously. The soil is of a mixed character. Sometimes there is a section of clay, like that of the Lower Nile bed—sometimes calcareous limestone—sometimes sand; the amount of infiltration between the beds necessitates the use of engines to pump out the intensely salt water. The native workmen often sleep in the recesses, or in holes cut in the side, of the banks they have made, covered with loose planks. At every hundred paces or so there is a rude cabin made of nailed deal

boards, in which the European, whatever he may be —Frenchman, Italian, or Greek—has his domicile. For seven or eight miles we rode along the bank of this curious highway, crossing culverts, riding under water ducts, where the steam-engines were pumping out water or letting down trucks, and continually intercepting lines of asses and camels passing up and down the incline between the top of the bank and the bottom of the Canal. At last, far away, the high mountains over Suez came in sight, and presently we beheld the masts of ships in the road, and the houses of Suez itself. A few minutes more, and we see at the end of the vast trench the great arm of an elevator, which must be afloat. Again a few minutes, and there lies a filled canal before us. We dismount and leave our horses to the syces. There is a steamer waiting at the dam-head. We embark. A few kilometres more, and there comes another dam in view. We land here, and walk along the bank of the Canal, not yet filled, but deeply cut and scooped out, and alive with labourers. From the top of the bank a wide expanse of sand, now and then submerged by the sea, stretches away to Suez on our right. On the left, across the Canal, a sad fawn-coloured desert spreads over to the hills which rise above

the undulating lowlands of Arabia. It was almost with a sense of awe we looked at the Red Sea far away, waiting so tranquilly to be let in to its old domains. Our walk is terminated by another dam, at the far side of which there was a canal filled with water, on which several elevators were busily engaged. Here two steam-launches awaited us. We embark once more. This time we are at the end of our journey.

"Messieurs! nous flottons maintenant sur les eaux de la Mer Rouge!" The sun had set in a blood-red arch over "the Plain of the Wandering" ere we embarked, and our course down the Canal was only lighted by the lanterns in the vessels. But the lights of Suez could now and then be seen astern of us, on our starboard side. The steamers were fast, and in less than an hour we had turned the end of the long jetty which runs into the sea and marks the course of the canal, and passing the Arab dows and native boats which lay along the course of the newly-formed pier on the western side of the entrance, landed at the Hotel Pier. What a change in Suez since I saw it in 1858! When the canal works began, there were only 3,000 people in the town. There are now 20,000, and the greater part of the increase has taken place in

the last year and a half. The last time I was here one Egyptian sloop of war, a sailing vessel, a few Arab dows, and one Peninsular and Oriental steamer, were in port. There were visible, by the light of the setting sun this evening, five large steamers belonging to the Messagéries Impériales, two French frigates, a French corvette, a French gunboat, one Egyptian passenger-ship for pilgrims to Jeddah, five Egyptian men-of-war, and H.M.'s transport Jumna, with troops from Bombay. Ali Bey was waiting to receive us, for we were once more the guests of the Viceroy. The dinner was worthy of one of the best hotels of Europe, the wines excellent, and when the banquet was over we were informed that there was—in Suez, mind—an excellent café chantant, where French artistes were delighting a polyglot fez-capped public with the latest Parisian songs à la Thérèse.

January 29th.—The early part of the day was devoted to an examination of the Suez Canal Company. Indian passengers of a few years ago will remember the great spread of sands just awash at low tide, between the hotel pier and the roadstead where the Peninsular and Oriental steamers were wont to anchor. Well, there is now cast over this a line of railway, not yet open, but nearly ready

for traffic, which will take goods and passengers to and from the docks in course of construction. There is also a causeway extending almost parallel with the railroad to the establishment where the Suez Canal Company has formed a basin for its floating matériel, with extensive offices. Here, among other curious things, may be seen heaps of wooden fragments of ships, about which M. de Lesseps has his own theory. As they have been carried up by the dredges, from places not far apart, it is just possible they may be the wrecks of the caravels which were sunk in a famous sea-fight off Suez, some 400 years ago, when the Portuguese, rounding the Cape, found their way up here, and were encountered by the Venetian galleys and the fleet of their Turkish allies.

The Bassin de l'Arsenal is well worth a visit. A dry dock, upwards of 400 feet long, has been made by order of the Egyptian Government. This dock is but a part of Port Ibrahim, but the works on the basin are apparently suspended. It was suggested by the Messagéries Impériales; and the Viceroy, who desired to have the means of repairing the vessels he keeps in the Red Sea, gave them permission to make a contract for the execution. They employed M. Dussaud, whose name is well

known in connection with the great undertakings at Cherbourg, at Marseilles, and at Smyrna. The manner in which the dock has been executed does credit to the firm. There was now a large Egyptian vessel in it, and Captain Pickard, of the Jumna, told us he had taken her in and found the dock of great use. Whilst the party were going over the works, they were joined by Djemali Pasha, the Egyptian admiral, a smart little man in new uniform, the effect of which was somewhat impaired by his drawers falling down over his shoes. But for his fez he might have passed muster for a European flag-flier. With him were some Arab officers and sailors, one of whom eyed me with great suspicion as I was entering little notes in my drawing-book. At last his feelings were too strong for him; he stole behind the Admiral, pulled his coat-tail, and directed his attention to my proceedings. The Admiral looked, shrugged his shoulders, and went on with an expression of face which seemed to say, "I can't help it if they blow up the whole port!"

If the Suez Canal Company were the national representatives of France, the Government of the Viceroy might find ground for apprehension. The extremity of the extended railway, the mercantile

terminus, the embouchures of the Canal, will be in the hands of the Company. The entrances to Port Ibrahim will be free towards the sea, but towards the north-east they will be in connection with the naval establishment, as it may be called, of the Suez Canal Company. It is perfectly sure, however, that not only cannot the Suez Canal Company go to war with any one, but that war would be one of the most terrible disasters that could befall the shareholders.

Having inspected the basins and docks, the party embarked in a little steamer and ran out to the Jumna, which was filled with drafts of the 77th, 88th, 38th Regiments, &c., and some artillery from India. The ship was as clean as a transport can be with 700 men on board; but the pale faces of the men, and the wan white children, told their tale of barrack life in India. There was scarcely a ruddy cheek, and many a very white one, among the whole of the poor fellows. As we were on the main deck, a little girl ran out of a group of playfellows to a hospital orderly, and exclaimed in triumph, "Oh! I've seen the dead man! I've seen the dead man!" The Red Sea exacts heavy tolls from the homeward bound.

There was just time on our return to shore to

take another run through the bazaars, which still present a good picture of Oriental life. The old back streets are wonderfully tumble-down and picturesque, but the main thoroughfares are Judaized, and Chinese pictures and Paris photographs are to be had, which it would be much better not to have.

At half-past 2 the party left Suez by special train, and arrived in their quarters at the Palace on the Schoubra Road, Cairo, soon after 8 o'clock.

Everything just as they left it; rooms, servants, lights, banquets. Ali Risa went off to the Viceroy, to render an account of the trip. The excursion had afforded amusement and instruction to every one of the party, varying, indeed, in kind. Mr. Fowler was full of engineering facts and interesting details. Professor Owen had added, if that were possible, to the stores of his scientific knowledge. He had beheld with rapture the impress of a bare foot upon the desert sand, which he said filled him with particular emotion, as it gave him an idea how the marks read now with such interest were made millions of years ago in primeval Sandstone. Each entertained a different shade of belief, respecting the work itself; and if the sanguine regarded the Canal as a fait accompli for the 15th

of October, others postponed the date, and believed it would take much more time and money ere the triumph was achieved. But all were impressed by the magnitude of the undertaking, and admitted that it had attained a development for which they were not prepared. In acknowledging the candour and courtesy of their late companions, there was a natural regret that, from various causes, our countrymen had been led to look on the enterprise with a feeling stronger than coldness, and that to France, or at least to Frenchmen, would belong the great renown which must follow from the completion of the Canal that promises to do so much for the civilized world.

CHAPTER V.

HEKEKAN BEY.—THE MUSEUM AT BOULAK.—KASR-EL-NIL.—THE CONSULAR TRIBUNALS.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IN CAIRO.

For some days, whilst waiting the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Cairo, we had nothing to do, except visit places of interest. We knew the Ariadne had left Trieste on the 27th, and that she was contending with the waves of the Adriatic.

The delay afforded opportunity to make purchases, to inspect bazaars and mosques, and to partake of the hospitalities which the Viceroy was bent upon dispensing.

Dining with Count Waldstein, one night, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Hekekan Bey, an Armenian gentleman resident in Cairo, whose name is mentioned in almost every book or letter written about that city. Formerly in the service of the Viceroy, he has retired in his old age, yet green and vigorous, to pursue his researches after the mystic meaning of the old Egyptian

monuments, and to cultivate his critical faculties in the pursuit of the true character of civilization, the religious, philosophical, and metaphysical formulæ, of which so many traces lie around him in the land of his adoption. One of the old régime, he is not, perhaps, so favourably impressed with the somewhat violent efforts of the Government to civilize the Egyptians of to-day, as he might be. A Christian, and a freemason, and a mathematician, he is a profound believer in the immense extent and profundity of ancient Egyptian knowledge. To hear him speak, one would believe that, in astronomy, the Egyptians of the time of Pharaoh were, at least, as well versed as the Astronomer Royal. His conversation was, to us all, singularly interesting, instructive, and novel. Speaking English with the greatest purity and ease (and, indeed, what language does he not speak?) the graceful old Armenian was wont to sit for hours telling us of adventures amongst the Arabs of the desert, when he was out surveying for the Government in times gone by, or propounding with the utmost animation his astounding theories concerning the nature of Egyptian monuments, to which he attributed the deepest significance to be understood only by the instructed.

I was much interested by a visit which I paid my friend one day at his house. It was close to our so-called palace, surrounded by a lofty wall, enclosing a courtyard in front and a large garden in the rear. At the gateway slumbered an ancient janitor, who pointed to the courtyard and called out lazily to one of the servants within, when I asked for his master. Three of the Bey's horses, half-buried in the green pulse which is now given in enormous quantities to cattle to prepare them for the summer droughts, stood at one side of the hall-door in the court. A dromedary, beautifully caparisoned, was in another corner, with its attendant by its head. Some goats were feeding in another place close to a great Syrian house-dog, and a couple of syces, with their heads covered, were sleeping in the shade of a tree. I passed through the hall to an inner court, where an Arab met me. He led me upstairs to the library, where the venerable Bey sat, at a desk covered with piles of manuscript in inscrutable characters, feeding on books.

About this Arab there is a little story. He is a real child of the desert. When quite a boy, his leg was broken by a fall from a camel. Hekekan Bey set the limb, and won the man's affection so thoroughly that he renounced his nomad life, and

is now a staid domestic in the house. After a while he went off to the desert, and there married a woman of his tribe. But nothing would induce her to abandon her people. Periodically she comes to Cairo and visits her husband, and after a few days she returns to the desert. Although full of gratitude to the Bey for his kindness to her husband, she has never yet let him see her face. She sits veiled in his presence; and only to the ladies of his household does she uncover.

I was presented to the wife of the Bey, and to the wife of his son. The latter speaks French with fluency; but I could only carry on conversation with the elder lady by the assistance of the Bey, who occasionally had to translate some lively invective against his studies and pursuits from Syrian into English. Coffee was brought in by a young negress. Slavery is prohibited in Egypt; but, nevertheless, there are in the houses of nearly every Egyptian, who can afford to pay for them, natives of Nubia, Abyssinia, and the Soudan, in a condition which may be called voluntary slavery. They could, we are told, go to the police-stations and claim their liberty. But they do not. Some doubting philosophers maintain that the abolition of slavery is more a form of speech than a fact.

Any way, this black handmaid would not leave her home for the world. Where, indeed, could she be so well off as in the house of this considerate master, who never could regard a human creature as a chattel?

One of the most pleasant excursions during our stay in Cairo, was to the Museum of Antiquities at Boulak, a suburb on the Nile, which is regarded as the port of Cairo. Every one who is interested in Egyptian antiquities has heard, at all events, of Mariette Bey; but only those who have seen this admirable collection can appreciate the immense services he has rendered to antiquaries and to historians, as only those who have conversed with him can appreciate his felicity of illustration, variety of knowledge, and vivacity of expression.

The preparations for the Royal reception received some impetus or development every day. The Palace in which their Royal Highnesses and suite were to lodge became more brilliant with chandeliers and mirrors, and damask hangings. Bedsteads of solid silver, mirrors set in costly frames, luxurious ottomans, were poured into the place. Dozens of gardeners were employed to force the vegetation of some flowers in the patch of sandy soil between the walls of the Palace and the railing that

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separates it from the street. The new theatre, or circus, was pushed rapidly forward, men toiling night and day. Fresh coats of paint, and more gilding, were laid on the boats of the Royal flotilla. A menagerie arrived. A troop of dancers. Cooks were summoned from Alexandria. Stores of provisions laid in sufficient, one would think, for a journey after Livingstone himself.

Every morning the first question asked was, "Any news of the Prince and Princess?"

Ali Bey, reflecting the Viceregal emotions, became uneasy. "I saw him one morning, in company with another Bey, sitting in our garden under a tree, consoling himself with a pipe and coffee whilst the breakfast was getting ready. "These things," said he, "are in the hands of God; *He* must know the Prince has now been 144 hours at sea." It is not an all-pervading belief in the actual presiding influence of the Almighty which makes every Oriental speak in some such fashion; it is a habit of expression with many. The reprobate cobbler, who never gives the smallest thought to the injunctions of the Koran, has an inscription over his door from the sacred volume invoking the protection of God, and begins his day's work, or idleness, with a pious ejaculation from the same source.

On 2nd February, returning from an excursion through the town, and a visit to Mr. Ivanovich's remarkable collection of curiosities and antiquities, the Duke received a dispatch from Colonel Stanton, to announce that the Ariadne was just crossing the Bar. The Viceroy was in readiness in his Palace; guards were paraded; all the personages of the Court were in full uniform; cooks were busy preparing the feast, when a later telegram announced it was an error. It was the Psyche, which had been taken for the Ariadne—the Soul for the Flesh—not an uncommon mistake.

"What can have become of the Prince and Princess?"

A theory was gaining ground that the Prince and Princess had put into Corfu. All the official world in Cairo was in a ferment.

I say "official world," because the circle over which such an event exercises any influence in Egypt is small indeed. Hundreds, nay, thousands of people in Cairo, know nothing about the coming visit. To the apathy of an Oriental race, in all matters except religion, must be added an immense ignorance.

Wednesday, February 3rd. — At last they are coming! There is no doubt about it this time. The Viceroy has received a telegram to report

that the Ariadne is coming in hand-over-hand towards Alexandria, with Prince and Princess on board all well.

The Court was once more stirred to its depths. The Viceroy's household was at once roused to the fullest activity.

I have already described the palace of Kasr-el-Nil. It forms but a portion of a series of large buildings occupied by soldiers. As in most cities, the Barrack is not far from the Palace. It would teach the builders of such edifices as some home barracks a lesson in some respects, if they could see the amount of light and air, and at the same time protection from sun and heat, which is afforded in these barracks, by the arrangement of spacious balconies and verandahs. The Viceroy has but to look out of a window, and he will see, on one side, his soldiers, horse and foot, drilling and manœuvring, beneath the shade of the trees, in the broad parade-ground, and, on the other, the boat-covered Nile, its banks teeming with people and vegetation.

The Zouaves of the Guard, with a troop of Lancers, were drawn up in the court, facing the palace. The men appeared too big for the small active white horses, by which they were standing at ease; but there was no fault to find in other respects

with their personnel. They wear a red fez, blue jacket with yellow facings, loose scarlet trousers and boots, and are armed with a sabre, a lance with green and purple flag, and a revolver carried in the holster. Their horses were not well groomed, and their accoutrements were so ill cleaned as to draw an exclamation, not laudatory, from our colonel. Still there is an immense improvement, according to European notions, in the army, since I last saw it ten years ago. In the inner court we found a regiment of infantry drawn up in columns of companies, which might have been mistaken at a little distance for the Zouaves of the Imperial Guard. A closer view would show that the men were taller, and that they were more stiff in bearing. A severe-looking captain was busy adjusting his line, by pressing back protrusive breasts with the flat of his sword, and he threw down one objectionable chin with a smart tap thereon. The officers, but for the fez, would pass muster for those of the army of our gallant allies; gold-lace epaulettes, dark-blue frock coats, small waists, baggy red trousers, patent leather boots—"a sudden look they would beguile." France affords the chosen model of the army of the Viceroy and Said Pasha spared no pains and expense

to approximate as closely as he could to his well-beloved beau ideal. The men are still armed with muzzle-loading rifles, with cumbrous sights and bright barrels. Just as with us, so here, the soldier, when he has nothing to do, is best pleased to look at a parade; and the balconies of the spacious quadrangle were filled with the men of another battalion gazing at their fellows.

By the wall of the Palace over the river, where the boats of the Royal flotilla were moored, a crowd of English collected about 4 o'clock. Nor, indeed, were the Americans, who, next to our own people, are the most numerous visitors to Egypt, absent.

The railway sends off a branch to the Palace, and the platform abuts upon the garden, so that a passenger can walk from his carriage to the porch.

Six open carriages, with coachmen, grooms, and outriders, in English liveries, were drawn up in the inner court. As the Viceroy is anxious to patronize both forms of civilization, he has also French fourgons, Normandy horses, French postillions, turned out in the unimpeachable style of M. Fleury's dictatorship under the Second Empire. English horses, carriages, liveries, and servants, for His Highness's personal use, are due, mainly, to the influence of Mr. Smart. A guard of honour, with

standards, was in attendance on the railway platform; knots of wonderfully brilliant staff officers, of equerries, and aides-de-camp, formed around the entrance to the Palace; and the great officers of state, in grande tenue, thronged the hall and the passages. It was a very pretty scene, full of colour and light, quickened by the rays of a bright sun, which did not deprive the air of a keenness natives and strangers agree in finding rather trying. The Nile, crisped by a fresh breeze; a regatta-like fleet of lateen-rigged boats, beating, or running up and down; the shores lined with palm trees, shaking their tufted crests in the wind; the irregular outlines of houses, over which appear the tops of the Pyramids,—these formed the background to the picture. In the immediate front the colonnades of the barracks, crowded with soldiers, the lines of troops under arms, officers, and the gaily-dressed crowds of ladies, forming a framework, to the front.

On the arrival of our party, we were shown into the hall, and were summoned to the Viceroy's presence. He was most anxious to know if everything had been done for the accommodation of his expected visitors; and after a time, His Highness led us into the courtyard, and descending the steps to the Nile, proceeded to conduct us over the

steamers, and the dababeahs, in which the Royal party were to make the excursion up the river.

No expense had been spared to render the craft, inside and out, worthy of those whom the Viceroy desired to honour. Double-pile carpets to walk upon; gilt-legged damask-covered chairs to sit upon; luxurious satin couches to recline upon; mirrors and brilliant panels to gaze upon; devices such as Cleopatra never dreamt of, were prepared for the comfort of the Prince and Princess. It was puzzling to decide whether they ought to live on board the steamer, which was intended for their reception by day, or on board the dahabeah which was fitted up for their accommodation by night.

After we had admired everything sufficiently, the Viceroy returned to the Palace, and I had the honour of a conversation in his private reception room. The question of the tribunals mainly exercised him—that question which rises and meets one at every turn in Egypt, and of which I have heard so much since my arrival, and of which most people know so little. "There are sixteen distinct nations living in Egypt," said the Viceroy, "and each nation is independent of my Courts, and forms a distinct government of its own. They administer sixteen distinct forms of justice, or, as it

often happens, of injustice. How is a country to be governed, how are my subjects to respect the law, when they see foreigners who have every privilege, whilst they are exempt from every service, enjoying a separate jurisdiction, and, although often opposing each other, agreeing invariably in resistance to the authorities of the country in which they live? I ask nothing more than the formation of a court of European judges, to be appointed by the Great Powers, and to be paid by me, who, sitting with Egyptian judges, shall conduct the trial of offences, according to a code accepted by foreigners and by Egyptians alike."

His Highness evidently feels more deeply upon this matter than upon all or any other affecting Egypt.

"Notwithstanding these tribunals," he proceeded, "Egypt has prospered enormously. But we want colonists. I do not mean labourers, for no European could undergo the toil of the fellah who is obliged to work with his body in the sun, and his feet in the water, day after day, for many months; but intelligent artizans, workmen of various sorts, and skilled mechanics, to whom my Government would offer large advantages, liberal pay, and grants of land. There is no fear of any fanatical opposition to their

settlement. We in Egypt are really liberal, and admit the existence of religious differences amongst us. We do not insist upon the profession of any faith as an essential condition of public service. Let a man be honest and capable, and I care not whether he be Armenian, Catholic, or Mussulman; but before colonization is possible, the question of the Consular tribunals must be settled."

Among the causes assigned by the Viceroy for some little check to the progress of Egypt recently, was the epizootie. Strange to hear the Pharaoh of to-day speaking of the cattle plague in terms that might have been used by the King who would not let the people of Israel go! The murrain which destroyed oxen, camels, sheep, and goats, did not affect the buffalo. A learned Egyptian, in talking of this, insinuated that the cattle of the children of Israel which were exempted from the plague were buffaloes; but there appears to be no warranty for this interpretation of the miracle.

From time to time there came in officers with little scraps of paper to the Viceroy, and, handing them to him with a low reverence, they stood till His Highness had read. These were telegrams reporting the progress of the Prince and Princess. "They are now an hour from Alexandria."—"They

have had lunch."—"They are coming on again."—"They have passed such a station." As the train came nearer, the Viceroy was more at ease; for the fear of accident, little likely as it was, could not quite be dismissed from his mind.

It was now near 5 o'clock. The last telegram came in: "The Royal train is approaching Cairo."

"And now I must go and put on my uniform." He had been wearing that very un-Oriental garb which is in favour among Oriental personages, the Quaker-cut single-breasted black frock coat.

In a few moments more we heard the whistle of the engine, the officers calling the troops to attention in Arabic, the band on the platform striking up "God save the Queen," which degenerated, or was elevated, into that quaint air which serves as the Egyptian national hymn,—wild, martial, and not unmusical.

The Viceroy passed through the garden from his Palace, followed by a great crowd of his officers of state, of the army, of the navy, and of his suite. He wore a blue frock coat, which was a mass of gold lace —that rich Egyptian lace, more golden and splendid than similar manufacture in any place I have been in—the riband of the Order of the Bath, and star of diamonds; a curved scimitar, the hilt of which

seemed a great concrete of diamonds; and the universal fez, which it is impossible to ornament, and which mars the effect of uniform, however magnificent. He arrived on the platform just as the American carriage, in which were the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite, slowly drew alongside. There was a real cheer from the English as the Prince and Princess appeared. The Viceroy, stepping forward, welcomed them in the most cordial manner, and led the way with the Princess of Wales upon his arm, the Prince, who wore his full uniform as a general officer, being a little in advance.

There was a brief delay inside the Palace ere the royal travellers reappeared. The Prince of Wales, coming out first, stepped into a handsome open carriage with two pair of fine English greys, and took his seat with his back to the horses. The Princess of Wales, leaning on the arm of the Viceroy, was next handed in. Then came a little difficulty. The Viceroy would insist upon the Prince changing places. The Prince demurred. But who could resist the Viceroy in Egypt? And so, after this interchange of courtesies, the Royal party drove off, with the Viceroy facing his guests, who sat in the place of honour. Tewfik Pasha handed Mrs. Grey into

the next carriage; and the members of the suite went off in order in the equipages provided for them, the escort of Lancers having wheeled in after the first carriage and covered the others with the dust, which arises on the least provocation in Cairo. The reception given to their Royal Highnesses was enthusiastic. Waving handkerchiefs, upraised hats, and cheers, marked the welcome of the response of the English and European spectators; but when the cortége emerged from the Palace gates, and passed out along the dusty road towards the new Palace, they met only the half-scared look of the crowd which, swept away for a moment by the cavalcade against the walls, fell out into the streets again, and watched with a sort of languid curiosity the cloud which marked the progress of the party towards their new home—for home it was, so far as the Viceroy could make it so. There was a guard of honour at the gates of the Esbekiah Palace, there were aides-de-camp in waiting, and the crowd of deferential servants in the hall. The Viceroy led his guests in, showed them over the rooms, and then retired. It was almost like living in public to be in rooms where numberless mirrors turned one man into a crowd. Four-posters of

silver, marble fountains, furniture clotted with precious metals, immense chandeliers, and gigantic looking-glasses in prodigious saloons, failed to give the air which only can be realized in the palaces of an ancient civilization, where pictures and objects of art, and books, and a hundred little evidences of taste, have been accumulated for generations. One gentleman of the suite had to sleep in an apartment very like an unfinished metropolitan church, with a marble floor, and a most costly fountain of the same material, which in its mercy, however, had given up playing.

After dinner there was a performance at the theatre, to which the Prince and Princess and suite went. The Viceroy received them at the opera-house, and sat with them during the performance. It was not a theatre paré, but all the officers of state were present, and the house was tolerably well filled. In the pit there was an audience, most of them wearing the fez, a few the Coptic turban, others dressed in European fashion; no ladies. The boxes presented little to distinguish them, but for the intrusion of the inevitable tarboosh, and the quaint head-dress and faces of the negro servitors. Four boxes were set apart for the suite. Directly opposite the Prince and Princess were two large

boxes, next the stage, in front of which was a lattice-work, from top to bottom, close and fine—so close, indeed, as to render it impossible for a searching opera-glass to pierce its mysteries. These boxes were not empty, for a certain variation of colour in the background, and a play of bright hues inside, showed that the ladies of the harem, nearly invisible to the outer world, were inside seeing everything. Was it because a gap at the lattice-work allowed a curious stranger to get a glimpse of a face within, that an envious mat was suddenly thrust into it by a black-faced, beardless gentleman in attendance? It is said that the Viceroy is meditating a great coup. That lattice-work is some day to disappear, and the ladies of the court are to sit unveiled in the presence of the people. But that day, from all I can hear, must be long distant. The pieces—"Le Serment d'Horace" and "Contributions Indirectes"—imported from the Palais Royal, seemed not unsuited to the Cairo audience. They took the points, laughed at the jokes, applauded the morceaux when the Viceroy deigned to nod; and if there was a little broadness of tone in dialogue and acting, there was certainly nothing of the wantonness of undress which we see at home in Christmas panto-

mimes. The theatre is about the size of the Haymarket. There is a café attached to it, a restaurant, a bouquetière, bills of the play, and a saloon where smokers congregate between the acts. And when you go out into the street, there is the fellah lying on the bare earth, wrapped in his cloak, and the wild dogs baying the moon, and the police calling out the Arab watchwords of the night.

The contrast is striking to a stranger, because he is looking out for such anomalies. Perhaps if he were passing through the purlieus of Drury Lane or Covent Garden after the performance of play or opera, he would, on examination, discover a more discordant, significant, and terrible antithesis. The fellah is not a freeborn Briton with innumerable proud privileges—he is to the manner born, and can sleep where and how he lists, without fear of vagrant laws, police cells, or magistrates. When I was conversing with the Viceroy to-day, I took the liberty of expressing the regret with which I saw children of tender years employed mending the streets of Cairo, in charge of taskmasters. His Highness regretted it too; but he had his retort.

"You have also in London, my dear, your little Arabs—vos Arabes de la rue. I have seen them.

I am quite sure they are far more to be pitied than the little ones of whom you speak, each of whom has some one to care for it, and who is at least not a criminal, nor likely to become a pest to society."

The "smiting" which was in vogue long ago in the land, is a habit which does not, however, appear so shocking to us, perhaps, as it must be to other foreigners. There is much more use of the hand in England, and among Anglo-Saxon populations —of the argument called a "blow"—than on the Continent. To strike one who displeases us is a natural expedient, only to be restrained by fear or coerced by law—either of public opinion or of police. But in Egypt it would seem as if no one dreamt of resisting the application of it on the part of a superior, or of obtaining redress. Whoever can hit, cuff, or kick, does it freely. Sir Anthony Absolute's mode of ruling a household, and its results, may be seen any day in the streets. There was a curious illustration of this rule the other morning near Shepheard's Hotel. Two men had a dispute over some matter of sale, and from words one of them, the larger and stronger, resorted to a sounding box on the eye of his antagonist. The latter put his hand to his face, looked round with one glaring

orb at the crowd which had been collected by the controversy, and singling out a laughing donkey-boy, administered to him a tremendous cuff on the side of the head. A few yards away there sat a child of eight or nine years of age against the wall of a house, innocently sucking a piece of sugar-cane. The donkey-boy at once charged him, and kicked him in the ribs. The little fellow looked up, uttered a cry of rage, and seizing a large paving-stone which lay close at hand, flung it—at the donkey-boy?—oh, certainly not! but at a poor street dog, which lay asleep close at hand. The dog immediately went off howling, and no doubt bit a small puppy to ease its mind; and what revenge the puppy took is beyond my knowledge, but no doubt he did something vindictive in his turn.

February 4th.—A bright sun and cold wind. The Royal party were up early, and drove in carriages through the bazaar to the Citadel, to see the departure of the pilgrims with the Holy Carpet to Mecca.

Of the thousands of Europeans who visit Cairo, there are few who have the fortune to behold the spectacle, which may be described in many books to me unknown, but which can never be adequately described in any book at all. The sight is called

"the departure of the Pilgrims for Mecca." That is a misnomer. It is in reality a procession of sheiks and holy men and the sacred Mahmal and Kisweh, escorted by irregular cavalry and guns, which leaves the city to go out to the real pilgrims encamped on the plain outside Cairo. The Mahmal is a wooden canopy covered with gold brocade and silk, which is symbolical of the litter of Sheger-ed-Deen, the wife of the Sultan Es-Saleh-Nebn-ed-Deen, on her journey to Mecca. The Kisweh is the covering which is put over the Raabeh, in the Temple at Mecca. Several days ago the pilgrims set out from Cairo, and encamped on the Abbasaya. What rites and ceremonies they may have been since performing, inside and out, I know not; but last night all sightseers were warned that the ceremonial was to come off soon after 9 o'clock. At that hour the Viceroy's carriages were in waiting at the Prince's Palace, and a guard of honour, with a trumpet band, was drawn up in the open space between the building and the street. There were very few people attracted by the show of horses and guards; but the crowds which gathered in the narrow streets through which the procession was to pass, gave proof of the enormous population of this swarming city. The Prince, Princess, and suite,

attended by the Duke of Sutherland and his party, set out about 10 o'clock, and drove to the open space beneath the Citadel, famous as the scene of the demolition of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali. They were preceded by horsemen, and by the running footmen who are the heralds of every carriage in Cairo—by night pillars of fire; by day bounding with feet that never tire before the horses, crying out incessantly in Arabic, freely translated, "Mind your toes!" or, "Look out, there!" To a man of cruel or arbitrary disposition the office must be enviable, for it gives, apparently, a right to the bearer to smite whatever and whomever he pleases. The number of unoffending men, and camels, and asses punished in Cairo every day by smart raps of a long cane, for doing nothing at all but being alive, by these officials, must amount to many hundreds; and they all bear it with equal mind and body. The route from the Prince's Palace to the Citadel lies through a part of the town which is, perhaps, the most striking and interesting of all Cairo. Familiar as the city is to European travellers, there is about its streets an ingredient of what may be understood, though not defined, by the word "Orientalism," which is ever suggesting new ideas, or reviving old ones. A good deal of

interest, no doubt, is due to the belief which unconsciously underlies the spectator's wonder that he is looking at people who are in thought, dress, and habits very much what they were many centuries ago, and who, all alive, are yet as dead as if they were mummified for all the purposes of this progressive, practical, prosaical half-century. The streets wind in and out at discretion, through a mass of houses, mosques, and bazaars, very much as mites march through a cheese. The word "street" gives no conception of the lane which scarcely ever yields a view of 100 yards in front or behind, and which at times seems to end abruptly in the cordial greeting of two houses at opposite sides. There is quite enough to detain the stranger for a pleasant ten minutes—for every ten paces if he likes—to loiter and be jostled by asses and shoved aside by the crowd, or scared by growling, fierce-toothed camels. There are the shops, with their varied stores and still more varied owners and customers, the incorrigible, persecuting, stick-disregarding donkey-boys, who never desist from importunate solicitation to mount "Champagne Charley," "Lord John Russell," "Palmerston," or some other famous quadruped with long ears and indomitable back-bone. Over the shops rises the

lattice-windowed frontage of the houses, sometimes projecting from the drawing-room floor upwards on frail beams, sometimes coyly retiring, seldom guilty of a real perpendicular. While all below is life, and noise, and activity, from the first floor upwards there is silence in the house. Now and then a child may be caught sight of at the lattice, or a draped face gleams out of a pair of inquiring eyes on the world below; but mostly there is a blank in the Egyptian quarter. To-day this was changed, and all womankind was enjoying its rare holyday, and enjoying it more, perhaps, too, than its sisterhood in England would if it were all going off to the poll, headed by Miss Becker and Mr. Mill, to record its vote for some political Apollo Belvedere. The women, clad in sweeping robes, which in their combination form such tempting, yet distracting subjects, for the artist who loves to paint masses of coloured drapery, sat with their children chattering in every safe recess in the streets. They gazed out of the latticed windows, through the sluice-like open traps, and through the open casements, crowded the flat roofs, swarmed on the mosque-tops, and clustered in the doorways. If eyes can be an index to the character of the rest of the face, many of the ladies must have been very beautiful; but

some showed the ravages of ophthalmia, which the artifice of blackened eyebrows only made more evident. The men and boys of the different nations and faiths which have their representatives here —Arabs, Jews, Copts, Syrians, Egyptians, Turks, Franks, Nubians, Albanians, Anatolians, Greeks, Persians, Circassians, "barbarians," and dwellers in partibus infidelium, dressed each after his kind, lined the streets and sat in the bazaar shops, and on the shifting kaleidoscopic multitude, over which the fine dust rose from the tread of many feet, there came down, through the chinks in the latticed screen which covers in the street, rays of sunshine which produced the most striking and charming effects. Through this scene imagine camels plodding along with ponderous loads of green vetches, asses hidden under mounds of vegetables and tares for fodder, or laden with important portions of a small family; horses and ponies, and their riders; mules and dromedaries, with their turbaned or veiled burdens; and then, pressing through the throng, an advance guard of native outriders, followed by a host of running footmen, in front of an open carriage with prancing horses, driven by an unmistakable British coachman,—and fancy the expression of delight and surprise on the fair face, dear to so

many millions of people in islands far away. Now and then, when a refractory camel blocked the path, or a dog gave warning of some small personal grief, or the carriage was caught at a narrow corner by stray dromedaries with far-extending platforms on their backs, the Princess evinced a transient anxiety. The good humour of the people, their civility and temper, as carriage after carriage came crushing and squeezing them out of the roadway into shop-fronts and side lanes — nay, even the placidity of holy men and dervishes of renown, whose donkeys and camels were cuffed, and whose venerable persons were shoved unceremoniously aside—were much to be commended. At last the cortége emerged into the open space below the Citadel. Here, round the sides of a large extent of cleared ground, were drawn up the troops of the line, Lancers and Zouaves of the Guard, and the 400 irregular cavalry which were to guard the pilgrims and escort the treasure annually sent to the sheiks of the Arab tribes and to Mecca. Behind this line were congregated crowds of people. They were on the citadel walls, on the flat roofs, and on the sides of the mosques, wherever they could see; and above them all shone a bright sun in a sky of heavenly blue. As the Prince and Princess of

Wales came in sight, the troops presented arms along the lines, the irregular cavalry tapped their little saucer-like drums, and the bands saluted with the Zouave "As tu vu la casquette, &c., de Père Bugeaud," now familiar to so many Britishers. The carriages drove up to a raised dais, draped with curtains of scarlet and gold, and provided with chairs, where the Viceroy's eldest son, Tewfik Pasha, surrounded by the officers of State in full uniform, received them. Seats were provided for the Consular body and their friends and the principal residents and visitors. Indeed, a white face, a bad hat and shabby travelling clothes, seem to be a passport here to every place. The Prince made the acquaintance of the little Pasha, the Viceroy's youngest son, who was beautiful in scarlet stockings, scarlet and gold knickerbockers, and a cream-coloured jacket slashed with gold lace. The superior officers, mounted on their richly caparisoned Arabs, sat in front of the dais. After a time the head of the procession emerged from under an archway at the opposite side of the esplanade. It was preceded by men with sticks to keep away the crowd, who certainly "kept their sticks going" in a way which would astonish a line of beaters in a home covert. Then came men and boys chanting and shouting

in front of the camels, one of which bore the Mahmal. Some sustained lofty saddles and saddle bags, decorated with orange branches and short flag-staffs with banners; others carried holy hadjees or sheiks. One was honoured by a peculiar, if not agreeable load—a very sainted personage, whose great merit it was and is, to keep turning his head round on his neck, as if it were fixed on a universal joint, all the way to Mecca. This man, very crass and unctuous, was bare headed; his grizzled, dirty-looking locks, divided in the centre, being his only covering from the blazing sun of Arabia. His body was stripped down to the waist, and gave evidence that, in spite of his head turnings, the holy man put on flesh wonderfully. His eyelids were half closed, his fat face had an utter want of expression, quite suitable to the head it belonged to, which went round and round at every jog of the much more intelligent-looking camel which he bestrode. Year after year this saint has turned his empty head, and seems none the worse —nay, all the better for it; though thousands of his fellow-pilgrims, who do not turn their heads, perish miserably in the pilgrimage. When the holy camel of the Kisweh came to the dais, the Pasha was handed one of the holy cords, and kissed it, and

then the chief sheik took it and kissed it, and the procession of camels, of singing men and shouting boys, defiled twice in a circle in front of the dais, while the guns of the citadel thundered out a salute, and then marched away towards the city to take part in the greater procession. Now, dashing at full speed from the end of the esplanade, came a solitary horseman holding a long quivering lance, which he poised across his saddle, and now and then thrust right and left. This was the leader of the irregular horsemen, "the Lord of the Land," a great chief in Egypt this day. He threw his horse on his haunches with a cruel bit, wheeled round, wielding but not throwing his lance, and careless of the multitude, which now broke into the enclosed space and pressed round the dais. It is the habit to give money annually at this festival, and frightful fighting and confusion ensued; but in consideration for the Princess it was not observed. The results of a scramble might be guessed from the scene which occurred when the police and the cavalry had to clear the way through the "people" in a way which would have done Superintendent Walker good to see. Sticks? I should think so. Bludgeons! Whips! It rained blows on the heads and shoulders

of King Mob, who has a very hard time of it. How no skull was cracked was a marvel to those who opine the Egyptian cranium is not solid. But no corpses were left on the ground, and the carriages drove off to see the procession. The route lay now through narrow lanes and streets in which there was scarcely a sign of life. Here and there a workman, more industrious or less religious than his fellows, sat cross-legged beside a heap of cakes or sweetmeats, and a few inhabitants wondering at the sight of the passing carriages. After a time, however, we came out into the crowded thoroughfare, and, with greater difficulty than before, the little cortége made its way through the people to the house provided for the accommodation of the Prince and Princess. Passing through an open porte-cochère, where the Prince and Princess were received by gentlemen in waiting, the party ascended a steep staircase which led to two large rooms furnished with carpets and divans, the open windows of which looked on the street. Far as the eye could reach, up and down, and on either side, it was crowded in the same way as the part of the city which I have already tried to describe.

Pipes and coffee were brought in by the servants, and unaccustomed lips made some slight experi-

ment on the massive amber mouthpieces. But a hum and bustle in the crowd summoned the party to the windows. Round a turn in the street there came in view an irregular multitude, preceded by horsemen tapping small saucer-like drums, and by men on foot with sticks and balls slung to cords like those used by jugglers at home, who cleared the way for a very motley, picturesque, and eccentric procession of footmen, marching abreast—four, or five, or six in front. The turbans worn by each section of orthodox sects were of the same colour. Banners—green, and white, and yellow, inscribed with texts from the Koran—every few yards, were borne in pairs, suspended from lofty poles with gilt tops. There were many hundreds of these banners, which are stored up carefully by the sheiks when the ceremony is over. Between the banner-bearers came men and boys uttering shrill cries, or chanting in unison, with a certain sort of monotonous sweetness, verses from the Koran. Others marched to the sound of flageolets and drums. Occasionally there appeared some singular, if not revolting, object. Now men, stripped to the waist, holding, by hilt and point, a curved sword, which they pressed against their naked stomachs. The edges were blunt. But the point was not always so, since

an indiscreet sabreur who forgot that fact cut his fingers, to his evident discomfiture. Now, men holding by the tail writhing serpents, three or four feet long, which darted out their forked tongues at the bare legs of the shrinking crowd. Anon, it was a shirtless man, who leapt about, brandishing two unsheathed swords across his neck and belly. Now a group of boys slinging balls of metal, like cup and ball, or burning incense in braziers. Again venerable men on asses and mules, inveterate old pilgrims in long-robed dresses, descendants of the Prophet, in green turbans. Men with big drums, cripples and mendicants who live on piety and exceeding uncleanliness of person, men singing and beating cymbals, and tambourines. The strains of martial music announced the approach of the Egyptian troops. They were preceded by the officer in command and his staff, well mounted, and by a picturesque avant-garde of pioneers, with bearskins like those of the Old Guard, white leather aprons, and great axes en règle. The first battalion which marched past were tall, well-set-up, fine young men, dressed in fez, light blue jackets, vests with yellow facings, scarlet trousers and gaiters à la Zouave — whose uniform the Egyptians say was borrowed from their army.

They kept time to a man, and, altogether, looked as if they could meet any troops that could be brought against them on equal terms, if officered properly. Breechloaders are not come to them yet.

Three battalions, each headed by its trumpets playing the Zouave pas, went by, and after them the cavalry, with green and purple-flagged lances, swords, and pistols, headed by a band which was described by a young gentleman fresh from England as "a caution to rattlesnakes." Their horses, full of life, were small, active, unshod, ill-cleaned. Their dress, a fez, blue jackets and yellow facings, yellow-striped blue vest, and red trousers. Next came the General of Cairo, with a very showy staff, in front of whom rode a few horsemen with breech-loading revolving carbines. Another detachment of infantry followed. And then the holy camels and the man with the revolving head went by, and after them, flowed on a crowd with banners and devices and dervishes, just like the first. Then the irregular cavalry, beating their tom-toms, mounted on all sorts of horses, armed with many kinds of weapons, having pistols stuck everywhere over them, guns of all kinds in their hands and slung over their backs, and pendant from their saddles. A specimen

of every firearm made for the last 150 years could assuredly have been collected from among their armament. Their music was terrible, and the wild troopers must have been a thorn in the flesh to small boys, as it was their sport to pluck off the fezzes and skull caps of the unwary, and fling them among the crowd or under the hoofs of their shoeless horses. Next, as the end of all things, a field battery of six rifled bronze guns, with two mules to each gun, followed by another tumultuous crowd and mounted men; and at last the tail of the procession, which if long drawn out was by no means always linked sweetness, disappeared round an angle of the street, which was at once filled by the people who had previously lined it. After the procession passed, the Prince and Princess returned to the Palace; and later in the day the Princess drove out quietly with Mrs. Grey through the bazaar, and did a little original shopping. The Prince drove to the Viceregal Palace, visited the Viceroy, and had pipes and coffee, and thence went to the Nile, to inspect the Alexandra dahabeah and the flotilla prepared for the Royal party.

In the course of the afternoon, and somewhat to the discomfiture of refined courtiers, who do not think donkey riding compatible with dignity, some

of the party proceeded in a long train through the bazaars in that fashion, to the great delight of the donkey boys, who soon learned the rank of the distinguished personages who had honoured them with their patronage.

A visit to the Duke of Sutherland's Palace was included in the excursion by the Prince and Princess and suite, and there again pipes and coffee were for the third time presented to them. In the evening "La Grande Duchesse" was represented for the first time in Cairo, and was exceedingly appreciated by the native part of the audience.

February 5th.—At 12 o'clock the Royal party, with the Duke of Sutherland and friends, visited

the New Palace of the Viceroy at Gizeh, on the left bank of the Nile.

The object of building a new palace must be best known to him who is master of so many. Here, certainly, he has succeeded in obtaining one of the most beautiful residences that king or emperor can desire. The palace is not yet finished, but has already cost more than £250,000. It is not alone sumptuous halls, immense saloons, decorated in the most exquisite manner in imitation of the Alhambra, nor gorgeous mirrors, nor chandeliers, nor furniture covered with beaten gold that renders it so. The floors of the rooms are composed of different coloured marbles. The taste and fancy of Europe have been lavished on the architecture of the Moor. It stands in the midst of gardens, set in by a framework of date-palms; one wanders through groves of exotics, and alleys bordered by oriental plants, watered continuously by noble fountains. There is a menagerie of wild beasts close at hand, and cranes, and saruses, and flamingoes stalk about the avenues.

Outside there is a kiosk and a harem, corresponding in richness and finish with the main building. The party proceeded through the bazaar, and thence went to see performances of the dancing dervishes.

Here is one of the holy men! He does not dance, but spins round like a humming-top. There are some twenty of them, tapering away from the tallest who is in the centre, and the whirling of each has an orbit, so that every man slowly describes an ellipse. There is supposed by the savans to be some astronomical truth typified in the dance—the motions of the

sun and planets—but the dervishes did not look at all philosophical, and they certainly were not indifferent to terrestrial matters in the way of backsheesh. The crowd regarded the performance without enthusiasm; but I never saw a bishop of any church who looked at all equal to doing the like of it.

The Princess of Wales and Mrs. Grey, in the afternoon, visited the harem of the Viceroy, where they were received by the Valideh, and were pre-

sented to the ladies of the establishment. The Princess was the object of great attention on the part of the ladies during the three hours she remained there, and returned with many pleasant anecdotes.

A donkey ride along the Schoubra Road helped to get over a portion of the day; and after dinner the Royal party went to the theatre, where "La Belle Hélène" was performed. Menelaus was certainly to be congratulated on the departure of his faithless spouse, and I am sure Paris bounded nimbly out of his bark when the curtain fell.

There is little else to be done in the evening in Cairo. There are no parties or balls; no receptions which ladies can attend. The Viceroy, however, being desirous of showing His Royal Highness an exhibition of the native dancing and singing, with which the upper classes are entertained in their own houses, invited him and his suite to the Kasr-el-Nil after the play.

We had the opportunity of hearing the Cairo Grisi, a woman of about forty years of age, neither fat, nor fair to look upon, who sang at fitful intervals, to the accompaniment of six chosen musicians. The music put one much in mind of that in Upper India. The lady's voice was somewhat cracked; but there were quaint odd notes, in

which still lingered traces of the melody which she possessed in her youth. Her principal attraction now, however, is said to be her wit and liveliness. She talked to the Viceroy without the smallest gêne; and in a keen encounter of wit between her and Sir Samuel Baker in Arabic, it was said by proficients that the Englishman had the worst of it. There were six women dancers, who performed singly and in pairs.

The Egyptian dance has often been described. Some varieties of it, executed by these ladies, were stated—on what authority I know not—to date from the time of the Pharaohs. Others were content with putting them down roughly at 2,000 years old; to suit the antiquity of the performances, the ladies, with two exceptions, were ancient and mummified.

The gentlemen were seated on divans round the room, and it was considered a mark of attention on the part of the Almeah, or Dancing Girl, to select some particular person whom she fancied to be worthy of her consideration, and to dance specially before him.

It was rather a relief, on the whole, when the Viceroy led the way with the Prince down to supper, from which we did not return to Cairo till half-past 2 in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FROM CAIRO.—THE FLOTILLA.—A FALSE ALARM.—THE FIRST HALT.—THE FIRST NIGHT.—BENISOUEFF.—FESHN.—SHEIK FODL.—THE CHURCH IN EGYPT.—MINIEH.

February 6th.—The entertainment given by the Viceroy last night led to rather a late breakfast; but the Royal party were ready to start at an earlier hour than we expected. At 12 o'clock the Prince of Wales and his suite drove to the Citadel to visit the Viceroy's son, where they had pipes and coffee.

It is the etiquette of the East, that one who is visited by a great personage, should immediately return the compliment; and no sooner had the Prince got back to his palace, than the Pasha made his appearance with his suite, and paid his parting compliments to His Royal Highness; for this was the day of the departure of the two parties from Cairo.

There were beys, and aides, and cavasses flying about in all directions; and a gathering of many officials round the doors of the Prince's palace. There is always a little bustle attendant on the starting of a large party; and our small palace was pretty lively from 10 till 1 o'clock, when all the boxes, portmanteaus, bags, and gun-cases were safely loaded on trucks and sent down to Kasr-el-Nil, where the steamers were moored. The Duke of Sutherland and party went to the railway station to meet Lord Albert Gower and Sir H. Pelly, who were coming from Alexandria, quite unconscious of their fate. They were touring about and had telegraphed to announce their arrival at Alexandria; and it was resolved that they should be taken up the Nile, the very moment they arrived. It is seldom a man is called on to execute such a sudden journey in continuation of a route which was intended to end for the time at a railway terminus.

Soon after 1.30 o'clock the Prince and the Princess, in plain travelling clothes, suited to the climate, started in an open carriage, the suite following in others, and drove at a rapid rate to Kasr-el-Nil. There were very few of the natives who appeared to know or to care for their departure. Not even a scurry of Egyptian outriders, or gentlemen in waiting in

their peculiar costume — black jacket, embroidered vest, with sash, black knickerbockers, black embroidered leggings—and a guard of cavasses riding at full speed, and warning all to get out of the way, created much excitement among the people; and when the cortége got out on the mound-marked road, leading through fields of sugar-cane and tares, to

the bank of the river, the peasants, working at their leisure, in the fields, and the fellah men and women, scarcely raised their heads to give a speculating glance at the cloud of dust which whirled along the causeway. At the entrance to the castle-yard, the guard turned out in their white summer fatigue-jackets, knickerbockers, and gaiters, and saluted.

THE ROYAL FLOTILLA

Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, London

The Palace itself was all silent; the jalousies closed as if the Viceroy did not like to see his guests' departure; and there were not fifty people in all, including the stray soldiery in the court at the Nile wall, to see the start of the flotilla. The Duke of Sutherland and his party were already on board The Ornament of Two Seas.

The Prince and Princess and Mrs. Grey occupied the Alexandra dahabeah, which was towed by the Royal steamer. There was also a kitchen steamer attached to it.

Lieut.-Col. Teesdale, Captain Ellis, Mr. Montagu, Dr. Minter, Lord Carington, Sir Samuel Baker, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Mr. Brierly were accommodated on board the steamer, in which the Royal party daily assembled for breakfast and dinner.

Another steamer was provided for Mourad Pasha and Colonel Stanton, on board of which Major Alison, who belonged to the Duke of Sutherland's party, was provided with a berth. Mr. Fowler and Professor Owen, who had been invited by the Duke to accompany him, finding that the room on board the fourth steamer was rather limited, were wont to take refuge in the evening on board Colonel Stanton's boat.

A lighter, containing stores, was towed by the kitchen steamer; another lighter, with four horses, and a riding-donkey for the Princess, was towed by the steamer assigned to Colone Stanton.

His Royal Highness has got Mr. Baker, a clever naturalist and taxidermist, on board. His punt is well adapted for the sport to be had on the river, and is in charge of Webster, who was with Lord Londesborough on the Nile some years ago, when he made up his famous tale of 10,000 head of birds in one season.

Talk of the doings of djins and afreets! What did they know of champagne and soda-water and French patés? One of them could not have got a bottle of brandy to save his life—the genii who lived in the vessel in the sea surely could not have obtained his freedom had it depended on producing a flask of Curaçao. Well, on board the store boat, for fear of one going athirst on the voyage, there was, it is said, a supply of 3,000 bottles of champagne, 20,000 bottles of soda-water, 4,000 bottles of claret; and so on as to sherry, and ale, and liqueurs of all sorts.

About 2 o'clock the start was effected, and a very pretty sight it was. First the Prince's steamer moved off, with the Royal Standard and Ottoman flag flying; next the Alexandra dahabeah, or sleeping-boat;

then, the steamer on board of which were Colonel Stanton, Professor Owen, Mr. Fowler, and Major Alison; next the cooking steamer; then the Duke of Sutherland's steamer, and a boat serving as a tender to the little flotilla, each in turn towing a barge full of provisions. There was a good deal of shouting; but on the whole not much to complain of. I am not going to try my hand at a Nile picture. Mr. Murray, by the aid of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, has indicated every object of interest on the banks of the river after leaving Boulak. The photographer and the colourist (if a painter submits to be so called) must do the rest; for it is but a useless repetition of words, conveying no just impression to the mind of the reader, to write of mosques and palaces and ruins on the banks; of waving date-palms; of water-wheels at work; of green fields; of fellah women, with covered heads and bodies and bare legs, by the river side; of men, only to be distinguished from women by their turbaned heads; of minarets in the distance; of lateen-rigged boats, with stumpy masts and enormous yards; of Arab crews and cargoes—mounds of chopped straw piled on deck, heaps of water-jars, coops of noisy fowl, gobbling turkey-cocks; one might go on enumerating such things for ever, as we paddle up the great water-way

which is the artery of life and commerce for five millions of people clustered along its course.

The last sight of interest was the great mosque of Sultan Hassan, in Cairo—far away—which came in view at a bend of the river, and shone out gloriously in the rays of the setting sun, giving fair reason to question the judgment of the critics who have complained of the slenderness of the two graceful minarets, which, to our eyes, were exquisite in proportion and effect.

The worst of a steamboat, in one respect, is, that it always enables one to go on,—and on he goes accordingly; whereas, in the sailing vessel, odious as delays may be, there is much involuntary sight-seeing to be done when the wind is foul. No doubt we passed many interesting places — the quarries, for example, whence, for thousands of years, magnesian limestone has been cut for monuments, palaces, and cities, and where a man may wander in the galleries hewn into the mountain for a day without coming to an end of them. The Nile is so low that the various layers of successive years' inundations may be traced, like strata in rocks.

"The proper study of mankind is man," particularly if you have good lorgnettes and telescopes.

I would be ashamed to say how much more we were interested in watching the progress of the Royal yacht, and in observing those on board of her, than in scrutinizing the sites of famous places on both sides of the river above Cairo. "There is the Princess! You can just see her in the saloon on deck!" The mounds of old Babylon, and the mosque built over the "Footprint of the Prophet," were on one side; on our right towered the Pyramids of Gizeh, and as the steamers cleft their way against the turbid stream, there rose in sight the Pyramids of Abooseer, Sakkara, and Dashoor: but they could be seen at any time, whilst it was not so certain when we could get a glimpse of the Prince on the Nile, in the abandon of shooting-jacket, knickerbockers, and felt hat. If such were the feelings of the party, what might not be pardoned to Mr. Cook's Tourists, who were in full cry up the river after the Prince and Princess? Some of our companions had come from Brindisi with the British caravan, and gave accounts which did not tend to make us desire a closer acquaintance. Respectable people—worthy—intelligent—whatever you please; but all thrown off their balances by the prospect of running the Prince and Princess of Wales to earth in a Pyramid, of driving them to bay in the Desert, of

hunting them into the recesses of a ruin—enraptured at the idea of being able possibly to deliver "an address" in the temple of Karnak, or of gazing at their ease on the Royal couple, enclosed in their toils on the Island of Philæ. The quarries of El Mahsarah and Toora, worked twenty centuries and more before the Christian era, which furnished the materials of the Gizeh pyramids, and the Temples of Thebes and Memphis, were on our left hand, and we were obliged to take, on hearsay, that there were, in the galleries of these mothers of many cities, marks, as legible as if they were cut yesterday, of the kings who ordered the works. Far away over the opposite bank, you can note the mounds of rubbish which are all that remain of what was once "imperial Memphis." "I can see the Prince! he is just forward there, speaking to Baker!" There is certainly some subtle sort of pleasure in looking at Royalty through a powerful glass. You are a long way off, and you cannot be considered intrusive. And so you stare—I beg your pardon, sir, or madam, if I wrong you!—very much with the sort of satisfaction a stalker experiences, at a calm, contemplative, all-over look from the top of some heathery knoll at an Imperial or Royal head, unconscious of the inspection. We pass the sulphur springs of

Helwan, where it is conjectured Amenophis sent lepers and other incurables to live apart from the rest of Egypt. Manetho says he did the thing, but does not mention the name of the place—that is, Sir Gardner Wilkinson declares Manetho makes the statement. I confess I have not consulted the passage in which the extract from Manetho is recorded, and that I am as unlearned respecting Manetho as was the worthy gentleman in the "Vicar of Wakefield," who quoted him and Sanconiathon. But recent researches have enhanced the value of the ancient priest's chronicles, and Egyptologists bless the fortunate chance which, in the writings of another, saved his lists from destruction. Just now, as mound after mound denote the graves in which whole cities lie buried—Aphroditopolis, the city of Acanthus, the temple of Osiris—there is an alarm "The tourists are coming!"

A cloud of smoke rises from a steamer astern, but after a time it is made out that she is a local merchant craft bound to one of the sugar factories, and peace of mind is restored. The signal for dinner flies along the line, and Ali Risa, who presides, is proudly conscious that there is no difference made in the menu by the change of scene, and that our Spanish cook and Italian domestics, trans-

ferred from the palace, are resolved to make The Ornament of the Two Seas a rival of the dwelling on the Schoubra Road.

Our steamer does not present much to talk about. There is the usual grave, keen-eyed, dark-faced old Arab reis, in white turban and flowing robes, at the wheel—a handsome old fellow, who is relieved by another—his very ditto, only a shade graver, and better-looking; our captain, a blue-eyed, rather feeble-faced Turk, who is afraid "to go ahead," and has not quite recovered the effect of the Ramadan; the crew of marines, in greyish coats, blue trousers, and fez, all the worse for wear, taking measure of the new-comers; in the bow, the butchers arraying the fore-rigging with carcases of poultry and sheep; astern, our excellent Italian servants, our old staff at the Palace, cheerfully chatting as they prepare for il pranso. Some of our good sailors, taking in turn a flat cushion on the quarter-deck, say their prayers, and shame us all by their open-air courage of devotion. The evening became cold by the time we had got twenty miles up the river, and our steamer, faster and lighter than the Prince's boat, which was, moreover, towing the dahabeah, went on ahead, and lost sight of the flotilla in a bend of the river. The Prince ran aground soon

after we left him, and others did the same, so that they made very slow work of it. At dusk, we sidled up to the bank of the river on the right, near a village called Kafr (or "village") Iabt, or Ayabt. The Prince's boat, and attendant steamers, came up and clawed the bank alongside later in the evening. It is easy work to moor a vessel, as a stake driven into the soft rich earth is sufficient to hold the warp of a large ship. A plank is thrown out to the steep bank, and steps are cut up to the top by the sailors. At each plank sits or stands a swarthy Egyptian, holding a pole, atop of which is an iron frame-work holding a mass of blazing pine and coals, which throws a bright light on the landing-place, and lights up the hulls and white funnels of the vessels and the dusky waters. The line of these beacons, and the lanterns slung from the mizen-rigging, formed an effective illumination, but did not attract the natives out of the mud-heaps called villages. After dinner, the party were invited to go on board the Prince's boat, and scrambled along the bank to the gangway. If there were any wandering fellahs about, they must have heard the tinkle of the piano, touched by a fair and practised hand, and the refrain of songs, and clamour of

choruses, not unfamiliar in England. What the theories of the hypothetical auditors may have been respecting the strains, who can determine?

But I can assure you, when deep called unto deep —when Alister, beating the deck proudly with his foot, made the date groves resonant with "the sweetest notes ear ever heard" (on the pipes, be it understood), and summoned Peter Robertson to generous, but not successful, emulation, on bag and slender reed—when "Farewell to Lochaber" was borne on the evening air from The Ornament of the Two Seas to be re-echoed from the Prince's ship by eldrich slogan—they must have been stout aborigines who stood unmoved, and the feelings of the guardians of our watch-fires on the bank must have been too deep for words. It is no fault of Peter Robertson that he cannot play the pipes as well as Alister, who has a gift that way, and who was born past master in the fearful and mystic art; for he can touch heart and feet, and set both beating together. But Peter is great in the forest and on the "hull," and it is not given to all to excel on the bagpipes and in the chase. By persevering efforts, which the fellahs and I would prefer to have developed at first in some lonely glen, rather than in our immediate vicinity, he may dominate the tender and

pathetical power of the instrument, from which now rush martial sounds and war's alarms, as though Æolus had loosed his windy caverns in anger. Hamed, Hadji Ali, Achmet Captan, Ali Captan, the Reis—in the plural; I cannot say Reises—and the crews, agreed that it was capital music altogether, and that they had never heard the like of it before.

We shook down pretty comfortably at night. There is a cabin astern, with a long sofa on both sides, which gave resting-place to the Duke and Colonel Marshall. Two small cabins, between it and the dining saloon, were occupied by the Marquis of Stafford and myself. The cushions round the dining saloon afforded sumptuous beds for Lord Albert Gower and Sir Henry Pelly, and at the end of the companion ladder outside Mr. Sumner held high state in the largest cabin, which was only unfortunate in its vicinity to the boilers and to the bath-room—an apartment with a zinc hip bath, which, filled with Nile water, was in much request, and the object of considerable intrigue, foul play, and manœuvring before breakfast.

Sunday, February 7th.—The morning was dull and the sun overcast—the wind cold for the country and the time of year. The fleet got under weigh

soon after daybreak, and pressed on against the current of the Nile, now hugging one shore—again creeping to the other—now keeping the middle, as the skippers were warned by the cries of the watchmen on the banks, or by the advice of the native boats. The channel is for ever shifting. To provide as far as possible against our running aground, the Viceroy sent up instructions six weeks ago to have the course of the river closely observed; and ever since, day and night, the people have been watching and waiting for us. Groups of horsemen, here—men in boats, there—voices sounding from bank to bank, exchange the words of council with our captain and the Arab reis at every turn.

The character of the scenery has a certain monotony, of which we do not tire. There are the Pyramids of Lisht; there is the False Pyramid. There a mass of rock as like a Pyramid as if Nature were trying to emulate the grand freaks of these great builders. There are groups of women, by the water's edge, with their heads covered, in dark blue robes, and legs naked to the knee, filling the huge jars, which they bear gracefully on their heads, or crouching down to plash their limbs—along the banks men riding

—villages—date trees—gliding sails—the railway and the telegraph posts.

The river is covered with boats, the crews of each a study for a painter; their cargoes a wonder; their ability to float at all—not to mention their speed—

something to be surprised at, for they need a luteing of mud and chopped straw round the hatchway to keep out the water. After a run of three hours, the Prince's steamer stopped—at first voluntarily—to get breakfast from the kitchen boat, and next involuntarily on a sand-bank. Our boat went on ahead. We passed an ancient Coptic convent—Dehra Mahmed; a deserted Christian village; the lone tomb of a holy man, solitary on the sand, guarded by a few palm trees; another tomb of a sainted lady, whose memory is held in veneration by devout Mahometans, who come in pilgrimage to the shrine — another of her daughter, who is also of blessed memory. Small dust storms whirl round and round on shore. The steamer shoots by El Mazabyeah-o-Bitashar, observed of many detached gatherings of men apart and women apart on the banks. We look for crocodiles with the eye of credulity, but Hamed says there are none to be seen now much below Assouan, and that as long as the wind is cold they stay in the river, and do not visit the banks. The hippopotamus is not met with below Berbeh, which is north of Khartoum. Hamed says a thousand years ago it was found as low—as far north—as we are now; I believe Hamed in any matter relating to

hippopotami, even to the extent of a thousand years. The district hereabouts has a sad story of its own. A short time ago a man rose up and gathered the fellahs to his standard, which was that of a new religion. His following increased rapidly, and he refused to disband at the summons of the Viceroy's officers. A body of regular troops was sent against them, and not far from Benisoueff the advance guard, with six guns, came on the rebel or fanatic leader. Ignorant of the nature of cannon, he at once led his band to the attack. The guns opened on them with grape, and mowed down lanes in the multitude. Among the slain, killed by the first discharge, lay the leader of the men, whom he had comforted with the assurance that he was invulnerable. So far Ali Bey told us; but he did not add what Lady Duff Gordon asserts, that there was a wholesale desolating war of extermination—if war it could be called—carried on against the wretches who fled, and that thousands were hunted down and put to death.

We went so slowly that the fear grew on us lest Cook's tourists should overhaul the flotilla. But at 3 o'clock we arrived off Benisoueff, a large town with a population varying from 45,000 (according to a cavass translated by Hamed) to 15,000,

according to another native authority, and to 5,000, according to Ali Bey and Colonel Stanton. There was a line of troops on the bank to act as a guard of honour. A great number of sheiks in white turbans were in attendance, and a crowd of 400 or 500 people, men and boys, turned out to sit on the bank, which was as good a place to sit on as anywhere else. There was a Palace of the Viceroy at our disposal, if needed. Where has the Viceroy not got a Palace? And where is there not a Palace of the Viceroy? There was a pleasant Governor or Deputy-Governor in waiting, and a great heap of cavasses with scimitars and belts full of pistols. Hamed—excellent Hippopotamus Johnny, ever willing, always showing his white teeth in a smile when he is asked a question or desired to make himself useful—led a detachment up the plank on shore, and took his way along the bank of the river towards the town. He was joined by a cavass, who was a thing of terror to the small boys and other backsheesh hunters. Capital fellow, indeed, is Hamed, but a bad fellow to go astern of in fine sand with the wind strong ahead. His red shoes are lovely to look at, but they are spiked at the top as if meant to shovel up the dust; and, if that be

the object, the designer must be congratulated on rare success. The dust *was* blinding. Our way lay through a ragged parade-ground extending from the Pasha's house near the landing-place to the mud-walled enclosure around the garden of the Governor, inside which were visible the jalousied windows of a neat residence. The town looked like a village surrounded by a wall. We entered the main street, which was about twelve feet wide, and wound right and left through lines of

buildings, two storeys in height, of which the outer wall facing the street was often only a brown bank of mud, pierced by an opening for the closed portals. On and on, meeting no one save frightened children or timid women, who bolted into doorways like rabbits in a warren at the approach of the fowler. Such a chattering of voices as they made when

safe inside! From the suburb we turned into the Bazaar. I strongly advise any one who may read these notes not to halt at Benisoueff without doing the same. The street rambles at will, bordered by shops, to which the arts of the Frank are unknown. It is covered in at the top, and the rays of light fall through the chinks of the matting and boards in pillar-like shafts, producing wonderful effects of light and shade. The sellers were more interesting than their wares, not but what there were strange things in confectionery and utensils and clothing of various kinds, to be seen mixed up with Austrian cutlery and Manchester cottons. The owners scarcely moved their eyes as the strangers passed. Young and old, all apathetic, indifferent to commercial enterprise, thinking it ungentlemanly, perchance, to solicit custom. There were no crowds such as may be seen at Cairo or Stamboul, but each shop had a wee clientelle of its own, who, if they bought nothing, kept the keeper in conversation. There were barbers in active employ; scribes writing letters which have to undergo the various vicissitudes to which the "Poste Regie Egiziane" will expose them; tin-plate workers, where Egyptians of six or seven years of age were assiduously tinkering

and soldering pots and pans; butchers, fly infested; kibob makers, whose shops sent forth the odour of savoury meats; khans and cafés, and the omnipresent tobacco merchant, the various traders keeping well together, as if to promote wholesome competition, or distract the intending buyer. In and out, right and left, the street wound in its shady course, the cavass shoving or thumping a way for us through the crowd till once more we threaded a lane, silent save when a dog uttered its yelp of alarm, or the bully turkey-cock, sunning himself on a flat roof, gobbled defiance to the noisy intruding infidels. Now we passed a sombre mosque, and could see the scattered worshippers, and hear the hum of their low prayer. Stopping to investigate the cause of a tremendous Babel, we discovered a school of little ones packed as close as could be in a dark cave-like room, who were following the master in chorus as he read out a lesson from a large slate. The master, a young man of twenty or twenty-five years of age, seated on his hams, once turned to look at us, and then, as though to set his flock a good example, like him in the "Ancient Mariner," "turned no more his head." Beside him, in the place of honour, was a swell scholar, a big-wig's son, splendid in embroidered jacket; but the

most of the forty or fifty boys and girls belonged, one might guess, to the lower stratum of the middle classes, — bright-eyed, white-teethed, they stared at us with all their might, and gave glances of great meaning to where the cavass, sword and all, darkened the entrance, whilst they kept shouting out their lessons. And there were bad boys among them, I am sorry to say—Egyptian Jack Horners who had no pie to eat, but sat right doleful in corners, with faces turned to the wall, gazing at large sums set forth on cruel slates. An infant truant who toddled in with a make-believe face that "it was all right," was pounced on by a boy-usher, armed with a rod, and at once provided with a calculation which it would puzzle the eminent Bidder to solve.

Having exhausted the sights of Benisoueff we returned to the steamer, which was making up supplies of coal. Strings of children were carrying loads in baskets on their heads, whilst the men looked on, or now and then quickened them up with a stick. A gang of girls arrived with cakes for the crew, but they were not allowed or would not come on board. At the shore end of the gangway they put down their baskets, and the master of the flock and some boys carried the

cakes to the steamer. There was a striking proof of the force of example. An infant Egyptian, quite naked, was condemning himself to voluntary slavery on the bank under our eyes. He could not have been more than three years old, but he was assiduously piling lumps of coal on a cabbage-leaf on the top of his head, and resolutely picking them up when they fell from his little pate, as though he meant to earn his pay, and not shirk his self-appointed task. It was a glorious sunset. The wind fell, and with it the dusk, but the sun dipped into a warm bath of crimson, and threw up splashes of orange and gold into the sky ere he sank. It was dark before the Prince came up and moored close to us. The Consul's dragoman caught, on a night-line, a huge siluroid, which Professor Owen carried off to the Prince with the hook in its mouth. There was the usual stroll on the bank before dinner, and in the evening most of the party on board the Duke's steamer were invited to join the Royal circle.

February 8th.—Cold night, windy morning, clouds of dust, all windows and ports closed. There was less trouble concerning the tubbing arrangements, as a screen has been fitted up on deck which permits the natives on shore to view the eccentric

proceedings of the stranger, but hides him from the crew. Grievous things have occurred. The net which was intended to ensnare the solitary crocodile turned out yesterday to be adapted rather for the capture of the multitudinous herring. It is too much to expect that the crocodile will prove obliging, and, out of pure civility, believe he is a herring. Then, again, the night-line, from which a good deal was expected, came to nought. The hook was baited with the entrails of a fowl, which proved very tempting to some monster of the deep. But he was strong and tyrannous: in a contest of "pull monster, pull dragoman," the line broke, and we saw not the conqueror.

Benisoueff was probably wide awake when the flotilla cast off from the banks at dawn, but the world on board, save Reis, captain, and crew, was fast asleep. The Duke's steamer led. For the first time in ten years, it is said, a shower of rain fell this morning; and why it fell it is hard to conceive, inasmuch as a wind strong enough to blow it into mist rushed down the stream, and raised clouds of sand along the shore, which rendered it impossible to see the banks at times. A learned man prognosticated a fine day from the sunset last night. Alas, how wrong he was!

When the pattering of the rain ceased, the dust rose. No effort could keep that fine torment from going where it listed, and it liked to settle in the cabins, and on beards, and up nostrils, and in eyes. Of course this is an exceptional day; but we are in for abnormal weather it seems.

The wind, cold enough as long as the boats were under the bank, was exceedingly fierce when we got out into the stream. Hour by hour it waxed in power, cresting the dun-coloured waves with white foam, till the sun was shrouded in clouds. These grew denser, and produced the effect of a fog. The palm-trees, moved into life by the blast, with stems hidden by the lower and heavier strata of the volatile sand-banks, threw their feathery leaves like "knightly plumes" in their play. A yellowish screen shut out the Nile, yielding occasionally, so as to show through the rifts the low-lying shores—here covered with sugar-cane in patches, there bare and desert-like—lined with high banks, or barred by mounds of limestone.

Pumping-machines for irrigation, and tall chimneys, denoted the existence of the rich sugar districts which we heard of but could not see.

The fellah men and women, with garments streaming in the blast, seemed as much annoyed

by the unusual storm as we were. A valetudinarian sent from England by a doctor, and encountering such an afternoon, would, if he were an irritable and unjust-minded person, not disposed to be charitable in respect to climatic irregularities, wish that his medical adviser were out in his place. We thought of the Suez Canal when we saw the dun and yellow clouds, which seemed able to fill up whole seas.

As the Prince's boat was not visible when we got as far as Feshn, a village with two mosques, our boat was put in to shore and secured. Sumner took his gun, carried off "Hippopotamus Johnny," and, accompanied by Colonel Marshall and myself, walked across the fields towards a small village shrouded in palm-trees, and distinguished by a mosque and minaret, and a tomb-like structure; but there was nothing to be met with except natives, domestic pigeons, hawks, and larks. A pigeon fell first, but as if in revenge at his undeserved and illegitimate fate, dropped into a patch of long grass, in which two amateur beaters sought in vain to discover it; a buzzard was also unlucky, and finally some sort of wild beast—fox, jackal, or wolf—*les trois se disent*—was rolled over, but got up again and escaped in the growing crops. Outside the village is a railway station, and at it were

waiting one turkey-cock, two hens, ten dogs, and two natives. As the Royal flotilla was coming up, the party abandoned any attempt to improve their minds by investigating the village, and got on board. Then we all set off together, and, for ever pelted by wind and sand, got into a wider Nile which opened out at times like a lake.

Arrived at Aboo Girgeh at 4 P.M., passing Shekh Embarak, a lofty mountain ridge which comes close down to the water's edge. The Royal steamer did not come up for nearly an hour later. The Prince went off in the punt with Webster, and made a good shot, getting seven spoonbills and two black storks; then netted the river, and had two hauls, one a blank, the other bringing in some small fish, which were cooked for dinner. There were plenty of wild geese, but they were very much alive to danger, and kept circling high in air, uttering a prolonged trumpet-like cry to warn their brethren.

Towards sundown the steamers sidled in to the left bank at Sheik Fodl, 122 miles from Cairo, to make fast for the night.

It would be slow work if all the places mentioned by Murray were to be inspected, for the Nile becomes a water way, with landing-places for the antiquary at every mile. The limestone ridges

which hedge the Desert here sweep down close to the right bank, and tower above the traveller.

February 9th.—The thermometer 58°. Soon after our departure from the mooring stakes at Sheik Fodl, what should come on but a dense fog! It is very seldom indeed such an unpleasant hindrance to navigation occurs on the Nile; but it so happened that as we had wind and rain yesterday, there was a fog this morning; not one of your dense choking yellow mediums, in which the lungs contend with an enemy of potency, but a soft white milky cloud, more like a rainless Scotch mist (if such a thing there can be) than anything else. So there was a great sounding of steam whistles, and the steamers lay to on the river, just giving a turn now and then to keep their bows to the stream.

We saw nothing of the ruins, of which Sheik Fodl boasted two, till modern science improved them away into materials for the sugar manufactory at Minieh. Nor did we visit the pits in which the fathers of village dogs, in all the comfort of embalmment, are buried with the mummies of their owners or well-wishers, each of whom, like the untutored Indian, seemed to think that,—

Admitted to the equal sky,
His faithful dog should bear him company.

Nor did we see "Mary's Well" (Bir Sitti Mariam), a cave in a rock, wherein the Nile water rises during the flood, near which the Copts still bury their dead. In an hour, as soon as the fog cleared off, the steamers headed up stream as hard as they could, passing the limestone quarries of Sheik Hassan, and its remains, Golosaneh, and the quarries of E' Serareeh, in which Sir Gardner Wilkinson states two painted grottoes existed, belonging to the early reign of Pthahmen, son of Rameses the Great. One was destroyed by the Turks; the other still remains, thanks to Sir Gardner's exertions with the Viceroy.

We were coming up to the famous Gebel-e-Tayr —very like Gibraltar that name—the mountain, or rather lofty ridge, where the birds of Egypt meet annually in Parliament assembled, and select a victim who is to stay on the rock for a year. He may not be a victim, indeed—he may be an honoured bird; whether he is called on to "sing" all the time I cannot say, but, any way, the bird being placed en faction, is deserted by the whole Parliament, which flies off to Greece, whence it returns in a year to liberate the sentinel, and to choose another to take his place. From an odd fortress-looking building, with low cupolas and

mud buttresses, placed on the plateau of this ridge, divers natives were rushing violently down the steep, and diving headlong into the stream; they swam out towards the flotilla, dropping down on them in the current reckless of paddle-wheels, with black heads bobbing up and down in the water like fishermen's buoys.

"Look at those naked black fellows! Look at them jumping into the river! Pirates? Oh, Reis! Robbers, or madmen? What do they want?" There is a scarce concealed smile of contempt on the Mahometan's face. "No, only Christians, effendi!"

And soon they are alongside, clutching at the rudder, and striving to grasp the sides of the dahabeahs, whilst they shout out, sputtering, "Baksheesh, O Hawadjee! Ana Christianne ya Hawadjee!" These are the brethren of the Coptic convent, Sitteh Mariam el Adrah (Our Lady Mary the Virgin), which is also called Dehra el Bukkar, or "Convent of the Pulley," from the means employed to raise food, and to gather in the holy fathers. They got nothing but a good swim for their pains. I think that they would give a mile in two to any Christian brotherhood in the world, and beat them in a fair swimming-match; but our native friends did not think much of them, or of Copts in

general, and spoke of these as intolerant Christians speak of Jews in more civilized lands. The old Church of Africa seems dead in faith and in works. It has added another instance to the many which refute the dogma that persecution is a fostering power to the truth.

From what I hear, there seems but little likelihood that the ancient light will be reillumined for many a year to come in this once Christian land. It is the land in which, thousands of years ago, the Lord worked miracles, and the hearts of the people are hardened now, as was that of Pharaoh. To all preachings and warnings they have been obdurate. Saints have taught and suffered, and fathers of the Church have evangelized, and there is the Egyptian now, whatever may be said of his future, as devout an infidel as when he was the follower of strange gods, against whom Moses lifted up his voice and his rod. The march of civilization passes over his body, and leaves its impress on the outer man. Rulers, enlightened and energetic, drive their car over the quivering mass. All in vain. There does not exist the influence which led nations to change their faith at the bidding of a king. The Egyptians are not to be converted, as the Britons were, by the example of a

ruler, who, indeed, would be rash if he tried to Christianize himself.

The Copts are now reckoned at no more than 100,000 souls. Many have gone over to the Church of Rome, and so rapid were the conversions that the Government took measures to check the influences to which they were said to be due. So, in Egypt at least, human power can mar the agencies which are said to be too powerful for State interference in countries nearer home, inasmuch as the conversions were very rapidly put a stop to. It is certain that in some quarters here, Roman Catholicism is looked on as a peculiar French power, and is dreaded, or rather discouraged, on that account.

At Meghara the flotilla lay to, in order that the Prince might get a shot at the numerous flocks of birds on the banks. They are very wary at this time of year, but the Prince is patient and never loses a chance. On this occasion he managed to get twenty-eight flamingoes at one shot.

The river here becomes tortuous, with lofty limestone rocks on the right bank, cut into fantastic shapes; on the left, sand-banks and rich alluvial fields, lined with date palms. It is a peculiarity

of our navigation that no one can tell where we will pull up at night. Certainly the inquiring stranger will get no assistance from the native sailors, Reis, or captain. If you ask, "When shall we arrive?"—the answer is, "God grant you facilities." Ask "How far it is"—the answer is, "As God pleases." "Do you think we shall reach Nileville to-night?"—"It depends on God." Ali Bey was so contraried by the difficulty of getting at time or distances in his journeyings up the river, that he constructed an itinerary for himself, and I am bound to add that his mileage differs very materially from that of Mr. Murray.

Small bodies of horsemen were in attendance at various points along the banks, to give assistance and direct the course of the steamers through the sand-banks. The Ornament of the Two Seas steamed ahead of the Royal steamers, which waited for the Prince's punt, and at 2.30 P.M. arrived at Minieh. A Governor, or Bey, and his suite were in attendance, a gathering of the curious cavasses and sheiks grouped on the banks of the river. Two standards floated from flag-staffs at the head of a flight of wooden steps at the landing-place. Long before we reached the city—if it may be

called so — the tall chimney — not quite safe or straight, by the bye — of the Viceroy's sugar factory was in view before us, tainting the air with a column of smoke; and when we landed and got through introductions and salutations, we were led to the factory, which fronts the river.

There is a large plant of machinery by Derosne, Cail, & Co., of Paris; but the cane is put between the rollers by men, instead of being gathered in by the machine. The furnaces under the boilers are fed by the refuse of the cane, which is carried away and spread out to dry in the sun, after it has been crushed. The heat and glare, the swarthy figures, nearly naked, toiling, with strange cries and yells, at the never-ending work of feeding the many gaping furnace-mouths with the light fuel, which blazed away in a series of flash-like outbursts, suggested an Inferno. We had to mount the top of the boiler to inspect the crushing machinery, and then take a look at the refining pans and operations. The number of young girls and boys moving about in the smothering atmosphere did not produce an agreeable effect, and we were glad to be released from statistical researches and get into the air.

Out of doors there was one of those spectacles too common in Egypt. A procession of girls, from

five to twelve years of age, was moving up an inclined plane to the second story of a building where the masons were at work, each with a heavy basket of bricks, or heap of mortar on her head. Poor little creatures! They sang a wailing sort of song, all together, as if to give them heart for their work.

Another procession descended at the same time. It seemed as if their song was lighter and more cheerful. They had got rid of the load, and if they were going for another, at least they had not reached it yet. Some, seated in a circle on the ground, were eating from a pile of coarse, brown, ill-baked cakes of maize flour; others were mixing mortar with their hands. Boys and girls, half-naked, were sweeping up the fragments of cane which fell from the loaded camels that came in solemn file ceaselessly from the fields with their rich burthens. These were thrown on the ground of the outer yard, and formed in large heaps, whence they were removed in armfuls by the men, who took them to the crushing mills. The factory can turn out 500 kantars of 100lb. each in the day, and has produced 60,000 kantars in the year. The sugar, which fetches about $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound, is very white and exceedingly sweet. The refuse molasses is sold to the natives,

in large sealed jars, and there is also a rum or raki factory in connection with the factory. The establishment is one of the more important enterprises of the Viceroy, and is worked on his account with very profitable results. He employs 1,500 camels for transport, not to speak of steamers, barges, &c. The men get 6*d.*, the children 3*d.*, a day for their work, which is not bad considering the price of provisions. The Prince and Princess arrived in the evening, but it was too dark for them to visit the factory.

There was nothing to be seen in the town. The Governor has a pretty garden, and there is a fair market; the bazaar was shut. As we strolled along the bank of the river after dinner—a very hazardous process by the bye, if it were not for the animated lamp-posts who line it—we came on a boy sitting in the darkness gravely under a tree, with a tray full of tomatoes. It was odd to find a young tomato merchant so full of faith in customers as to stay out at night in hope of a person coming to buy. But on inquiry, the affair wore a different aspect. Ali Bey averred that the boy had been put there to watch the basket by a man who had stolen the tomatoes from the Governor's garden. He, seeing Ali Bey, fled to the outer darkness of sugar-cane, and intended to couch there till we left, in which

case he would come back for his tomatoes or his money.

On our arrival some one wanted to send a telegram to Cairo to ask after our mails; but the office was closed. It is the custom of the country to become stone dead from 12 till 3 o'clock. There was the English telegraphist, Mr. George—a very good artist, by the way—on board the Consul-General's steamer, and he was set to work to wake up the clerks along the line; but, though specially warned, and, as might be supposed, expectant of the Royal progress, these gentlemen had cleverly cut off all communication with Cairo, and for hours the needle made no sign. Very probably the clerks will hear something not at all to their advantage for the artful stratagem. We are very apt to regard the ways of those who have not our ways just as the Greeks looked on the fashions of those whom they styled Barbarians. The Egyptians, who rise with the sun, would regard our shopkeepers and clerks as lazy ne'er-do-wells for lying in bed till 7 or 8 o'clock on a summer morning. It will be some time ere they are vexed with the habits and customs of people connected with the daily press.

CHAPTER VII.

BENI HASSAN.—ALI RISA.—EGYPTIAN POOR LAWS.—FISHING AND SHOOTING.—WATER-CARRIERS.—SIOOT.—THE JEREED.

Wednesday, February 10th.—(Minieh.) A lovely sunrise. As the dawn grew into day long flights of geese streaked the horizon—spoonbills, cranes, and flamingoes were visible stalking about on the margin of the sand-bank just opposite our boats. It was remarkable how silent they were. They were too hungry, perhaps, to cry out, or too wary to call attention to their doings at an early hour, when they were relying on our sleepiness, and venturing almost within shot. The Prince, to try their craft, his own and Webster's, resolved to remain at Minieh, "two shots at least" from the big gun having been promised to him. The Zenet el Bahareen did not go off till 8 A.M., leaving the Royal party behind. We were anxious to visit the monuments at Beni Hassan above, though we could

not read their records of old-world history. Our course lay up a broader and more expanded Nile, the landscape only varied by the shape of the limestone formations on the right bank, by patches of palms, dates, and cultivated land, and by the changing outline of the distant horizon of the Desert. The day was warm, the sun bright, vast quantities of geese, pelicans, ducks, cormorants, herons, and cranes on the sand-banks—no crocodile. It is a wonder there is even a bird, for the shouting of pilots on land and in boats rings on all sides.

About two hours and a half paddling upwards brought us to the right bank below the caves of Beni Hassan. Before the steamer arrived at the mooring-place a polk of irregular cavalry came in view, capering along the sand. They were sheiks, who had been warned to wait with their horses for our party; and as the vessel came to the shore the horsemen, dismounting, stood by their steeds to welcome us, and the children of Hassan, young and old, formed on the top in groups to inspect the arrival. Between the slope of sand, covered with boulders, which extends from the base of the cliff, there is a patch of cultivated land overflowed by the Nile at its rise, on which there is a small

village; southwards there are the remains of two larger villages—almost towns—which have a story. It is short. Ibrahim Pasha made an example of the inhabitants. They were as a race rather given to predatory practices, stopping boats, levying black-mail, and picking and stealing generally. So the ruler of the land made a swoop on them: such as he could catch at the first flight he slew, the others were sent to live in scattered villages; and, to make the place a sort of awful warning, he forbade any one to reside in the two towns. Not a soul lives, nor is any one allowed to harbour, in the roofless houses, the walls of which stand erect and apparently quite fit for use. The excavated tombs, of which "Murray" gives a good account, lie inland about a mile from the present shore. They are confined to one level or stratum of the rock, and extend for about three-quarters of a mile. A short ride over the fields, few of which were under crop, brought us to the sandy ascent to the ridge on which are the grottoes and mummy depositories.

Dismounting, we climbed in single file up to a ledge, which forms a kind of esplanade in front of the line of grottoes. Although the weight of evidence and of learned opinion is against the impression, it is scarcely possible to believe, at

first sight, that these excavations, or cut-out chambers, were not intended for human residences. The ceilings are vaulted; externally, there are few ornaments. The roof of each chamber is supported on pillars, which divide it into three parts. These pillars differ in character; some are polygons, with abacus; others represent, it is supposed, water reeds, with capitals of lotus: some are of the natural colour of the stone; others are stained red. The walls are covered with hieroglyphs, and in most of the chambers are deep mummy pits cut down in the rock, with the indents still visible by which the mummies were lowered to their resting-places. On the sides of the chambers, there is displayed for us, as in a panorama, the whole life of the people who made them. We see them engaged in war and in hunting, in manufactures and in commerce, in fishing, in playing. We see the trophies of their victories—a procession of prisoners from Asia, says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, because the men have beards and the women ankle-boots—nay, we know —our wise men say so—the name of their chief, Absha; and of his people, Mes-segur; and of the owner of the tomb, Nefoth; and the date of his being, viz. in the reign of Osirtasen I. and II.,

who reigned long ere Joseph came into Egypt. Barbers are shaving and nail-cutting; glass-blowers are at work; statuaries; wrestlers contending, red and black, in pairs; criminals undergoing punishment; members of chess-clubs engaged at their game; the birds and animals of forest and plain, and the fishes of sea and river. M. Victor Hugo would be horrified to hear that the comprachicos practised their trade in the time of the Pharaohs; for the critics aver that certain curious people, depicted on the walls, are dwarfs and deformed persons in the suite of grandees! It has been remarked that the horse does not appear in the more ancient Egyptian monuments, and that the first representations of it are found in those of the eighteenth dynasty, about 1,500 years B.C.

We wandered from chamber to chamber in wonder, not always silent, Professor Owen examining stones; Mr. Fowler measuring; each man interpreting, after his fashion, the scenes painted in blue, red, and black on the walls. In our train came all the Italian servants and the Turkish chibouquejees—for note that these latter are like our shadows; sometimes they precede instead of following, and go on shore whenever we do; generally, too, selecting, as we discovered, the

best horses, and delighting to scour the plain, with our pipe-stems, like bundles of fishing-rods, under their arms. It was worth while to notice the interest taken in the grottoes by the Europeans, and the utter indifference manifested by the Turks. The cares of the former were divided between providing us with slight animal comforts, lugged up from the steamer, and seeing the caves. The latter were intent on making coffee and preparing our pipes, exclusively.

Interesting as the excavations are, there is a grievance and an eyesore intolerable in every cave. The army of Snobland has been upon them. It is some consolation that few English names could be made out, though one "C. B. Elliott," in 1868, cut his name boldly on the rock of a temple, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson have left their marks.

There was a great terror on the fellah sheiks and their followers who were with us—a silence so unusual to those who know what it is to be persecuted for baksheesh, that it invited inquiry. Well, Ali Risa, later in the day, as we were all sitting on the ledge of rocks, enjoying the beautiful view of the Nile valley as it spread its sheet of green, like a broad riband laid down in the midst of the Desert

sand-hills, admitted that he had something to do with it. But what that something was he would not tell : it was a matter which had happened to himself years ago, when he visited the place in company with M. de Lesseps' family, and the result of which was that the sheik then and there present would like very much a chance of putting a bullet into Ali Bey's interior; whence it may be surmised that the said sheik was rather the worse in some way for the transaction.

Whenever Ali Risa went away for a moment there was a fellah man or boy by one's side, pointing to the palm of his hand, and uttering softly that horrid dissyllable—"Baksheesh." Little boys then bore down boldly with calcareous casts of marine shells and held them aloft, with the words, "Antic! Antic! Baksheesh!" till the redoubtable Bey's fez came in view, when they collapsed at once. Returning a little in advance of the party towards the steamer, I had a proof of either the blindness or the cunning of the fellah. I rode towards the village, and came between it and a little girl, who was tending goats in some high grass on the sand-hill. The instant she saw me, the frightened creature abandoned her charge, and with piercing cries fled towards her home. Her wailing increased in shrillness as she

perceived I cut off her retreat. She darted past the horse as I reined up, and, sobbing still, ran into a hovel in front of me. A piece of silver could not tempt her near, and so I threw it on the sand, and pointed out the spot to the probable father and mother, who came out of the house. It was under their noses, but they could not see it. They were joined by others in the search, and all squatting down within a yard of where it lay bright and shining in the sun, either looked or made believe to look for it, poking about with their fingers, till one old fellow scraped the sand over it; and so I left them groping assiduously, and hope they got it. On arriving at the steamer, there was a little excitement going on in connection with an old fisherman, who with the aid of a couple of men was spreading a hand-net in the river: one end of it was fastened to an earthen jar, another to a buoy, and when they had payed the net out from the boat it floated upright down stream. The boat, hailed by Hamed, came alongside, and the old fellow handed up a basket of fish, which was brought to Professor Owen. He identified five species among the twelve fish—three siluroids, the bagrus and apirtes—a fish like a carp, which Hamed says attains the weight of 120 lb. in the Upper Nile—and others.

Then we had nothing to do. Even luncheon was eaten—a light one, *only* caviare and tunny fish, sardines, tongue, ham, rice, various jams, fruit, Sauterne, claret, soda-water, coffee, and pipes. Dolce far niente came on us as on the natives, who sat chattering on the banks. This is their easy time, poor fellows! Soon they will be toiling with heads in the sun, and legs in the water, for weary days and weeks and months. It is pleasant to sit under the awning on deck, and gaze on the water flashing in the hot sun—to peer into dreamland—to wander away there till we are lost, self, identity, and all! Hark! There is a trumpet-sound from the very heart of dreamland, summoning the airy hosts of its armies to battle! It is only an easy snore from the cabin. But it wakes us up. It is not to be endured thus to dawdle away our time. What is to be seen through the glass? Nothing save sails and the smoke of two sugar-factory chimneys—most odious signs of civilization in the land of the Pharaohs. Stay! There is a magnificent eagle placidly floating down the river on a carcase. He is far away; Mr. Fowler takes a rifle and tries to stalk the bird-king, but as he creeps among the sand-hills, two jackals dash out of the fields far below, and the eagle, rising slowly from his ignoble prey, alights on a sand-bank. Fowler

got a shot at a jackal, but it was a long one, and the rifle threw high. I tried my fortune with the eagle as he sat on the opposite bank, and sighting Whitworth for 300 yards, sent a bullet so straight that the on-lookers thought it broke his leg. The sand flew up over him; but the eagle rose from the midst of his courtier crows and ravens, and circled away to some securer roosting-place. It was now 4 o'clock, and there was no sight of our Prince or his fleet. We open our mail-bags which were delivered last night.

Is it ill-natured to confess that we read of skating in London and Paris, and of snow storms, with some sort of selfish delight in our hot sun and warm wind? To-day was heavenly—a day in which to live was enough for all the outer sense, and in which the inner life was possessed by a calm serenity.

In the *Times* there was a heart-rending account of "Death by Starvation"—a woman and her infant starved to death in Christian millionaire London—si plein d'or et de misère. Her husband driven mad!

What a reproach to us, to hear Ali Risa, apropos of the way in which slaves run away to the Soudan, explain how, by the law of the land, every sheik is obliged to feed all comers for the night, and give

them lodging, so that no man can starve in this poor benighted heathen land. Slaves can or could thus escape to their pet Soudan. Whilst we were waiting for the Prince, a mild excitement was created by throwing small coin on shore, which led to furious and protracted controversy among sheiks, men and boys, in which an idiot took a large part, and, as is often the way of the world, got the money. Towards dusk the Royal steamers appeared. When the fleet was moored, the Prince started for a large sand-bank opposite, and we had two draws of the net, and caught one small fish, which was not a rich reward for the labour of twenty-five or thirty people—hard labour in tugging at ropes and shouting vigorously—hard for the men, who had to carry us to and from the boats over soft mud, and land the fishermen on the bank, and row them back. The Prince takes great delight in this, or would do so if the net would draw anything in the shape of fish to shore. The failure of the net is a misfortune. I believe it was left to a distinguished naval officer to see that the net was all right. Why to a naval officer? Nets are used in fresh water, nets are used in salt water; but what an admiral can know about the sort of article which is best suited to catch fish in the Nile more or better than any other man, I am at a loss to

guess or imagine, unless it be that the said admiral is very fond of fishing with nets. The result may be described in a few words: there are no fish caught. The net is rowed carefully out to a shelving sand-bank; one end is landed and given over to a party of amateurs invited from the flotilla generally and to the four sailors of the Ariadne, who "work" the fishing and the boating, and keep the shoulders of the Egyptian mariners to the wheel. One squad is landed to man the shore end of the rope, and the boat is then rowed off, making a wide sweep, and returning to shore with the other end, which is seized by party No. 2. Then with a pull all together the ropes are dragged in, the Prince working as hard as the best of them,—the sailors in the water, the amateurs shouting and slipping in the soft sand; nearer and nearer comes what ought to be the purse. It is landed at last. It is empty. Not a fin. "Oh, deuce take Admiral Blank!"

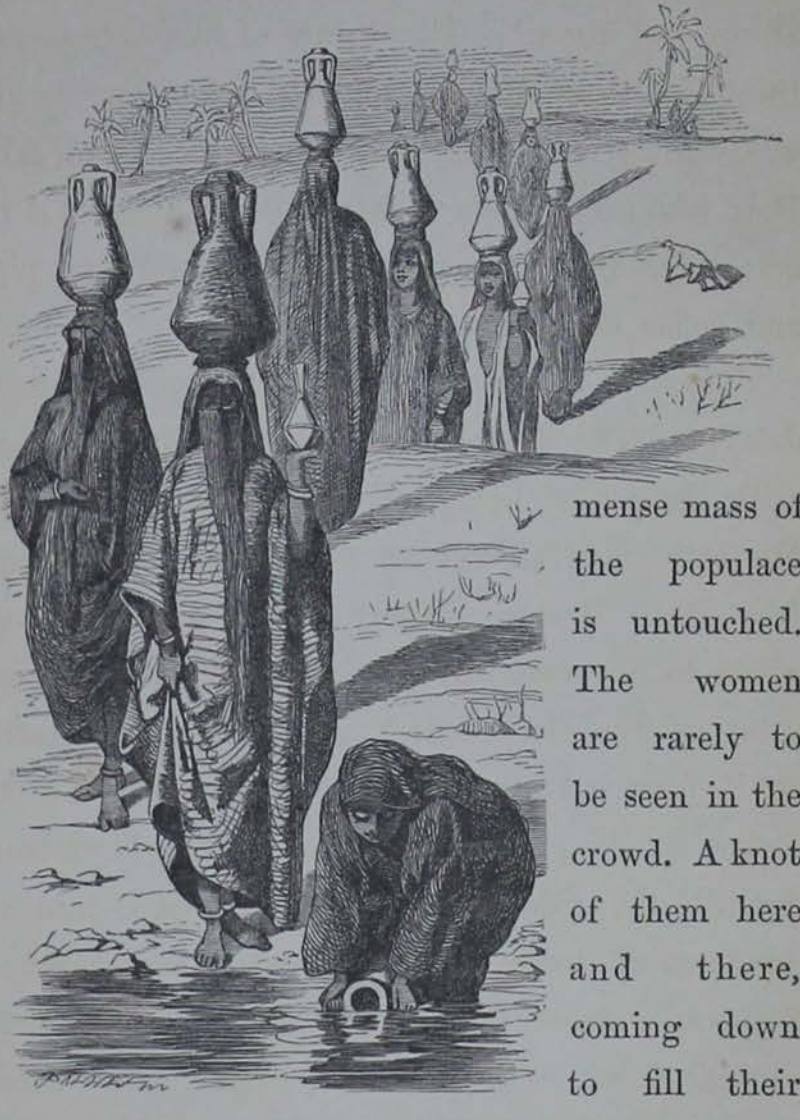
The Duke and his friends were invited to dine on board the Royal steamer; and Achmet Hassan, the Captain, was asked to join the party, whom he entertained by his liveliness and good-humour, and by the expressiveness of his broken English, in which he managed to make hard hits. He remembered, when on a visit to

England years ago, seeing the Prince—"nice small boy," and before dinner was over he rose amid cheering and laughter, and proposed the "Health of the Queen of England," and added, "Get you all up, you know." The Prince of Wales then gave the "Health of His Highness the Viceroy," which was warmly received. The Governor of Sioot, Abdé Bey, who came down to meet the Prince and Princess after dinner, was also invited, and had pipes and coffee on board.

Thursday, February 11th.—To make up for our delay, which, if not dull, was becoming fraught with danger of being overtaken by the Tourists, the little fleet started at 4 o'clock this morning from Beni Hassan. There was a sensible shock given to our vessel soon after we left, which awoke most of the sleepers. A mass of earth detached itself from a bank of the river and fell into the water, creating a wave which splashed violently against the side, and threw the water into the windows of some of the cabins. There must be frequent changes produced by such agencies in the riverine farms, as in the Mississippi lands, where a man may find a good slice of his estate gone when he wakes in the morning.

It must not be imagined that the Royal pro-

gress makes a great sensation in the country side. The servants of the Governor, the local officers, and the cavasses, are surrounded by a crowd of the curious — water-carriers, and idlers; but the im-



mense mass of the populace is untouched. The women are rarely to be seen in the crowd. A knot of them here and there, coming down to fill their water-jars at the landing-places, linger a moment or two longer perhaps than usual, and peep out above the folds of their dresses at the steamers;

but it is a languid interest after all, and they stalk back, camel-like, swaying easily under their heavy burthens, to their homes, and cast no lingering look behind. They do not care how far they expose their legs—at least, they go as far as any Highlander, and not quite so far as a ballet-girl; but they are most careful as to neck and shoulders; and I don't think of the hundreds we have seen one has permitted the eye to rest on so much of the upper section of the torso as is so kindly authorized by fashion to be a correct compromise with the nude. It may be inferred that there is no very definite idea in their minds as to who the Prince of Wales is, and that they do not know much beyond the limits of their own village and the local potentate.

The whole of the day was a marvel of loveliness, to be marked with the whitest of chalk. The Nile passes—more properly speaking, rushes—through a richer country. There are sugar plantations, which need manufactories at Rhoda, and elsewhere, to consume the produce. There are more verdant fields and broader patches of cultivation. The waterworks are more frequent, and the labours of the shadoof more constant. The stream is covered with sails, or boats impelled against the wind by rowers tug-

ging at great oars, to the rhythm of a plaintive chorus. Then we come to a high range of rock on the right bank, Gibel Aboofayda, and catch glimpses of the Desert encroaching here and there. There were heaps of birds along the shore; prodigious multitudes of blue and grey herons on the rocks spoke of plenty of fish in the river. Passing the rocks of Aboofayda, the Prince made some excellent shots at individual cormorants, swarms of which were roosting and flying about the recesses of these grand cliffs. The range of limestone on our left is bored in all directions by square apertures, leading to the chambers, in which mummies of sacred animals and possibly those of men were buried. The navigation became very difficult, and even our light steamer went once aground. The river winds and twists like a snake, and is as mischievous. A large town which we passed towards evening, Manfaloot, was half destroyed some years ago by the washing away of the bank on which it stood. Here we shot by two dahabeahs, one with the British, another with the United States flag; and farther on we overtook a very large and handsome boat flying the French tricolour, which greeted the Prince subsequently, with a royal salute from pistols, double

barrel and single barrel, very enthusiastically. Thanks to our gallant allies!

We saw Sioot for more than an hour-and-a-half, ere our steamer could reach the landing-place at dusk. There were considerable preparations to receive the Royal party. About thirty irregular cavalry were drawn up on the bank, and the Governor, Abdé Bey, and his functionaries, with horses, carriages, and any number of donkeys, were in waiting. The shore was brilliantly illuminated. Sioot has a population of 30,000 souls, and is a place of great importance in Upper Egypt. It is the starting-point and terminus of the caravans between Dongola and the province. Our party disembarked and went through the town. A bright-eyed boy, who joined in the informal procession of natives in our train, burst out into very good English,

and shook hands with every one all round. He is brother of the American Consul, who can speak no English; and he learned to speak and write at a school established by some American philanthropists in the city. There is no British Consul; but the Spaniards, of all people, have a functionary of that description.

We visited in our ramble a school maintained by the State, or, rather, passed in review a line of youths, by no means remarkable for good looks, attired in French cut frock-coats, red trousers with blue stripe, and fez cap. They might have looked tolerable in their native dress; but it would be difficult to pick out a lot of more ill-favoured lads than those fifty who were presented to us. There were a number of others caught sight of at an open door in a building in which they appeared to be packed very close, but the door was shut on the inquiring stranger as he approached. After visiting the school, the party were entertained by the irregular cavalry, a few of whom went through the exercise of the jereed. There was nothing very remarkable about the showmen, except the wonderful rapidity with which they reined up their horses, checked and turned them at full speed. But the leader, armed with a long lance, wielded it with

much expertness, and set a fine example to his troop, who might be useful as light cavalry, and who certainly were very picturesque. It was long after dark before the Prince's fleet came up at full speed—rather a perilous feat in the night. The Prince came on board the Duke's steamer after dinner.

February 12th.—(Sioot.) A cold night; thermometer 58° at 9 A.M. It was a very disagreeable day—a high wind and clouds of dust. The Duke's party started after breakfast for Sioot, attended by Hamed. The city lies about two miles from the landing-place. The donkey boys were unusually malignant and persecuting, and even Hamed had to rouse himself to use strong language, which on some occasions was rendered into muscular English by the Chelebees. We set off, having asserted freedom of election in the matter of donkeys, and made a fine entrance into the city, which consists of the usual mud-bricked houses, built anyhow, and cavalcaded the bazaar, made a solemn purchase of tarbooshes and shot, at very fair prices, and returned just as the Royal party was setting out for the same visit. After breakfast the Prince and Princess, attended by Mrs. Grey and suite, visited the city and the American Mission School, under the charge

of the Rev. Mr. Hogg—eighty pupils. As it is very likely many an Eton man who knows all about the Po and the Tiber is ignorant of the course of the Humber or the Tweed, so the lads, who answered very creditably, were, to Sir Samuel Baker's great astonishment, found to be unacquainted with the sources of the Nile. From the school the Royal travellers went to the Mosque, and thence proceeded to the Egyptian school, but the boys were absent, as it was a Friday. The rooms, containing some twenty beds, were well ventilated and comfortable. The Princess, in mounting her horse, sustained what Dr. Minter called a luxation of the thumb, which gave her great pain for the time, and made tears come to her eyes, but she never complained of it. The Prince and Princess made purchases in the bazaar, and went back to the fleet, which started at 2.30 P.M. On returning to the vessels, natives came on board with specimens of pottery, and sold a number of jars, coloured very prettily red, black, and white, of classical and elegant shapes.

The country around Sioot is very rich, and spreads far along the banks of the river. The course of the stream is tortuous, and the channel difficult to keep. And here is a paradox: "If

the steamers get aground going up now, and the river keeps falling every day till June, how on earth are they to get back in March or April?" Thus asks Inductive Inquiry. To whom replies Experience in the shape of the Captain. And Ali Bey replies: "The river goes down, indeed, but as it does the shallows disappear, and the waters, in a more contracted channel, scoop out better marked channels." Voilà comme les choses s'expliquent! It is a NE. wind, which is a very different sort of fellow from what he is in England. On board the ship it is better than on land, but still the dust blows into our cabins, and it is too hot to shut the ports to keep it out. Whether the river be less fishy here or not I cannot say, but the absence of cormorants, compared with their great abundance lower down, was remarkable; nor were flamingos, spoonbills, or ducks very abundant. No crocodiles as yet. They are very provoking. A reward is to be given for showing one—usual fee 10 piastres—if he be slain, the reward to the first demonstrator is 40 piastres. Be sure the Arabs and fellahs are keen enough to look out for them. But our great following, and the noise of the paddles of so many steamers, not to speak of the shouting of the men employed to keep

watch and ward over our course, have given the alarm to the timid water-lizards, which, between the constant "potting" of dahabeah sportsmen, and the never-ceasing persecutions to which infant members of the family are exposed, lead a troublous life below the First Cataract.

The Prince's stuffer, Mr. Baker, has a workshop on deck in the bow, formed of canvas and marked "private," but is not unfrequently aggressed upon by collectors of feathers for fly-tying. Science is always exposed to the interruptions of the outer world. He has got in a forward state spoonbills, flamingos, mallard, merlin, hawk-owl, herons, cranes, cormorants, hoopoes, doves, but of land game birds little or none. I doubt if ever any one visited the Nile under more favourable circumstances, so far as the means of enjoying it are concerned; but the Prince is not acting in accordance with the advice given to travellers of seeing everything while he can, and not putting it off till he returns, as every one hopes he will.

At an hour before sunset the fleet turned bows inshore, and the mooring stakes were driven into the bank near a village called Isbah. The Prince and a few friends went out shooting, and got some pigeons, a small owl, a hoopoe, &c. They were attended by

a crowd, who were highly pleased when the Prince ordered money to be given for the pigeons he had killed. It is said that the natives do not like one to come after the pigeons close to the villages, as they are apt to fly away to other districts when persecuted by small shot, but that they do not care if the sportsmen go out into the fields. The villages swarm with pigeons, which are lodged far more comfortably than their owners, and the young ones are a very valuable addition to the limited resources of the poor fellah. There was a glorious sunset, the finest we have yet seen, over a distant line of Desert hills which closes the wide expanse of bearded wheat, dotted with dates and acacias, and here and there blurred by the brown heap which constitutes a fellah village, crouching under groves of palms.

CHAPTER VIII.

GEBEL HAREEDI.—SONHADJ.—GIRGEH.—KENEH.—DENDERA.—COPTOS.

February 13th.—(Isbah.) One week to-day since we left Cairo. The voyage seems to have proved of service to the Princess, who looks better than she did on arriving in Egypt. The fleet moved off at 5.30 A.M., and went at a steady pace up the river. A steamer was discerned following us far off. "The tourists are coming!" was the universal cry. Every glass was directed to the ship. At last she was pronounced to be a trading steamer from Cairo, and a feeling of relief was at once experienced. At 9 o'clock, the immense cliffs of Gebel Hareedi, towering perpendicularly upwards from the sloping base of débris marked by the most enormous boulders, presented a fine appearance. There was some discussion as to their height. I estimated them at 300 feet from the base of the débris. Mr. Fowler put them at 700, which was surely too much. At 11 o'clock A.M. the steamers ran in and made fast to a

high bank, and after breakfast all hands went on board the Royal steamer to hear Mr. Fowler read his report on the Suez Canal. Mr. Fowler dealt tenderly with Mr. Stephenson's dicta, and was lenient to Mr. Hawkshaw's cautious, yet compromising, report on the Canal. His own opinion was that the Canal would not pay unless a good deal of the Indian and Chinese Cape traffic were diverted into it. Lord Palmerston declared the Canal ought not to be made. Mr. Stephenson said it could not be made. Mr. Hawkshaw averred it could not be finished in the estimated time, and at the estimated cost. Mr. Fowler declares it can be made at the estimated time and cost; that Lord Palmerston's objections have been met by recent changes in the relations of the Company to the Egyptian Government; that Mr. Stephenson's opinion is to be regretted; that Mr. Hawkshaw's is erroneous; but that the Canal will not pay, unless there is something more than mail and passenger traffic to go through it, in addition to the trade which it may create for itself.

At 1 o'clock we halted at Sonhadj, where the vessels coaled, and the Prince went out shooting, but got no sport. There was a very small dahabeah here flying the United States flag, and apparently laden with "notions" of various kinds; and some

distance farther on, we met a Britisher, going down the river, which left Cairo two months ago. The inhabitants were drawn up in rows at the landing-place, where the officials were in waiting, with a staff of cavasses in line to keep the little boys in order; and at 2.30 P.M. the flotilla was off again. At 4.20 P.M. passed Misneah, and, hugging the right bank, made way against the strong current which sweeps at the base of the great crags, rising in well defined strata to a height of 300 or 400 feet above us. At one spot a body of dromedary cavalry came down to serve as escort in case of need—some fifteen or eighteen men—very wild and picturesque-looking fellows, with long guns and pistols in their belts; but they were headed off by a projecting cliff, dived into a cleft in the mountain chain, and we saw them no more. The course of the stream is carefully marked out by boughs of palms and long feathery waving reeds stuck on the shallows; boats, with shouting crews, moored at difficult places; and watchmen who hail us from the sand-banks and isolated shores of little islands.

At Girgeh, 341 miles from Cairo, which we reached at 6.30 P.M., the fleet was put in shorewards and lay to for the night. The Governor is one of the richest men in these parts, of an

ancient family, possessing a splendid house at Manfaloot, which is open to all travellers. A line of fifty lanterns, suspended from a line of posts, lighted up the landing-place. There was the usual establishment of animated beacons, with their blazing torches of pine-wood in iron hoops at the end of long poles. Tents were pitched on an open space by the river-banks, outside the town, at which there was to have been an entertainment of music and dancing-girls; but they were sent away, as it was not possible to endure either the singing or the dancing. Hundreds of men and boys assembled round the fires and the blazing beacons, and sat on the banks far into the late evening; but it is observable that, whether from fear of the cavasses, or natural good manners, they did not crowd round the Prince's ship, and stare into the windows, which were ablaze with wax-candles and gilded mirrors. What a contrast to that crowd at Wimbledon, which no force of arms, or threats, or prayers, could restrain from mobbing the Sultan! When the Prince went on shore for a few moments, there was a considerable gathering of the people, but they did not press upon or incommode him, and many of those who came nearest belonged to the flotilla itself. Our ever-joyous captain, Achmet Hassan, came on board to dinner, and

was as quick and entertaining as ever. Fourteen years at sea, poor man! ere he had a little taste of shore life. Yet he prefers the sea to Nile navigation. "I never go down all day now — paddle-box, always paddle-box,—shouting Fulley speed! Halfey speed! Turney-stern! At sea, give my course to officer—lie down, go sleep. Sea much better." Ali Risa pointed out a passage in Lady Duff Gordon's Letters which he was reading, as a proof of bad taste. It related to the Prince of Wales's marriage. Omar, her servant, was represented to have asked when the Prince "would see his wife's face," which Ali Risa regarded as indelicate. So the Captain to-night, in giving a general invitation to his house at Cairo, on our return, said, "I will show you everything —everything—only" (he smiled with all his white teeth) "not my wife."

"But," said the Duke, "when you come to me in Scotland, you will see the Duchess."

"Each country has its customs. If I take my wife to Scotland, I let you see her face."

The Captain says he has only one wife; and then he taps his breast and laughs, and adds, "I am Englishman—one wife—one wife."

There has been a difficulty between our vessel and Colonel Stanton's ever since we started; and a

want of good faith in the matter of milk, meat, and provisions generally, is reciprocally attributed to the Commissariat department. When the two steamers come alongside, the cackle of the poultry in the pens, and the gobbling of the turkeys on the paddle-boxes, is quite overpowered by the animated outburst of speech in which Virgilio, Giovanni, Attilio, Giacomo talk all together to Guiseppe and Filippo, Geronimo and Baptiste, over the side. One of our waiters, going on board the Consular boat to indulge in the charming gabble so dear to Italian servitori, was ejected by the Captain. Great wailing, and a complaint to Ali Bey. An explanation is called for. The Captain makes it clear that the Italian was in undress, and could not be identified as a person entitled to come on board, but recalls the expulsion and manual application. Honour is satisfied, and peace is restored between Captain and man by an affectionate salute on the cheek. A case of champagne was opened last night sine permissu superiorum, and three bottles were abstracted. Our Captain infers that it must be Christians who did so, "because," observes he, logically, "my crew all Mussulmen—Mussulmen only drink water." Perhaps so.

February 14th.—Left Girgeh at sunrise—such a sunrise!—a cloudless sky, still studded with

twinkling stars in the deep blue of the far west, while the east was glowing with orange and amber. The sunrise in Egypt, at this time of year, is rather colourless — too white, owing to a want of watery clouds in the sky. A very fine morning, nevertheless; wind firm, NE., fresh, but not keen or chest-searching; and a sun which gained in power every hour. There is a sharp look-out for crocodiles; but the Reis says it is in vain, for the water is too cold and the air is not warm enough; yet Sir S. Baker holds, that when the water is cold and the sun is as bright as it is now, crocodiles come out—or should do so. But they do not. The Governor of Girgeh, if rightly interpreted, declared that a crocodile had not visited the neighbourhood for the last sixty years! But we have passed the place where Lord H. Scott shot a beast, according to Hamed, and where the Prince saw many when he was last here.

After breakfast lay to off the right bank below Farshoot for a time, having passed all that remains of a large town, the rest of which will soon, in all likelihood, follow into the bed of the Nile. The tenacity with which the people cling to the banks of the river, in spite of awful warnings and constant depositions, is curious.

As we lay to the dahabeah Feodalinda, with British colours, swept down with the stream, firing a little salute from all her armoury, with three Britishers standing, with heads uncovered, on deck. To us it was a day of rest and thankfulness. To the poor fellahs who were toiling by the river banks, only to be distinguished from it in colour by the cloths round their loins, and their head-pieces of felt, the shadoof gives no rest from sunrise to sunset. Friday —their Sabbath—brings them no repose. It is said that there is a great scarcity to be feared from the want of water in the Nile, and that the Viceroy is making preparations to meet it by extensive purchases of corn—for he is not a political economist. He does not understand the principles of free trade as they were applied to a certain country in 1846. The approach to Keneh is indicated by the rafts of water-jars—some many thousands in number—floating down the river. On the right great fields of water-jars lay on the beach; and, on nearing the town, a group of six white cylindrical windmills, with extinguisher-shaped tops, mark the hill, or irregular plateau, beneath which the town is situated. In the present state of the Nile it lies some two miles away from the high bluff covered with palm trees, and occupied by a native village,

by which the vessels were drawn up. There was a crowd of turbaned sheiks waiting to do the Royal party honour — the British Consular Agent, the Deputy Governor of Esné, and many individuals of repute in their way, with retinues of men, horses, and asses—but it was too late to go to the town. The Prince, however, accepted an invitation to the Consular Agent's for the evening to see a dance.

There might have been a serious accident on our arrival here. The Mudir had caused a landing-place to be erected on a platform of wood, which was covered with turf and earth, so that the visitors might walk from the deck of the vessels on shore. Getting on shore is one of the events of the day, and there is a rapid movement from the steamers as soon as the planks are laid. Fortunately, there are always adventurous young men ready to take the first step. Some said that the steamer, on coming to, gave the platform a shake; others averred there was an original defect of weakness in its constitution. Any way, as Lord Carington was bounding towards the bank, a crash was heard, and he and the platform tumbled down together, involving Mr. Montagu and Prince Louis in part of the ruin. Lord Carington fell into the Nile, but he soon scrambled up the bank, dripping like a Newfoundland, and not a bit

the worse for his little immersion. It might have been a very awkward fall for the Princess, and for a time the Mudir was in great disfavour. But all 's well that ends well.

There is bad news for the sportsmen. The Prince's dogs roam about in vain, and never have need to stiffen tail or arrest their course over the fields. There are no quails, and one gets tired of shooting pigeons, hawks, and weeny owls. When it was dark, Colonel Marshall and I went on shore, intending to see the fantasia at the Consular Agent's, and were immediately beset by an irresistible crowd of donkey boys. He is not quite a feather weight, and except a French giant at a station on the Suez Canal, and an awful negro who encountered us at one of our halts, the like of him in stature was not seen in Egypt. But what will not donkey boys dare? They seized on him as if he were a baby, and by sheer force and united efforts put him first on one donkey and then on another, according to the temporary success of opposing factions. In vain he frustrated their efforts by the simple expedient of putting his feet on the ground, and letting the delighted donkey walk away from between his legs. They returned to the charge again and again. The night was hot, and the climate exhausting, and the

donkey boys were legion. I succumbed after a brief struggle, and sat watching from my saddle a crowd revolving in the dust, amidst which F. M. now upreared his huge bulk in spite of himself, now descending to the earth, striking out like a steam hammer, till, worn out and defeated, he called for help I could not give, and was led off in triumph towards Keneh. I followed, and as soon as we were fairly disposed of, the crowd melted away, and left us to some six or seven of the victors, who goaded the animals into a gallop through the village, rousing up all the dogs to madness by their cries. Suddenly there darted out of a grove the most prodigious-looking ruffian we had ever seen—Frenchman, negro, British cuirassier, all were dwarfs to him—and as he rushed down, whirling a six-foot staff shod with iron, I instinctively clapped my hand on my revolver, and F. M. exclaimed, "Did you ever see such a scoundrel in your life?" My revolver was of course in its case in the cabin, but the apparition meant no harm. It turned out afterwards he was only the village watchman. But, quis custodiem custodiet? Watching an opportunity, I plucked his staff out of his hand, and, to make assurance doubly sure, handed it to F. M., who held it with iron grip, and gave it an occasional flourish over the owner's head, whose

feelings were not too deep for words, for he yelled hideously. With him in our train, we pricked over the plain in the dusk, crossed the dry bed of a branch of the Nile, and entered the town, which was like any other town in Egypt. We were guided to the scene of a fantasia by the dub-a-dub of the drums, and the noise of voices, and dismounted at a door surrounded by a crowd of people. The court inside was crammed with turbans, and the heat was smothering. The stairs leading up from the court to the first floor of the Consular mansion were equally thronged. As we entered, a black servitor made us understand he wanted to announce us, and a great fear fell on us too. We had not been invited! Nor had we been introduced to the Egyptian gentleman who was good enough to take on himself to represent the power of Great Britain and Ireland at Keneh. Moreover, we had seen and heard enough, for some of the dancers were visible at the doorway, and the music beat full on our ear. And so we mounted and fled, just as Ali Risa came charging down to bear us to the presence. Fled, but not far or long. Flop! down came F. M. and his donkey in the dust, and, once there, the latter refused to rise, and my quadruped evinced a strong tendency to follow his example. The donkey boys were not in

the least put out. Making for the first house at hand, one opened a door, and in a moment emerged, leading forth a hapless ass, which had fondly believed its work was over for the night. But out came the owner too! And then such a clamour of words arose! In the midst of the controversy we cantered off, just as the principal inhabitants were coming out to engage in the dispute, and steering our course through the intricate channels of the narrow lanes, reached the plain at last, and had a most delightful ride in the moonlight, which was asserting its supremacy, back to our steamer. The watchman was quite happy at the restoration of his staff, and at the receipt of a small gratuity; and in order to assert his office and compensate himself for his temporary loss of dignity and power, he hit a donkey boy, who was doing nothing whatever, a smart tap on the skull with the iron end. The Almeahs, or dancing-girls of Keneh, are celebrated for their beauty—by the natives. They are exceedingly like British gipsy women of an ordinary type, but they do not bear such a good reputation. Here is a portrait of the fairest of them, who was not, however, so famous a dancer as a stumpy little woman, who had acquired the art of vibrating her person from the breast to the hips, whilst the rest of her body was motionless,

to a degree which is considered perfection. There is one mistake in the sketch. The dancer should not have shoes.

February 15th.—(Kench.) In the morning the Princess made her first acquaintance with an Egyptian Temple. True, it is 1,800 years old—quite a modern affair. True, it is so highly ornate that real antiquaries do not think much of it; but surely it is something to gaze on the portrait of Cleopatra, and to see the name of her son by Julius Cæsar carved in solid rock while they were still alive, as fresh as though it were done yesterday. It is something to wander through courts where Roman legionaries

came from afar to worship the Egyptian Venus. To the Royal party, at all events, the ancient Temple and the neighbouring ruins were full of deep interest. The Temple was cleared some years ago by order of Mahomet Bey, but the sand appears to be accumulating once more.

After breakfast, the steamers crossed over to the other side of the river, and we set out to visit Dendera, which, in the present state of the Nile, is about two miles from the shore. The Prince mounted a horse belonging to the Viceroy's son, and the Princess rode her own milk-white and noisy donkey.

The critics may talk as they please. They may call the figures "graceless," and abuse the "overcharged capitals;" they may style the columns "barbarous," an they list, but I am ignorant enough to agree with Belzoni, and to confess my admiration of this grand ruin—the most perfect, it is said, of any in Egypt. "But," say the Egyptologues, "that very perfection is a defect! The long dead wall outside is hideous. When rifted and broken, the beauty of a temple is really seen." Here is a building of massive masonry, finished exquisitely, 220 paces long, by 50 paces broad, with a grand portico on twenty-four giant columns, 25 feet round and 40 feet high,

opening on columned chambers and halls engraved like a watch, older than any Christian temple in the world. The capitals are ornamented with women's heads with the ears of a cow. And it is too rich, and too new, and too perfect for the antiquaries! These Ptolemies were mere mushroom nobodies. It is nothing that this Temple was built on the site of an edifice erected by Cheops himself. There was an offensive zodiac on the ceiling of the portico, which is enough to damn the whole place, for it is not Egyptian at all! It is now safe in Paris. Then there are Greek inscriptions! And Aulus Avilius Flaccus, as prefect of the time, Aulus Fulvius Crispus, Commander-in-Chief, and Sarapion Trychambus, Commandant of the district, have had the audacity to record their names as the dedicators of the Temple to the very great goddess Aphroditè, whom the Egyptians called Athor, in the reign of Tiberius, when he was ordering the whole world to be taxed! The portraits of Cleopatra, I admit, are disappointing; but who has seen a satisfactory likeness of Mary Queen of Scots? And this was cut in hard stone. The face and figure are marred by time, and so are those of Cæsarion, her son by the great Julius; who certainly ought to have

made a mark in the world, had he lived, and possessed any hereditary favours. Near the Temple of Athor there is another, very small, containing three chambers only. On the wall is cut the semblance of the Sacred Cow; and it is related that when the Sepoys who came to Egypt with our Expedition from India, which landed on the shores of the Red Sea, and marched by the old route to Keneh, visited the place, they all fell on their faces and worshipped the emblem. The whole building is full of interesting details.

Another building still remains, and I shall leave it to antiquarians to decide whether it is a "lying-in" place or not—the building where Athor was confined, or a temple in honour of her child. Then there is a wide waste of ruins—walls, columns in various stages of decay, blocks of stone; slabs, all covered with hieroglyphs, portraits, emblems—the hawk, which is the Sun, with the Beginning and the End, Iris, and Nephthys, by its side; myriads of figures and signs in stone; a propylon of the grandest character, to which the Arch of Triumph, not to speak of Temple Bar, must yield—and its fellow in fragments. And Tentyris is a heap of rubbish—all that is left some heaps of brick and rubble; and its

courtier chiefs, who worshipped the divine Tiberius, son of god Augustus, have left but their monumental flatteries behind them. In addition to the sand and time, there have been two agencies at work to deface these magnificent temples. With labour villanously laborious, the brutalized Mahometan has worked at the destruction of every face and likeness on the walls, too often successfully, and always leaving his indelible mark. Then myriads of rascally bees, which make no honey, but appear to be able to perforate solid stone, have constructed cities which look as hard as the very rock, on the outer walls of the Temple, covering over inscriptions and images with an armour which no one dare pierce. Professor Owen took rather an interest in them, but his researches were terminated by a disposition on their part to take an interest in him. It was the prettiest picture possible to see the Princess wandering about the ruins—to watch her tracing out the features, with the aid of a cane, of stony Cleopatra on the wall. What a contrast between our fair mistress and the Serpent of Old Nile! For hours the party wandered here and there, and the hum of voices aroused up the bats and hawks in the recesses of the ruins. A fire was kindled, and the repast was

spread in the shade of the portico; and the chibouquejees appeared with diamond-studded pipes and jewelled coffee-cups, when lunch was over; and we reposed for a time out of the heat, in the cool of the Temple. The thermometer marked 73° even there.

Then, after a grateful rest, the word was "To horse" (read donkey passim please), and returning to the steamers, sated with the wonders of Tentyris, Prince and Princess and their following embarked, and were on their way towards Thebes ere the sun had sunk behind the solemn ruins. The flotilla passed the site of Coptos, destroyed by Diocletian. This was, says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the mart of Indian commerce. There were once temples here, attributed to Thotmes and to kings of the eleventh dynasty. The early Christians pulled down these temples to build them a church. That church has now disappeared.

Then darkness menaced our timid captains. The Soudan—Fezegoloo—for them if mishap comes to Prince or Princess! So they draw up to the shore and make fast at no place in particular. There is a village some way off—Hamed says its name is El Arabat. The El Arabatites were rather astonished when the party landed from the steamers

and commenced a brisk fusillade against all volatile creatures till it was too dark to see. The Prince seems to be the best shot of the "société," for no amount of loyalty will induce a man to go on missing for ever. In compliment to the genius loci of Tentyris, who had a great enmity to the sacred crocodile, eager search was made along the river banks for the interesting reptile, but he might as well have been looked for between Putney and Richmond.

CHAPTER IX.

HAMED.—LUXOR.—KARNAK.—THE LEARNED LEPSIUS.—NIGHT AT LUXOR.—BAB-EL-MOLOOK.—A NIGHT SURPRISE.

"We shall be at Thebes in the morning!" Our last word at night. And Hamed, who has just said his prayers in the moonlight—why I know not, for we thought three times a day was the proper and complete complement of devotion required of the most devout of Moslem—says, "Taybe a very nice place; all old ruin about made by King Solomon, de say." I have forgotten to tell you who Hamed is, though he has been mentioned more than once. When the Duke was waiting at Cairo for Prince and Princess, he was assailed by people who wished to be engaged as dragoman for his party on the Nile. One, highly recommended, a Syrian gentleman in spectacles, very nearly established himself. He would leave remuneration to our noble selves. It would do when we all returned. Whatever we gave would be enough. But he was asked to préciser

himself, and to do it in writing. So he sent in an estimate. At first it was supposed he was under the idea that he was to provide food and drink for all the party, and he was told we were the Viceroy's guests, and that everything was paid for on board the steamer. But he held fast to his figures, and merely remarked that he "would like to pay de donkey boy very handsome—just for the noble Duke sake." When he was derided and rejected, he came down some hundred per cent., but was still soaring high in regions of the impossible. Finally rejected, he did not despair of his prey, but came out on us in the form of an antiquarian—"De most lubly dings in Egypt. No one else hab them. Je vous jure, altesse! Cléopadre's neglace! I find her myself!" How he haunted our doorsteps and sat in our halls! But one day Hamed turned up, and he was at once secured. Do you remember the stout, short, jolly person who waited on the hippopotami long ago in the Zoological Gardens, and who, from association with them, had become almost hippopotamic in expression—dark-skinned, dark-eyed, sleek, and round? This was "Hippopotamus Johnny." He came to England with the first little river-horse —"all de same as my leetle child"—leaving his old mother somewhere up in Nubia, in the parts near

Khartoum; and he has since been dragoman for "de long Desert caravan jerney." A devout man is Hamed, and very honest, I think, and very slow. He forgives even the hippopotamus all the wrong it did him. "When I go wid de leetle calf he boder me very troublesome. He go into him wash baat in ship; den him come out all wet—smell about for Hamed, and roll me about wid him damp big nose. I get no sleep—so says captain, 'I make you sleep in hammick;' and he sling one in de house where me and de calf wor. De first night I get in de hammick when de calf in him water, and I hear him come back, and smell—smell—all over for me: round he go, and grunt, and grunt, and sniff. Then I laugh to myself. Not long I laugh! Helo! my face is grinded up agen de cabin top, and my eye flash de fire and my nose he bleed. De leetle rascal calf, he got up on him hind leg, and give me a great dig wid him big snout, and knock hammick and all agen de roof, and near kill me. I wor very fond of him, to be sure!" And Hamed was engaged as dragoman, and found us more troublesome, I fear, even than his fat friend.

The whole party were awake early. We saw the Princess and Mrs. Grey were on the deck of their boat, and the Prince soon came up and joined

them. But the river is not very interesting just here, for the valley is wide and low; though on our right the hills of the Desert rise abruptly to a considerable height over the plain in which lie perdu from us the Memnonium and the Colossi. On our left is Karnak, and there, beyond, is Luxor, to which we are tending—the Thebes in general of the tourist. Alas! that one must speak or write of what we saw! Words! words! words! How that grandeur mocks you! But here we are at Luxor. The flotilla arrived at 9 o'clock.

It was intensely hot. The travellers' boats moored below the ruins were covered in with sun-shades. Nor did many of the English, Russians, and Americans — whose nationality was indicated by standards flying—venture out to see the arrival of the Royal party. But they kept up volleys of fowling-pieces from their boats in sign of welcome, and a small gun on shore gave deeper volume to the sound at irregular intervals.

From the summit of the ancient Temple, in which Mustapha Aga, the British Consular agent, has his dwelling, floated the flags of the United States and of Great Britain, and the Austrian, French, and Russian banners were displayed from various points, in company with the Ottoman

standard. The boats were hung with palm-branches, lemons, and oranges, and on the bank of the river the principal people of the place were assembled to receive the Royal party. By-and-by I shall try to say a word of Luxor itself, but now I must take the order of events as it came.

Mustapha Aga—who, next to the ruins, is perhaps the best-known "object" about Thebes—went on board to pay his respects. His feelings during the Mason and Slidell controversy must have been of a distracting character, for he is Consul for Great Britain and Consul for the United States, and hoists the flag of the one, and over his door is the escutcheon of the arms of the other. The Prince landed, and proceeded to his house to see the collection of curiosities, and a wonderful mummy, which looks as fresh as if Mustapha Aga and his family had just given it the last coat of paint and gilding.

I wish no harm to Mustapha, but I should like very much to pull his house down, not about his ears, but from between the ruins in which it stands. It is planted up there like a swallow's nest against the cave of a Greek temple. There was a haie of twenty or thirty Europeans between the river bank and Mustapha's porch, and a screen of reeds and festoons was erected outside for the little procession

which the Princess with Mrs. Grey headed from the steamers. Pipes and coffee were of course brought in, when mummy and scarabæus had been examined; and outside there was congregated a mass of donkey boys, and some good horses, led by syces. As we saw afterwards, there was a large gathering of natives not two hundred yards away—market-day at Luxor. But indolence, ignorance, or indifference—what you will—its influence was so great, not one ever stirred to inquire into the cause of the firings and general tomasha.

About midday the Prince and Princess started for Karnak, magnâ comitante catervâ. And a very pretty procession it was—the Princess on her milk-white ass, caparisoned in red velvet and gold, and the Prince on an animal of the same kind, of darker hue. The donkey is the favourite beast of the saddle. The horse is generally fidgety, head-tossing, much neighing, given to ground and lofty tumbling, which in a hot sun and on broiling sand is not conducive to comfort. There were Mrs. Grey, the Duke of Sutherland, Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Marquis of Stafford, Lord Albert Gower, Lord Carington, Colonel Marshall, Mr. Montagu, Professor Owen, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Sumner, Sir H. Pelly, Colonel Stanton, Sir S. Baker, Dr.

Minter, Major Alison, Mourad Pasha, Abd-el-Kader Bey, Ali Risa, Mr. Brierly, Mr. George, and myself, with a preceding and surrounding of chibouquejees, syces, guides, cavasses, dragomans—conspicuous among them the gorgeous Hadji Ali, Colonel Stanton's dragoman, and Hamed—a gay crowd on horses and asses, cantering, in clouds of dust—all bright with fantastic dresses, turbaned, and loose-robed—in a long stream, over irrigated land and sandy desert; now spreading out like a fan of many colours, again condensed in an undulating cord-like file over the plain. And so, chatting and laughing, out from Luxor to the waste where once trod many myriad feet—Mustapha Abd-el-Kader and Sir S. Baker wheeling and whirling, according to their skill, in the wild pleasures of jereed play, which, considering that the sun was excessively powerful and burning, did not commend itself largely to our party. Our Italian and French domestics and the Turkish chibouqueaille always attend on these occasions, and the brawny sailors of the Ariadne career gloriously on steed or ass, and emulate the hippodamic chibouquejees. And wherever the Prince goes the faithful Downie is sure to be; nor is Peter Robertson far off, nor the guardian of the Prince's gun. Alister, of course, is ever with the Duke. We are

going all wrong, of course. We should visit the ruins on the left bank of the Nile first, and finish with Luxor. I do not think it matters much. Certainly it did not affect any of the party around the Royal travellers, and never were more joyous, light-hearted people en route to Karnak. Some two hundred people, perhaps, all in full cry, and merry as the morn. And the solemn grandeur of the ruined Temples came on us at last!

Well! It is in the idea of "what must have been" that much of the impression produced by these ruins is based. They are the only works of human hands I know of which produce the effect of awe. The immense antiquity of what we see affects us only in relation to that fact. Any stone at our feet is older by countless ages. But our fellow-men hewed these blocks and built them up, and drew those figures and cut those emblems in the nonage of the world. There is a god-like grandeur in the labours of these poor, nameless multitudes. Time has cast over them the shadow of eternity. What lies before us seems superhuman, but only because no human creature now can wield the power to which these owe their erection. "What this must have been!" That is the thought which fills the breast with something like veneration as we walk down

what was once the Avenue of Sphinxes, now a rough broad path in the Desert sand, covered with stones, sand, fragments of slabs, flints, and lined formerly by a border of gigantic Sphinxes at short distances, of which not one remains complete. These Sphinxes had the heads of rams, the neck and busts of women, and the arms and claws of a lion. So much can be gathered from an inspection of the colossal fragments of the hundreds which cover the ground. They were sedulous destroyers who did so much work here. The avenue formed by these Sphinxes led to a gateway or Pylon which is still erect, and rises to the height of 140 feet, its massive blocks recording that it is the work of Ptolemy Euergetes, and Berenice his wife, who are, according to our guide-book, represented making offerings to their predecessors and parents. Ptolemy is said to be shown somewhere in a Greek costume, but I could not make him out.

The Royal party, in irregular procession, approached the ruins by this Avenue of Sphinxes, which is at the south-west entrance, and passing through the Ptolemaic Pylon, made an examination of the sculptured stones, most of them dismounting and handing over the animals to the syces. Thence they proceeded down a second avenue of mutilated Sphinxes, by far older than the first, and passed

through a Pylon, 80 feet high, into a court, in which one perfect column alone remains to show how grand must have been the stupendous rows of its fellows, the fragments of which are lying all around. It is said to be near 90 feet high, and the remains of twenty-five, of similar size, can be counted in this court, which belongs to a Temple built by Rameses III. and his successors, dating about 1200 B.C. A Pharaoh who preceded Shishak, the contemporary of Solomon, also had a hand in it.

I do freely avow how ignorant I am of the manner in which learned men work out their interpretations, but, I believe. I remember long ago being called on to accept it as a fact that the Latin word "sylva," a grove, was derived from the Greek ὕλη, and I did so. But what is to be thought of a dispute concerning a hieroglyph which, if I understand aright, is translated by some as "Amyrtæus" and by others as "Nectanebo"? M. Marriette avers that if an inscription be sent to half a dozen eminent scholars, they will agree in rendering it as readily as if it were Greek or Latin, and with very slight discrepancies. And see! there is Mr. Smith translating passages for the Princess as fast as he can talk—and that is pretty well. A thorough New Englander—somewhere from Boston, I guess—pattering away

about Rameses and Osiris. It is well for the Smiths that the Pharaohs are no more, for republican manners might have led to unpleasant results. The Prince and Princess were then conducted into the great roofless Hall of the Palace built, according to Lepsius, by Rameses II., the Pharaoh who lived in the time of Moses, and dating, according to that authority, 1380 years before Christ.

The Lepsius in question is not the learned person mentioned by Mr. Shandy, who composed a work the day he was born, but he is a recent travelled and learned German, rather unjustly attacked for outrages on the monuments of Egypt. Let all who visit Luxor ask to see his very amusing and instructive "Livre des Voyageurs." It begins with a hieroglyphic title-page, in which it is recorded, in characters taken from the monuments, with some modern adaptations, how Lepsius came out to Egypt under the patronage of the King of Prussia. Then there is a very learned, and yet light dissertation, on Egyptian history and antiquities, and an exposé of the purpose of the book, which is, that travellers may record observations in it—a very useful purpose—making in time the volume a valuable record. And the suggestion has been treated with marked neglect. Some recommend their dragoman; others try to express, in

various languages, poetical inflations about Thebes and Karnak. One Britisher has discovered a curious cartouch, which he commends to Dr. Lepsius. It is copied in the book, and looks very like a "donkey eating thistles!"

To return to the Hall—the grandest work in the world. It stands in the centre of a court, 278 feet long by 329 broad, which is bordered by covered corridors, with a double row of columns in the centre leading to the Hall. There are advanced towers or propyla to this enclosure, and our guide-book states that the lintel-stones of the doorway want only two inches of 41 feet in length. The stones of the ceiling are of equal size, every one covered with sculptures or paintings. In the centre there are twelve columns of incomparable grandeur, 70 feet high, with plinth and abacus, and 33½ feet in circumference; and in rows parallel to these are no less than 126 columns, 42½ feet high and 28 feet round, in seven rows of nine columns each. One column in this hall was presented in almost a miraculous condition. Shaken by an earthquake, or undermined by the overflow of the Nile, it had fallen against its neighbour, so that the entablature rested against the side, and thus the whole mass was upheld at an acute angle, although it is composed of a num-

ber of great stones, which seem held together by magic. The doorways are stupendous. There are towers before each.

Passing out of this court, we came upon two obelisks, one of which has been overthrown, and broken into several pieces, and then upon another court, with two obelisks, one in a similar condition, the other still erect, and measuring 94 feet in height. The party was now lost in labyrinths of ruin—enormous blocks of stone, broken columns, shattered pillars, granite, limestone, and sandstone, alike in pieces. The Sanctuary—a building of red granite, erected by a Pharaoh, destroyed by Cambyses, and rebuilt by Philip—the pillars and columns of a Temple erected by Thotmes III.—Alexander's Hawk—and ruins again fill up the remainder of the vast area, which is, measured, one and a half English miles. Persians and Greeks, Cambyses and Ptolemy, have done their worst, and man built up that man might destroy. The Nile aids time in completing the work. The base of the columns and pillars is covered with nitrous salts, left by the waters of inundation, and I scraped off some which burnt in paper like saltpetre. As to the sculptures on the walls, nothing but an immense series of photographs can give the least idea of them. War is the chief subject—the vic-

tories of Osiris. There is a bridge over the Nile to be remarked, but the works of peace are few. One compartment is interpreted as the representation of the conquests of Shishak, in his expedition against Jerusalem. In another place there are traces of early Christians, who selected the ruins as abiding refuges.

The Prince and Princess explored recesses and chambers, and wandered about the ruins at will, the party breaking up into little knots of independent explorers. They had the advantage of being accompanied by Mr. Smith, who had his own explanations to offer of the sculptures. The sun was very hot, and the thermometer stood at 104° inside the ruins—at least so a Celsius, which a philosophical lady brought with her, was made to read. But a shady place was found for lunch, in the vast colonnade of the Great Hall. Carpets were spread, and the resources of the providore were displayed in the feast, to which the Prince invited a Russian officer—Count Gerbel—and his wife. The effect of the streaks of sunshine which fell through the rifted walls and colossal columns on groups of Egyptians, Arabs, Turks, Arnaouts, and guides, gathered about the horses and donkeys in the Great Hall, and on the various coated, booted, hatted, and knickerbockered Europeans, was very picturesque.

The latter certainly must astonish the natives at times by their costumes. Peter Robertson, the Highland piper, has invented a particularly ingenious adaptation of his kilted attire to the latitude in which he is travelling.

We not unwillingly rested in the grateful shade, whilst the servants laid out the banquet, which would have astonished even Rameses in all his glory. Then there were pipes and coffee and conversation, and a brief repose; and when every one was refreshed we proceeded in the Royal train to the southern gate of the open court, at the side of which is an inscription (said to be) concerning an eclipse of the sun; visited the temple dedicated by Alexander to his father Philip; thence, past the well which supplied the defenders of the fortifications, to the palace of Thotmes III., and to another court, in which lie many mutilated statues.

Remounting, the Prince and Princess and their following returned to Luxor as they came, and went over the Temples, which are close to the Nile, and form part of the town. They carefully examined the monuments, in spite of the heat and dust.

We were sated with ruin, and the works of Amunoph and Rameses began to pall. But how stately and how vast they are! What would it not be worth

to behold, at one coup d'œil, the surpassing grandeur of the scene which must have been presented here when the Temples and Palaces were perfect, and when from Luxor the priest-kings in all their glory proceeded along the sphinx-guarded avenues, right away to glorious Karnak, to celebrate feast, or rite, or victory? Here are temples built by Amunoph III., 1450 B. C. — a mass of columns and sculptured stones — sanctuaries and chambers. They are plastered and bewattled to turn them into dwelling-places for the Arabs, and we disturbed families of goats, children and old women in their homes as we trod the halls of the Pharaohs. Hovels of the vilest, and huts of mud crowd the bases of the walls and pillars. There is another grand work—a Temple and gateway—with a façade 200 feet long and 60 feet high, on the side of which are sculptured the exploits of Rameses II. the Great, son of Sesostris. What are we to say of the Abyssinian Expedition, when we look at the records of this monarch's victories in Asia and India, in the fourteenth century before Christ? Two prodigious statues of red granite still guard the gateway, all defaced and buried in sand and rubbish. One of the servants of the ship chipped off a piece of his nose as a souvenir! The granite has yielded to time, and falls away in flakes at a slight touch.

Can nothing be done by the civilized nations of the world together to preserve Karnak and Luxor? All nations have a common interest in the preservation of these magnificent monuments. They are in great danger. The Nile menaces them every year, and it would need very little to cause the fall of many a glorious pillar which a very little outlay could render safe. And as to man. He ruins what he cannot remove very often, and what he removes is placed in museums, which may be rifled and ransacked by conquest in time to come.

At the Prince's desire, preparations were made to dig down to the base of the Great Obelisk, companion to that in the Place de la Concorde, which was presented to Great Britain. Mr. Smith stated, there were two gigantic asses at the base of the obelisk, but it was not found that they were in the place he indicated. It is vain to express a wish for the removal of what belongs to us, I suppose. The non-user of our right has led to doubts of its existence; and Colonel Stanton had a sharp controversy with Mourad Pasha, who denied that the Obelisk belonged to us at all.

It was 5 o'clock when we returned to the shade of the awnings of the steamers, and of all the party the Princess, who had seen most, seemed the least fatigued. At night the flotilla was illuminated, the

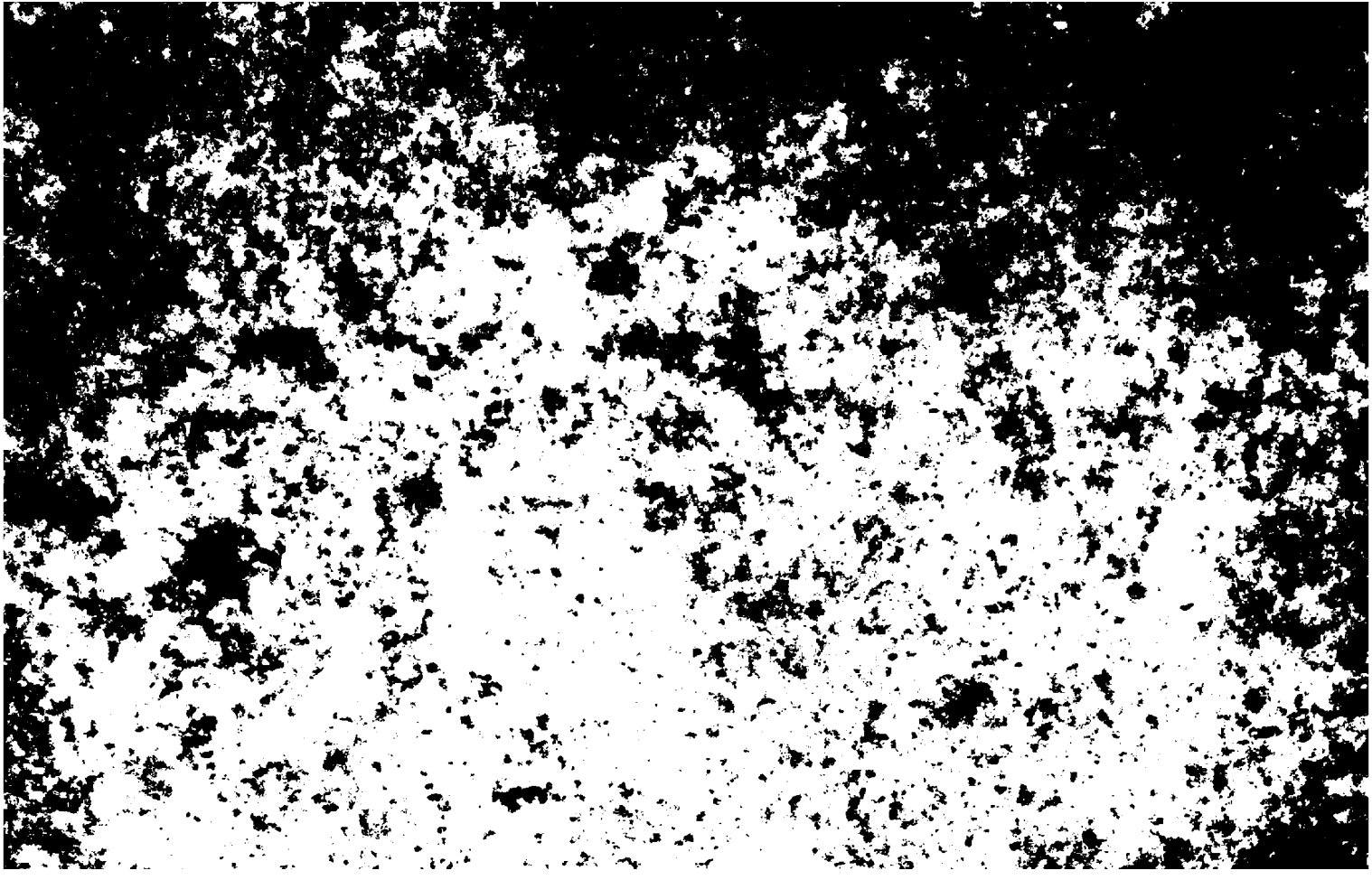
dahabeahs were hung with lanterns, and the river glittered with the reflection of hundreds of fires. Blue lights were burnt, and there was a rivalry between Woolwich and Egypt in the flights of rockets which flew hissing into the serene, bright-starred sky. The avenue of palm-branches and the façade of Mustapha's house were illuminated also, and blazing beacons bordered the bank of the river. Native boats floated down to the music of wild choruses, and vanished in the darkness.

The day and night were equally worthy of remembrance. On board the Prince's ship there was a dinner of more than usual state, and Mr. Smith was invited to the Royal table, in addition to the Russian Count and others.

February 17th.—To-day was devoted to a visit to the "Valley of the Kings," on the left (or west) bank of the river, one of the most interesting excursions in the world. Sixty or seventy horses and donkeys were collected for the party, which was transported at 10 o'clock to the other side, lower down the Nile. The news of the coming had gone abroad, and, in addition to the usual gathering of syces, servants, and retainers, there was an assemblage of natives, who seemed to have come out of the Desert. Crowds of Arab children, boys and girls, kept up with us the

Vincent Brooks Day & Son Lith.to

IN THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS



whole way to the Valley, carrying pitchers of water, and others presented "antiques" for sale at all points of the route—timid persistent creatures, full of desire to please and to secure baksheesh. The kindness of the Prince and Princess to these little people on the way soon made them favourites, and secured for them rather too much attention. His Royal Highness has taken a fancy to a little soft-eyed, white-toothed lad, named Yousouf, who follows his donkey, and wants to take him to England. Yousouf is in great perplexity of mind on the subject. The long hot ride to the Valley terminated only that the exploration of the Tombs of the Kings might begin; and Prince and Princess dismounted in a blazing sun, and set to work under the guidance of Mr. Smith, who is in grand "concurrence" with Mustapha Aga. It was a very trying day.

Deep into the earth the Prince and Princess dived, among broken slabs and rough stones, examining the chambers of the dead, where painted records and engraved stones preserve the memory of the deeds of the departed tenants to those who can decipher them. Belzoni's tomb, Bruce's tomb, and two others were explored. The Princess bore the heat and the rough ascents and descents with indefatigable good-will and enterprise.

This was a day of lamentation for me. Some way or other, the note-book I had been sedulously filling all the way dropped out of my pocket in clambering about the tombs. When the loss was made known, although a great reward was offered to the finder, the knowing ones shook their heads. Colonel Stanton, and Mr. Smith, and Mustapha Ali Risa agreed that the chances were much against me. The reason was this,—"If an Arab found it, he would keep it and hide it, lest he should be accused of stealing it!" What a commentary on the treatment of the people! They have no faith in the European, because he is of the race, they think, which governs them, and thus they act so as to deserve their old traditional character, and cause every man's hand to be against them. "Years hence," said Ali Risa, and with him agreed all the dragomanry, "that pocket-book will be offered to some traveller as an antica found in the Tombs, and then the Arab will be horrified at getting a kick, or a stick, or being laughed at for his pains." And they were right. The sum I offered set every one pretending to look for the book, but no one found it. An Arab must have pounced on it at once, as it fell.

One sees too much in a day to remember all distinctly. The head becomes filled with pylons and propylons, sphinxes, columns, obelisks, hieroglyphs, as confused and broken up and jumbled as are the things themselves which have left the impressions. But I recollect well enough that it seemed the most interesting sight possible to watch the young travellers, on whose future there are such vast interests depending, moving about among the poor Arabs in the gloom of these terrible mortuary chambers, and trying to decipher the records left thousands of years ago of their lives and exploits by other Royal personages, on the walls. Bab-el-Molook is a wonderful place indeed. Desolate, exceedingly; an arid valley of stone, rock, and mountain, burnt by the sun, without tree, or blade of grass, or green thing. Such it could not have been when the kings of Thebes chose it as the site of the subterranean City of the Dead; for the approaches, at least, were like the barren plain on which the Memnonium and the Colossi are placed; then, doubtless, cultivated —covered with trees and residences.

It would be wrong to say no living thing is to be found in this valley. The rocks swarm with scorpions, many of which were captured and bottled

off. What form of insect life the horrors feed upon I cannot say. These, and a few outcast sand-martens flitting about at the entrance to the Valley, were all I could see outside the Tombs. Inside there were bats, which shows that there must be insects about at night; and once, as Alison and I were groping down the shaft-like entrance to one of the tomb galleries, candle in hand, something dark flew with a clatter over the loose stones and vanished—jackal, fox, or hyena. Deep in the solid rock, more than 3,200 years ago, Osiri, father of Sesostris, prepared the home for the alabaster sarcophagus in which his mummy was to rest; now, I think, installed in the British Museum. Belzoni, the fame of whose tremendous size and strength still lives among the Arab guides, was the modern discoverer of this gallery, which now bears his name. It is 180 feet below the surface, and to get at it you must first descend a rough flight of broken steps cut in the rock some thirty feet, which takes you to the first landing from the top, and then go down a similar flight which conducts you to the ground floor. Here there is a passage which leads to a square chamber—a sham—for the kernel of the nut lay inside. Belzoni was not deceived, for he burst through the wall, came upon a chamber with pillars,

descended from it to a chamber with two pillars, went along two passages, entered another chamber, found one still further on, and at last found himself where we were standing, in a vaulted room, 20 feet long and 30 feet wide, in which lay the plundered sarcophagus described then as lying at the mouth of a shaft cut at a slope into the rock for 150 feet, with a flight of steps at either side. Amid these chambers are smaller rooms and recesses in the rock. We were now 320 feet from the entrance, and there was, it may fairly be said, not a foot of the walls or ceilings in all that course of gallery or chamber which was not covered with paintings or hieroglyphs on a sort of smooth plastered surface. To give an account of these would be to write a book, and a large one, which after all would be but a dry catalogue. "Bruce's Tomb," as it is called, which was prepared by Rameses III. for himself and friends, is 405 feet long, and the walls are a perfect history and record of life in Egypt. These kings afforded constant employment to their subjects, though I suspect it was not highly remunerated; and they certainly must have been a trouble to their neighbours. For centuries the Tombs have been visited by the curious, and it is much to be regretted that instead of recording their feelings about the objects they visited,

they did not tell us something about the people of the time in the land in which they were travelling. Thus we might have learned how the Egyptians fared, and how they became what they are. Possibly one of these visitors expressed the sentiments towards the close of the day of some of our own party. As Sir Gardner Wilkinson records, he wrote as follows, in Tomb No. 9—that of Rameses V.: Επιφανιος ιστορησα ουδεν δε εθαυμασα η μη τον λιθον, "Epiphanius saw nothing wonderful but the stone." Mr. Epiphany has a large sect of philosophers of his sort at the present time. The other tomb we inspected was that of Pthamen-se-pthah. To visit all would need a week; and there are more than twenty of these tombs, if historians be correct, which remain unopened to this day.

Her Royal Highness astonished the party by indomitable spirit and resolution, in the full blaze of an Egyptian sun, and by capacity to endure fatigue. Those who looked far more able to go through a long day's work, exploring mummy-caves, and investigating dark catacombs, admitted the Princess was much stronger. Her interest in what she saw, and the delight which she manifested, animated the Royal party.

The illumination of the Tombs by magnesium

wire torches produced the most beautiful effects, though they were transient. One disagreeable result was the excitement produced in the bat-world, the citizens of which came swarming from dark corners about the ears of the Royal party. Candles were far more useful, as they enabled individuals to study details at their leisure. At last we emerged finally into the open day. And, lo! there was a tent pitched at the mouth of a tomb; and there was a strange sound heard outside, where the French domestics of the Viceroy and the Prince's men are preparing the feast. It was the churning of the machine for making ice. The Turks were busy making coffee. Hampers were unpacked, and camels eased of their loads, and the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings resounded with voices. Lunch was laid in the shade of the entrance to a tomb, No. 9, Rameses within not objecting. Indeed, judging from the subjects depicted on the walls of the catacomb, it would seem that the Pharaoh of 3,000 years ago was not indifferent to creature comforts, though soda-water and ice-making machines and French wines were not known to him.

The sun had lost some of its power when we started to return, but the heat in the Valley was excessive; and one wondered if it were true that

Ibrahim Pasha led an army up through it on an expedition against some Arab troublesomes. It was even averred that a part of our Indian force proceeded some way in the uninviting road when they were in Egypt. Several of the gentlemen took the short way over the mountain crags at the side on foot, with Arab guides, and from the account they gave of the view of the Nile valley, and of Luxor on the opposite bank, and of the plain below, I was sorry I did not follow their example. It is a short cut to the river, which we reached and crossed half an hour ere sunset. The evening was so warm and calm that the Prince, with Lord Carington, Mr. Montagu, and Lord Stafford, took a boat across and bathed at the other side. Mustapha Aga gave a dance, which the Prince and suite and the Duke of Sutherland's friends attended; but the performance was not remarkable, and only one of the women, and she neither young nor good-looking, seemed inspired with the spirit of the ancient mystic dance of Egypt. They were all animated, however, by the modern Egyptian spirit as to baksheesh.

February 18th.—The two parties started early in boats across the river, and, taking horses and donkeys at the other side, rode to the end of the Assaseef, and to Deayr Bachree, where they examined

the beautiful frescoes, passing through and by numerous mummy catacombs, with the bodies and bones lying exposed in all directions. When I say that the Royal party to-day visited the ruins at Assaseef, Koorneoh, Medeenet Haboo, Dayr-el-Medeeneh, and the Memnonium, returning by the two Colossi and the Vocal Memnon, those who are acquainted with the ruins will admit that it was good work, performed as it was in a sun only little less scorching than that of yesterday. One of the least agreeable incidents of our wanderings to-day, was the visit to the mummy pits; or rather the evidences of destruction and disregard for the dead which lay around us on every side. The contents of the pits have been dragged out, and skulls, with the hair still clinging to the waxed cloth, legs, arms, jaws, ribs, were scattered over acres of rock. Sometimes there was a sickening odour, as though a slow decomposition was still going on in the remains laid to rest thousands of years ago. The Arab children offered us mummies of the Ibis and Scarabæi, objects taken from the Tombs, and now and then pieces of bone or earthen vessels full of parched corn.

It is impossible to convey an idea of them; but every well-educated person has a conception of what most of these ruins are like. Who has not seen the

Colossi and the Memnonium in sketch or engraving? Whole books, very large and very learned, have been devoted to the Thebaid and its remains; and for many centuries in the old days of the ancient world, ere the black night of barbarism put out the lamp of learning, then flickering and feeble—for long generations, and ever since travel was practicable in the present ages of the world, the antiquarian and illuminati had visited, to theorize, to wonder, and sometimes to despoil. Stolid utilitarians regard these awful ruins as evidences of the ignorance of those who reared the records of their vanity and their faith, which have defied the rage of man, and the tooth of time, and the strife of the elemental forces—they are all so many illustrations of "unproductive labour," exhausting capital and devouring a nation's strength. Others measure the stones and calculate the weight of the blocks, and start notions respecting the means by which they were transported. Some are content to see, admire, and deplore. The only way to get a full idea of these remains is to live among them for weeks, to pitch a tent and reside on the spot day after day, with a few chosen companions, and to explore at leisure site after site.

It is a thousand pities that in all the modern world, with its wealth and resources, no organization

can be formed to clear away and explore the ruins, guard and preserve what is left, and investigate what yet remains hid. The Viceroy is animated with the best spirit. But he has to deal with the living and not with the dead. He has to regenerate and resuscitate Modern Egypt. True there are guardians now to the Temples, but they are ignorant and accessible to influences. It is a vain hope that some united action of the European Powers, in the interests of history, may be brought to bear on Egypt. No one who is acquainted with what has yet been done, can hesitate to admit that enormous results might yet be achieved in clearing away the clouds which hang over the history of early civilization, by systematic application of subsidized investigation.

I was very much struck, on my return to Cairo, by the appearance of certain emissaries from the Prince of Tigré in Abyssinia, who had come to the Viceroy with presents. In one of the catacombs of Koornet there is a representation of black officers, said to be of Cush or Ethiopia, offering gold rings, fans, and cattle to Ammon Thun, a stranger king, who is identified with Amunoph III. The men who came to the Pharaoh of 1869 were like the ambassadors of the land of Cush in face and dress, and they offered to him gold rings and fans and ivory!

We got back to the steamer at 5.30 P.M. Abd el Sultan Bey, Inspector General of the Upper Province, joined the party on board the Royal steamer, and in the evening there took place the great event which marked the visit to Thebes. After dinner the Prince and Princess and party landed, and, attended by a great crowd with lanterns and torches, set out on donkeys and horses for the ruins of the Temples of Karnak. The moon was only a few days old, but still capable of casting strong shadow, marking the outlines of the mounds of deserted towns which lie outside Luxor. The more enterprising spirits dashed on ahead, and woke up the night owls with imitations, for the most part rather meritorious, of native war-cries. At last, the dim outlines of the Great Ruin commanded silence. Cantering on down the Avenue of Sphinxes, the horsemen plunged into darkness, among the columns of the Temple. Dim shapes became visible, and presently a voice sang out, "This isn't the way in. Put your head about, if you please." Colonel Stanton, Sir S. Baker, with the men of the Ariadne, and a band of Egyptian sailors, were before us, preparing a surprise for the Princess. The horsemen turned and headed back the Royal procession, which, seen afar over the plain, seemed like a

street full of lights taking a walk by itself, lamps and all. They all turned down the Avenue of Sphinxes, and the peasants in the village skirted on their way must have felt a strange fear as they heard the tramp of many feet, and saw the torch-light which flashed through the chinks of their humble dwellings. The party, dismounting outside the Ruins, entered the solemn pile, and were left to the light of the pale moon and of the watchful stars which had so looked down on the priest-kings—the Pharaohs—who built it thirty centuries ago. Suddenly there came on us a blinding gleam of intense whiteness from a recess in the ruin. It grew in splendour and in power. The towering columns of the portico, the plinths and obelisks, grandiose blocks of carved stone, with all their strange language in bird and beast, emblems, secret histories, were revealed as if the sun had burst on us out of the wall of hewn rock. What a mass of pale faces there, shimmering ghostlike, screening their eyes from the dazzling wonder! What a hum of voices, swelling into a chorus of admiration! As the Prince and Princess slowly made their way up to the colonnade, the brilliant wire, from column to column, casting the blackest shadows, threw its rays like fixed lightning. They

reached the end of the Great Hall. Then blue, red, and green lights burned, and blazing torches, from broken pillar and heaped-up ruins, were held by men, motionless as statues. Colonel Stanton and Sir S. Baker, and other aspiring persons, magnesium wire in hand, were visible perched up on various "coigns of 'vantage." Then flew rockets on high, crossing the Obelisks in their flight, and throwing down on broken towers and walls showers of many-coloured stars. For a time, when this died out, the Temple was left to darkness. But once more, when the party turned into another of the Great Halls, the illumination was renewed. No idea can be given of the effect of the whole device. The Prince and Princess, accustomed to displays of pyroteconic art, expressed as much pleasure as the other spectators. The moon was at last left to assert its mild supremacy. Seats were placed and carpets spread in one of the Great Halls. We sat there for nearly an hour, amid the twinkle of many small lights, till the Prince and Princess set out to return to the ships. Mrs. Grey mounted a ship of the Desert, and enjoyed a ride on a dromedary; and the Princess, amid a crowd of syces with lanterns, went full canter on her white donkey, at a pace which began to tell on her suite at the last half mile.

Her Royal Highness was so charmed with her ride, that she went back to pick up the part of the cortége in which the Prince was coming at his leisure; and when they arrived at Luxor, they were greeted with ringing cheers, as if to testify the general satisfaction at the brilliant and curious spectacle just witnessed.

CHAPTER X.

LEAVE THEBES.—ESNÉ.—EDFOU.—ASSOUAN.—PHILÆ.

February 19th.—The fleet left Luxor at 5.30, in the light of a lovely dawn. Professor Owen and Mr. Fowler parted company for England last night. It is almost a comfort to hear that the ruins of Erment, which we pass presently, are very ruinous indeed. The temple built by Cleopatra, who is represented on the wall of the chambers, which are all that now remain, has been so much dilapidated that one of our party who visited it, said "it was only little wine cellars, all over hieroglyphics." In a rapid visit, limited in lateral excursions, it is impossible to do justice to Egypt, *i.e.*, to oneself. It is gratifying to find that even Sir Gardner Wilkinson was not able to visit all the places which tradition or ancient remains render worthy of inspection. The fleet arrived at Esné at 12 o'clock. Excellent Mudir of Esné! How great are

the uncertainties of life! The preparations made to do honour to the Prince and Princess by this worthy Governor deserved a better fate than a hasty visit, while the steamers were coaling and taking in provisions.

Esné was swept, garnished, and whitewashed. There was a landing-place, with steps, cut from the river in the soft earth, to an avenue of palm-tree branches, decorated with standards which scarcely flew out in the faint breeze. There was a haie formed from the end of this shady lane by much be-pistolled Arnaouts and be-scimitared cavasses to the esplanade, where, in grave ordered line, stood the white-turbaned sheiks and the masses of the people in their blue robes, who had strayed beyond the reach of the muezzin's voice to see the Royal guests of the Viceroy. Not so much as a "hush" broke the silence. A better regulated crowd, in treble line of well-dressed "citizens," could not well be met in Europe on a similar occasion. Behind this line of turbaned heads rose the irregular outlines of the town, with a background of mosque domes, minarets, and date palms. There was a clear space of three or four yards spontaneously kept between the spectators and the banks of the Nile. The Mudir and his officials were in readiness at the end

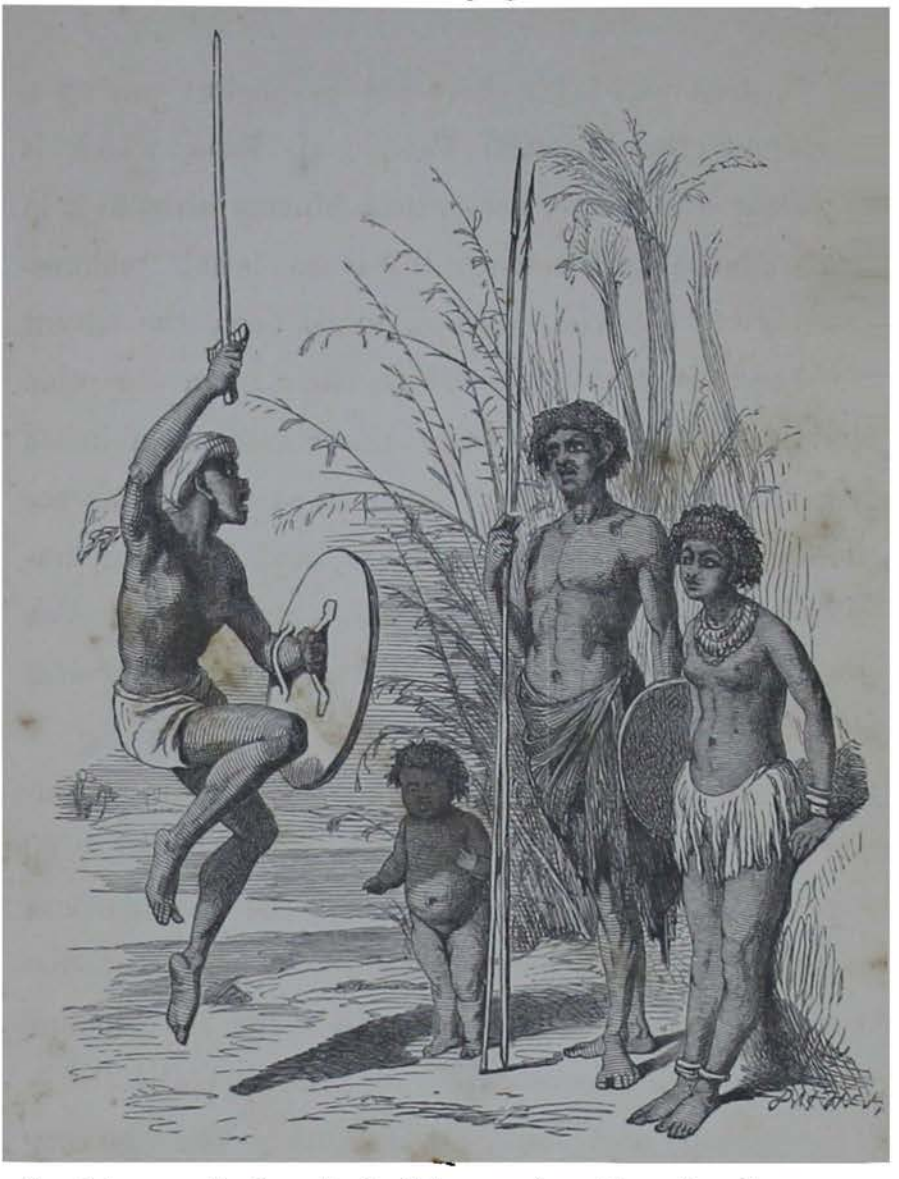
of the platform; but, on the receipt of a message from the yacht, they returned to the Governor's house and awaited the Prince's coming in the porch.

I recommend travellers not to neglect paying a visit to the beautiful Temple at Esné, which is worthy of far more notice than Murray gives to it in his admirable Handbook. The wonderful "efflorescence" of the work may, indeed, indicate the advent of the period of decay which came upon Egyptian art and architecture when the Cæsars established their rule in the land, but the richness of the decoration of the vast columns, and the comparatively perfect condition of the remains of this gorgeous Temple of Knuph, entitle it to special attention.

We left Esné soon after 1 o'clock, and maintained a fair speed against the stream. At 4.30 we passed El Kab, where in old times Lucina was worshipped. The Viceroy would not be at all displeased if there were more frequent invocations to the goddess now-a-days, for the population is not increasing, and the great want of the country is people.

Every care was taken to mark our course by flags on the sand-banks, and poles and date branches

in the shallows; the Mudir had men on the look-out for crocodiles, and did all he could to promote the success of the voyage. But there were



doubts and head-shakings in the land as m looked on the Nile and thought of the gre steamers, which would have to find their way back.

The heat (78°) was rather trying in the cabins; but on deck, under the awning, it was still fresh.

At dusk we reached Edfou, sixty-two miles above Thebes. Here a party of Ababdeh Arabs, woolly-headed savages, performed a sort of war-dance, and gave an exhibition of sword-play, which was grotesque and ludicrous rather than inspiring or interesting. They embellished it with shrieks and howls like those which, according to poor Aytoun, accompanied the assault of the chief of the clan McTavish on the gallant and lamented Pherson. Hopping on one leg, cutting with a claymore at the adversaries' enormous shield, with crouching to the ground, or leaping in galvanic jumps, was also a feature in this exhibition, for all of which baksheesh was expected.

The woodcut on the preceding page will give a good idea of the Ababdehs.

This evening there occurred the only contretemps —a slight one — of the journey. Shortly before 10 o'clock the Prince of Wales, who was on board the steamer, on deck, observed a light reflected on the side of the dahabeah alongside. He at once gave an alarm. The Princess of Wales and Mrs. Grey were hurried on shore, but the fire was speedily extinguished. The Duke of Sutherland, seizing up a rug, dashed into the cabin, whence the

flames were issuing, and, assisted almost immediately by the Prince and others, beat them down. A lighted candle in Prince Louis of Battenberg's cabin had caught one of the curtains. The boat, with all its muslin and wooden panels and paint, scorched by an Egyptian sun, not to speak of cartridges and powder in cases, would have been consumed in a few minutes, and the explosion might have inflicted considerable damage, and delayed the expedition, had not the quick eye of the Prince discovered the danger.

February 20th.—(Edfou.) The party landed at 10.30 A.M. and rode over sand and dusty roads to the Temple, about a mile and a quarter distant. The Temple, thanks to M. Marriette, is cleared out, and, thanks to the rubbish which so long saved it from the destroyer, is in a fair state of preservation. But the work of destruction is now going on. It is almost incredible that men can take delight in chipping away the faces and emblems of the magnificent work we saw to-day; but those among us who visited the Temple last year, pointed out the marks of chisels or stones on the hieroglyphs and figures which would, if uninjured, make each massive block an historical record, and render the Temple a vast volume of knowledge.

Couches and seats were placed in the shade of

the Central Hall, and after the Prince and Princess had walked through the building, and examined the emblems which embellish every inch of the walls, they rested, and the gentlemen had coffee and pipes. The Royal party returned through the neat, well-swept, crooked-streeted town. The quiet population hung carpets out of the windows to do them honour, and offered curious studies almost from the nude in real life. At 12.30 the steam-whistle sounded, the mooring stakes were lifted, and the flotilla proceeded on its way in all the glory of a July sun. "What will they say in England"—the farmers at any rate—when they hear that the corn is laden with creamy ears, which will be cut in less than two months, stacked, and garnered, and that before the Nile rises in June, another crop —one of maize—will be lifted from the ground?

All went well with us till we came near the Quarries of Silsilis, about 4.15 o'clock. There the surface of the stream gave token of the coming trouble. Soon the Royal yacht stuck hard and fast. In courtier-like sequence, boat after boat went soft aground. There was a great deal of "Turn a heady," "Stope," "Fully speed," "Halfey speed." Red-fezzed captains danced about emphatically on the paddle-boxes, and much strong Arabic went

abroad; but the Nile bed would not move, nor would the ships. The Prince and Princess and all the company landed on an island sand-bank, as the sun set behind the Desert ridge. The sailors set to work to lighten the vessels by carrying the baggage on shore. It needed an hour's hard work and more—blowing off the water from the boiler, shifting cargo—to float the steamer. When the vessel forged ahead, there was a general cheer from all hands. It was near 10 o'clock at night before the ships were off the bank, and secured to the mooring-place above Silsilis. The Prince and Princess, Mrs. Grey, Lord Carington, Sir S. Baker, Prince Louis of Battenberg, came to dinner on board the Duke of Sutherland's steamer. The banquet was prepared with great gusto by the Italian stewards. The Spanish cook gave his most strenuous efforts to the task, and a masterpiece of confectionery in burnt almonds, with a flag on the top inscribed with "Ich Dien," crowned his triumph. The wind blew strongly, unfortunately, for the table was laid on the upper deck, and the candles flared in spite of the awning, and of artful contrivances of canvas at the sides. It was the birthday of one of the little Princesses, and the Duke proposed her health in a neat speech,

and due honour was done to the toast. After dinner, a huge long-legged black sheep, with an enormous pendulous tail, which on the morrow would have been converted into mutton, in a happy moment of inspiration strayed on deck in the way of Lord Stafford, who brought it aft and introduced it to the notice of the Princess. As if it had been accustomed to the best society all its life, the creature, with a tact worthy of a ram-headed "Gentleman in waiting" of the time of the Pharaohs, immediately made itself at home, ate from the Princess's hand, and rose at once to such a height of favour at Court, that its life was spared, by Royal command, and the creature is destined to grow fat and be glad in the pastures of Sandringham. It was decked with a garland of riband when its good future was known, and received many marks of attention in the shape of cabbages and the like from the crew. And now it is "Her Royal Highness's Sheep."

February 21st.—At dawn the flotilla was on its way before the cares of the day had summoned the party to arise. The Nile is so pent in here by the Desert, that the belt of cultivated land can be seen with the naked eye right across on each side; in parts it does not seem to be three miles over. Our great excitement was running aground and getting off again

all day, but there is a permanent, never-failing pleasure in the consciousness of being alive in such a climate. Pyramids and ruins have defiled before us like a panorama, on which we gazed with a dreamy blissful tranquillity. Nil admirari can be best understood in Egypt, where there is more to wonder at than in any land of the earth. Still it is getting hot—very hot. There is no denying it; and it will have been seen, too, that our weather was not always to be enjoyed.

At 11 o'clock the Prince read prayers in the saloon. Shortly before 1 o'clock to-day the Royal flotilla arrived at Assouan, 581 miles south of Cairo. The reception was very pretty. A considerable number of dahabeahs were moored by the left bank, on which the town is situated, and the owners kept up a brisk fusillade in honour of the occasion, and displayed all their bunting — British, French, and American. At the landing-place there was a stage with coloured lanterns, lighted up at dusk, and on the flat sandy beach left by the receding river, was stretched out an array of caparisoned dromedaries, with horses and saddled asses, which with their attendants—a crowd of armed Arnaouts and cavasses—formed an animated foreground to the picture, enclosed by the

fringe of date-palms, and the rocky ridge of the Desert range beyond. A group of Arabs armed with shields and long swords, whose hair was dressed in a fashion that would set the whole craft of London and Paris at defiance, went through their exercises, and from a distance was heard the long wailing cry of welcome which greeted the passage of the flotilla from all the villages on the banks as we approached Assouan. An Egyptian officer in full uniform—French infantry in all but the fez and sleeve lace—the Mudir, and principal people of the district, were in waiting; but the day was hot, and it was arranged that the visit to Philæ, above the First Cataract, should be deferred till to-morrow, time being needed to transfer the baggage and stores to the smaller vessels above. Sir S. Baker refreshed himself and revived memories of former travel by a lively tournée or two on a fast dromedary, but did not induce many of the suite to embark on the ships of the Desert. The Prince and Princess, however, made a short excursion on them, and paid a visit to the village, which is interesting to those who care to see where Syene once was.

The news of a little tragedy reached us on shore. At Edfou we had been told that an Englishman had shot himself on board his boat, and had been buried

in the Coptic Church. It was not an Englishman, however, but a young Hungarian noble, Count Christophe Almàsy. There was only one European on board with him when the accident occurred, an Hungarian, whom he picked up at Assouan, and he avers that the dying man's last words were, "It was my own fault." He discharged his dragoman at Assouan five days before. The latter says that the deceased was very careless with his firearms. Then there are rumours — an actress of Vienna or Pesth; but the poor lad lies at rest in a strange land. He was found lying dead in his cabin, shot through the body below the breast, and the direction of the ball in a straight line, and the situation of the wound, afforded grounds for suspicion that other hands than his held the fatal weapon. So dragoman and crew are on their way to Cairo in irons, to await inquiry.

If Juvenal had spent years composed of such days as these, he could, perhaps, have borne his banishment when he thought of sævæ incendia urbis and the poetæ recitantes in mense Augusto. But what could he have done in inundation times, or in the terrible months from June to the end of September, when the earth is all water and the sky all fire? To some of us Assouan was a spot scarcely

less unwelcome than it must have been to the banished satirist. The Prince and Princess were good enough to express a wish that the Duke and his party should go on with them to the Second Cataract, but the difficulties—want of boats, of time, and deficiency of towing power—were not to be overcome; and it was with great regret we felt that the desire of our hearts could not be gratified. Many were the councils and the suggestions which were held over the matter. Her Royal Highness would not hear of any obstacle, and announced, "That it is decided—you are to come on with us." But, alas! there was the First Cataract—noisy, and ungentle, and resolute — above us. Our progress from Thebes to Assouan, interrupted though it had been by sand-banks, was delightful; but the description of a river flowing through a strip of cultivated land, which is bounded on both sides by ridges of limestone mountains, and is inhabited by the same sort of people, for ever engaged in the same work, and living in villages as like each other as two peas, is not apt to prove very attractive to general readers, even though a Prince and Princess be en voyage. One date-palm is like another, each water-wheel is very much the same as its neighbour, and the shadoofs vary only in the

number of lifts and of the men who work them; and as to the men — well, unless we go very close, they are all uncommonly similar in hue and dress, or want of it, though their rich brown is now and then diversified by the intense blackness of the Nubian's epidermis. The halt at sundown, which allowed every one to go on shore—*i. e.*, the next field on the bank—was looked for with pleasure, the crowning joy of the day—if it be not a bull to say so—being the soft cool hours when the stars twinkled and the moon shone aloft. Then we were invited to the hospitable saloon of the Royal yacht, where a gracious welcome awaited us, and a durbar was held till it was time to walk the plank, and seek each one his ship by the blazing torchlights, and sink to sleep, unmolested of mosquito, or nightly depredator. But if any one could have been transported to a reach of the grand old stream, and could have seen the Royal flotilla, he would have beheld a spectacle of no ordinary interest. The procession of steamers winding in and out, ribandwise, and twining along the bends in the river, with the sun flashing from the white sides and gilt mouldings of the ships, and reflected back from the burnished garniture of the saloons, was one of the prettiest sights possible. The Prince might be

seen standing beneath the awning, on the look-out for birds, with rifle and smooth-bore near at hand, his suite reading or lounging in the easy chairs on deck, and further aft, in a kind of boudoir, all bright with mirrors and golden-backed fauteuils and sofas, one could catch a glimpse of two ladies engaged in reading or sketching. And now all was to end!

February 22nd.—A day of small misadventures for Prince and Princess, and of sorrow pour nous autres. The Nile above Assouan breaks into several streams and meanders through rocky barren islands. It was arranged that Her Royal Highness should proceed by water to the foot of the First Cataract, three miles above Assouan, where donkeys were to be in waiting in charge of Abd-el-Kader, while the Prince went to pay a visit to Lady Duff Gordon, whose dahabeah lay a couple of miles above us. The Princess, attended by the Duke of Sutherland, the Hon. Mrs. Grey, Dr. Minter, Lord Carington, Captain Ellis, and Colonel Marshall, started in a heavy native boat, took a wrong branch of the river, and came to a bank of loose deep sand, on a bed of craggy rocks, under a glaring sun. The Prince, after paying his visit, proceeded to another point below the Cataract, and landed on a place exactly similar, some miles away. Abd-el-

Kader, who had posted far-seeing Arabs on the rocks, was in despair at the news that the Princess's boat was ascending the wrong channel. He dashed round with his corps of donkey-boys, to meet the Princess at the place to which the boat appeared to be going; but when the asses arrived, the Princess was not visible. By some lucky accident, two very wretched donkeys were near the spot where the Princess landed. They had neither saddle nor bridle. On the back of each was a pad without girths, and on these pads the Princess and Mrs. Grey had to poise themselves, and plod towards Philæ. The Princess laughed at her novel situation, and appeared to enjoy the newly-found property of balancing herself on a pad, without any girths. The gentlemen of the party were obliged to trudge on foot for three miles over sand into which the foot sank over the ankle at every step, alternating with rocky ridges and scattered stones and boulders. In an hour or so they came up with the Prince and Sir S. Baker, who had waited an hour and a half for their donkeys. The party halted to look at the performance of the Arabs, who swim down the boiling current of the First Cataract in the hope of baksheesh. It has been often described, but it must be seen by those who want to form

an idea of savage man as he battles with a mountain torrent, before civilization has washed the energy of his native force out of him. The spectators stand on rocks at the end of the fall, and distance lends decency to the black fellows, who leap in from a ledge one after the other, and in a moment are seen bobbing like the buoys of a fisherman's net, and then, with arms raised aloft alternately, are borne for a quarter of a mile whirling through the whitish foam to the feet of the spectators, and scramble up in their waistcloths to fight for baksheesh. An Arab is never drowned in the rush of waters. Several Englishmen have tried it, and have perished. While the Prince and Princess were continuing their ride towards Philæ, others, who had ridden over direct from Assouan—a route seven miles long over a most trying country, in a sun which would almost have cooked a beefsteak — arrived at the little village below the Island. It does not sound much, but the seven miles were, under the peculiar circumstances, the longest I ever travelled. At the foot, but not under the shade, of two castle-like crags of rock, we found pitched by the bank of the Nile a large tent in three compartments, handsomely carpeted, a dinner-tent capable of receiving forty guests, and

a couple of tents for the accommodation of the servants. Close at hand were the vessels to which the Royal party were to be transferred, and long strings of camels were coming over the Desert with stores, furniture, and baggage for the voyage to the Second Cataract. Refreshments had already been sent to the Island of Philæ, and thither, heated and thirsty, repaired the weary riders of stirrupless donkeys from Assouan. A rude bark ferried us over, and alongside our boat revelled Naiads, who floated on logs of wood, which they propelled by foot or hand with great ease, brown as the wood on which they lay in happy security. Here is a sketch of one of the water-nymphs of the Upper Nile and her companion.

We landed on the Sacred Island, which has employed so many pens and pencils in vain. In the blazing sun we wandered about the ruins and prostrate slabs and columns of the Temples. No wonder that visitors came here and ate the priests out of house and home, so that they petitioned Ptolemy to exempt them from the charge of providing them, and had their prayer allowed, as is duly recorded on the walls in Greek—an in terrorem to beggarly travellers. We had no priests to prey upon, and had our own provisions. There are two other inscriptions, which will explain themselves. The first is,—

"L'an VI de la République, le 13 messidor, une armée française, commandée par Bonaparte, est descendue à Alexandrie. L'armée ayant mis, vingt jours après, les Mamelouks en fuite aux Pyramides, Desaix, commandant la première division, les a poursuivis au delà des cataractes, où il est arrivé le 13 ventôse de l'an VII: les généraux de brigade, Davoust, Friant et Belliard; Donzelot, chef de l'état-major; Latournerie, commandant l'artillerie; Eppler, chef de la 21e légère; le 13 ventôse, an VII de la République, 3 mars, an de J. C. 1799."

The next is,—"R. F. An VII. Balzac, Coquebert, Corabœuf, Costaz, Coutelle, Lacipilère, Ripeault, Lepère, Méchain, Nouet, Lenoir, Nectoux, Saint-

Génis, Vincent, Dutertre, Savigny.—Long. depuis Paris, 30, 34, 16. Lat. boréale, 24, 1, 34."

The Royal party came not, and hour after hour passed away, amid increasing uneasiness, till just as we had taken boat again, and were returning to the opposite bank, the shrill cry of joy of the Nubian women was heard, and a group, among whom the Prince and Princess, and Mrs. Grey, were discernible, came in sight, making their way towards the landing-place, in the rays of the declining sun. On their return from Philæ, dinner was served in the large tent, in which a table was laid out very prettily. Our cook was in high delight at being selected to prepare the banquet, but prouder still was he of the bit of riband, which he fondly believed to have been worn by the Princess, and put on the black ram preserved from the knife on Saturday. As to the said ram, I regret to report unfavourably. It was so pampered the moment it became a favourite that it became unwell in body and evil in mind. Raisins, oranges, ratafia, candle-ends, cabbages, and bonbons are not, it appears, good diet for the sheep of the Desert. This, alas! was the farewell banquet.

After dinner, Captain Achmet Hassan proposed "The Health of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of the Duke of Sutherland," in English peculiar

to himself, but his speech was intelligible, and was received as the vivacious officer intended.

The Duke of Sutherland expressed the wishes of his party—"A prosperous voyage and happy return to the Prince and Princess," and proposed, "The Health of the Viceroy," for which Mourad Pasha returned thanks in an excellent speech, in French, giving "The Health of the Queen of England," which was drunk with great enthusiasm by the party upstanding, and with many cheers. By the light of the moon the guests, broken into groups, sat by the river bank, listening to the songs of the Arabs and to the "music" of native performers, till it was time to go, some to the boats, others across the Desert to Assouan, whilst a few resolved to gratify their taste for camping out, by sleeping on the ground, in one of the tents.

February 23rd.—The exertions and fatigues of the previous day infused a certain amount of languor into the movements of the tourists.

The Duke of Sutherland, Lord Stafford, Lord A. L. Gower, and myself, who composed the party designed expressly for the purpose of getting up to see the sun rise, were not so fortunate as we deserved to be, for the sun would insist on rising before we did, and the result was, that only one of the

hardy persons who slept in the tent, roused by the tremendous war-cry of the Princess's donkey, awoke; and he, patriarch like, gazed out in solitary silence on the sand-hills and rocks, warming into life under the touch of the golden rays which struck the Desert from the top of the crags beneath which the tents were pitched.

A wonderful breakfast was spread in the large marquee—fresh fish from the Nile, of strange scale, said to be good by those who tasted them, and a succession of dishes very good for the latitude and longitude. The human vultures came slowly dropping in from Assouan on asses' and camels' backs to the feast. After breakfast the Princess, notwithstanding the heat, which the absence of any breeze rendered very trying, was rowed round the Island of Philæ.

There was much to be done in shifting and arranging on board the dahabeahs and the steamer; and there was a good deal of quiet "looking on" as the natives conducted the operations.

The Viceroy's French servants and the horses meanwhile were sent on shore, and the baggage reduced to the smallest compass. But still the Royal boats were full enough, and Arabs, Egyptian sailors, boxes of provisions, coops of fowl and turkeys, and live-stock, lumbered the decks.

In the dahabeah with the Prince and Princess were Mrs. Grey and Prince Louis of Battenberg; in the second boat Colonel Teesdale, Lord Carington, Sir S. Baker, Mourad Pasha, Mr. Montagu, Captain Ellis, Dr. Minter, and Mr. Brierly; and beds for two were laid on deck under an awning, as the accommodation was limited. A third boat, laden with coal and provisions, was towed by the small steamer in which the Royal domestics and attendants were embarked, and in which the cooking was carried on. It was past 3 o'clock before all the preparations for the upward voyage were complete.

Long time loth to depart, we halted on the bank; but at last the hour came for the Royal party, in diminished state, to start on their course to the Second Cataract. The Prince and Princess received the Duke of Sutherland and his friends, and Colonel Stanton, Major Alison, and Sir H. Pelly, who were returning to Thebes, on board, and with many sincere expressions of respect, and hearty wishes for their prosperous journey and happiness, we bade their Royal Highnesses good-bye, and returned to Assouan, in order to descend the Nile to Cairo. To use the words of a little diary I have seen, "We were all very sorry to part company."

CHAPTER XI.

A DILEMMA.—LADY DUFF GORDON.—DOWN THE RIVER. — JUDGMENT AND EXECUTION. — AN ORDER FOR TURKEYS.

"I DO perceive here a divided duty." I am in what would in familiar speech be termed "a fix." The Prince and Princess have, to our infinite regret, separated from the party with which I am travelling, and are bound up the river, which we are about to descend. The Duke and his friends are setting out for home in a few days after their arrival in the Egyptian capital. It is plain that I can no longer write from my own knowledge of what occurs as the Royal travellers stem the stream. They are in the hands, so to speak, of Sir Samuel Baker, who does not pretend to any acquaintance with this Lower Nile, and whose Arabic, as he approaches the regions in which he learned his pronunciation of the language, comes into play. Whilst they are away, I must pass the time as best I can, for the Prince was good enough to desire, as I had no

pressing engagements compelling me to return to England with my party, that I would meet or await him at Cairo. Assouan has no abiding place. At Thebes, indeed, I might halt for a while, as Colonel Stanton is to stay at Luxor, on his way down, in order to dig for antiquarian treasures in hallowed ground sasigned to the Prince.* But success is doubtful, and as it is, his steamer does not contain much extra accommodation. Then how hard it would be to part with those who have been my companions for many miles and hours, and who have made them pass so pleasantly away! I am compelled to ask my readers to leave the Royal party for a while, and to come with us down the Nile, share an excursion to Jerusalem, revisit the Suez Canal, and so return to Cairo, where they will find the Prince and Princess, with whom we will travel together till their wanderings in the East are brought to a close.

On our way back from Philæ to Assouan, the Duke and some of his party paid a visit to Lady Duff Gordon, whose "Letters" on Egypt had proved so interesting on our voyage. The Prince's visit

* It is a way the Viceroy has of according favours to his friends. Thus Lord Dufferin has a digging of which he granted the usufruct to the Duke in case he was inclined to prosecute researches.

caused her very great pleasure and cheered her exceedingly. Her son had been down to the flotilla several times, and gave but sorry accounts of her health—the sad cause of her exile for so many years from home and family. At any moment her life, hanging on a slender thread, might cease. The warmth of her nature has been touched by the apparent degradation of the Egyptian people, and in her letters she has written of the Government, and especially of Ismail Pasha, with great severity. Her physical weakness rendered her dependent on others, and there is no doubt that, perceiving the direction of her mind and the tendency of her inquiries, those around her were disposed to exaggerate any acts which seemed repressive or harsh, and to find out causes of complaint. Some time ago Lady Gordon resided in rickety rooms, constructed of very frail materials, in a story of a ruined temple at Luxor; but now she lives in a dahabeah, which is at present moored above the town of Assouan, in a sort of pool a couple of miles below the Falls or Cataract. Most travellers call on the invalid, and find it worth their while, if they are received, for her conversation is spirituel and animated, and she has a great deal of information, rather about the people, however, than the country. We found our Mr. Duff Gordon on board the boat, which was in

the full blaze of the sun, but was covered in on deck; a modest but not uncomfortable dahabeah, with a group of natives on deck, among whom we recognized Lady Gordon's often-quoted dragoman without the need of any description.

The lady was reclining on a sofa in the cabin, which was cool and airy. Her face, notwithstanding traces of severe illness, presented in its fine outlines a type of distinction and refinement, and her clear deep eyes looked out on the world with an expression full of sincerity and enthusiasm. But her features were worn, and the hectic on her cheek, the colour of her lips, and her wasted hands and frame, prepared one for the difficulty with which she spoke, and for the cough and catching of the breath which interrupted her conversation. She wore a long, loose, oriental robe, and a fez cap, beneath which appeared her hair, fast turning white, cut short all round. At this time there is an unusual trouble upon the poor lady. A French newspaper, seizing on a passage in one of her letters written long ago, in which she described the misery of the fellaheen and rated the Viceroy very sharply, has a bitter article on the reported engagements of Mdlle. Schneider and other expensive artists for the Cairo Theatre. Ismail Pasha has been made aware of the attack, and is said to be much incensed against the

writer. Indeed, Lady Duff Gordon believes that she is scarcely safe, poor lady, and is sure that Omar, her dragoman, will fall on evil days when she is no more. I find that the most—as they seem to me—extravagant notions prevail respecting the Government at Cairo. Poisoning, strangling, drowning, are said to be common modes of getting rid of obnoxious persons. But in one case given by Lady Gordon, of a wealthy native gentleman exiled for some slight offence to certain death in Fezegoloo, it was stated to us that the man was alive and well on his estates on good English authority. Lady Gordon led the conversation to the condition of the Egyptian peasantry, and was giving an account of the apathy of the Viceroy in the presence of the famine in Upper Egypt now imminent, when Omar, who came in with pipes and coffee, interposed, and said that so many thousand measures of corn had just been sent up for the people. Perhaps this information might not have been forthcoming had we not been present. Our visit lasted only half an hour, as we were obliged to get on board our steamer and prepare for the return voyage.*

When we got back to Assouan, a telegraphic despatch from Lord Clarendon was awaiting the

* Since the above lines were written, intelligence has reached England of the death of Lady Duff Gordon.

Consul-General, to be forwarded to the Prince, which was sent off by dromedary about 5 o'clock, and which the Prince received next day.

The telegraph wires are stretched (with the exception of one break in the Desert) away to distant Dongola. The posts are visible as we follow the course of the river, on the banks of which plod the reluctant camel and the patient peasantry. Pharaoh is bent on swift intercourse with all parts of his far-reaching viceroyalty. The water-wheel in use thousands of years ago works creakingly by the side of the stream, along which stretch the silent wires. Before the smoke of the little fleet has been lost to the view of the half-scared labourers who stare at the pageant, Cairo knows how the guests of the Viceroy are speeding and faring on their way, as his steamers stem the current towards that mystic South, where, hid in the mountains of an unknown continent, lie the sources of the great river which has been a wonder through all the centuries that man can count in his history.

Cook's tourists have also arrived! Their steamers are just below us in the stream. The tourists are all over the place. Some are bathing off the banks; others, with eccentric head-dresses, are toiling through the deep sand, after an abortive attempt to reach Philæ.

They are just beaten by a head in the race! Another day, and the Prince and Princess would have been at their mercy. It is whispered that various unexpected causes of delay occurred down the river—that coal was short; that supplies of provisions failed at certain places; that the steamers went aground very often. At all events, the tourists were just too late, and they return to-morrow, disconsolate.

Wednesday, February 24th.—When we got up this morning, our steamer was many miles north of Assouan, which we left at daybreak. She floundered, now aground, now afloat, over the shoals at Silsilis—the narrowest part of the river, by the bye—followed by the Consul's steamer; and in the evening she reached Esné, ninety-two miles, and moored for the night. There was nothing to be done all day but take long shots at birds on the banks with rifles. Once a deadly tube was levelled at what was pronounced to be a crocodile. In another instant, who knows what would have happened?—for just as the finger was tightening on the trigger, a man made out with a glass the object to be an Arab rolled up in his cloak asleep on the sand! Every one says we ought to have stopped for an hour at Silsilis, where there are most interesting remains, and very ancient and

renowned quarries. Every one asks why we did not stop, and no one answers the question.

February 25th.—A hot wind. Ran down from Esné rapidly, and reached Thebes (Luxor) at breakfast-time (thirty-two miles). Went on shore; called on Mustapha Aga, who made presents of scarabs all round. Wandered over the place all day, and made a most delightful excursion, in the bright moonlight, to Karnak, where we mounted up to the top of a gigantic pylon, and sat watching the stars, and talking mild philosophy, far into the night. I am not sure that the ruins were not more impressive in their silent vastness, with the moonbeams resting on the broken walls, and casting mysterious shadows across the mighty halls, than they were when touched up with red, blue, and green—nay, I am sure they were. Perched up here, one can almost agree with Hekekyan Bey, that the eye of the ancient priest was a better astronomical instrument than a six-foot achromatic, that is, under the conditions he specified. "With his senses purified by fasting, and his mind cleared by vigil, the Pharaohonic astronomer, coming out of a dark chamber in the heart of the pyramid and taking his lonely stand on the level ledge, could observe the motions of the heavenly bodies, and detect

their actions, at least as well as the modern philosopher, who has been eating rich meats and drinking wines, although he may have fine optical instruments to aid him." The quantity of wine would certainly have something to do with the matter.

February 26th.—It was after 6 o'clock when our steamer, towing a felucca, in which the Princess's sheep was a forecastle passenger, left Luxor, lighted equally by sun and moon. Colonel Stanton remained at Thebes, with Sir Henry Pelly and Major Alison to assist in his explorations. Mustapha Aga was not visible, but Said, his son, bound on occult errands, took a passage with us. We reached Keneh at 11 o'clock. The Consular Agent's son came on board, and invited us to a banquet in the town. It would be interesting to ascertain what idea our Consular person at Keneh has of the empire he represents. The representative of Said Hamed Omazeen received the translation of the Duke's speech refusing the invitation, and explaining that we were making for Cairo with all speed, with obvious disappointment.

As some consolation, the Duke and party wrote their names on a sheet of note-paper, which gave him every satisfaction. There was at all events no need of imitating the caution of Talleyrand on a

similar occasion. Here Said of Luxor left us, and was seen glorious on a donkey, vanishing like a shadow, desertwards, followed by another animal of the same kind laden with his bed. Oh! Said, where is my —— No! perhaps you forget all about it, and I will not jog your memory. Whilst the steamer was coaling, great excitement was extracted out of the accidental appearance of an empty bottle in the river. At the sight some mud-coloured Egyptians, who had been sitting in a boat near at hand, silent and motionless as so many Sphinges, bounded into life, threw off their simple garments, and dashed into the flood. They are strong swimmers, these Arabs. They swim edgeways, throwing aloft their arms alternately, and dragging them through the water so that the head and shoulders rise out of the stream, as they strike powerfully down with their legs. The empty bottle bobbed up and down in the current, and one fine young fellah, running through his horses, seized it, and returned triumphantly to shore. The fun was not allowed to slacken for want of material. The Nile bristled with empty bottles, and the water was alive with black shaven heads, belonging to vigorous bodies and contending arms. One master executed a feat; caught two bottles in one hand, held a

third in the other, and pushed a fourth before him with his chest. The hand with the two bottles was held aloft, the other he used to keep his course, and thus, after performing a tour de force in the water which it would puzzle many a champion swimmer at home to accomplish in such a stream, he gained the edge of the boat from which he leaped.

Soon after leaving Keneh, the steamer alighted on a sand-bank, and Ali Captan sacrificed several of the crew to his divine rage at the water being so low, or the land being so high, and abused all the natives visible on shore in very effective Arabic. In vain the crew poled in the way in vogue in Thames steamers when they got aground about Kew, or Hampton Court. In vain boats filled with chocolate-coloured fellahs, who leaped into the water neck high, and shoved with all their force—little it must have been in such a case, as they could scarcely keep their legs—came off from shore in quick succession; it was only by putting out an anchor, and working on it with hawsers, that we backed off the steamer, after an hour's hard work. In an hour more the vessel stuck again. Once more there came from shore a swarm of fellahs, who grunted like a marsh full of frogs, their heads alone above the flood; muscular fellows, with square high shoulders and

narrow hips, the type of the ancient race depicted in the temples; light and thin, but, as a rule, fairly grown and well made. They feed on the coarsest bread, pulses, and maize. Their sole drink is water. Not one had bad or discoloured teeth. When a boat alongside, which F. M. and myself strove to keep from crushing them, by fending off from the saloon windows, swerved in, they were obliged to crouch down up to their noses. Some of the shorter went quite under, and, cork-like, bobbed up again. Although the sun was hot, they shivered, with chattering teeth, as if it were mid-winter. At 6 o'clock the ship was put round, and made fast to the left bank, at Reiseah, a very poor village, surrounded as usual by date and doum trees. This grounding cost us two whole hours, and our craft gave signs of rough usage in extra creaking and shaking. It was full moon, and after dinner some of us strolled on shore, and had an opportunity of inspecting the working of the police system, which is really as perfect as that of London—in some respects, at all events. If dogs will bark at roving Englishmen, roving Englishmen will pelt dogs. A yelping of many dog power, caused by the overthrow of a huge cur by a well aimed brickbat, eliminated from some shaded retreat a native gentleman, armed with a sharp short spear,

who "invited" the truants to return to their ship in vain. He sent off a comrade, who returned with an ancient firelock, and his feelings "may be more readily imagined than described" when he saw the illustrious strangers turning their faces towards the river and yielding to timid solicitations, which indeed they did not need, as the dogs had all fled.

Having achieved this victory, the man of the spear

and the man of the firelock sat down on the bank by our watch-fire, and awaited events. It so happened

that there was a great one to wind up our night. Between the Italian intendance and the Egyptian crew, from Captain to lamp-lighter, there was a great gulf fixed, in which raged a sea of acrimony and distrust. From time to time wine had been missed on board, and suspicion, like an agitated sparrow, flew from place to place, and rested on head after head. Now, however, for an anonymous person, employed to act as an animated lighthouse on shore when the steamer moored for the night, hitherto in moderate repute, some malignant star rose. He was caught by Giovanni's brother gliding away with two bottles of our finest Sauterne. Terentio, joyous, came swift to the saloon, and advised Ali Risa of the fact. That much-besought-after officer laid aside his cigar, hastened on deck, held court, and pronounced sentence. Oh, Allah! How the silent night was rendered hideous by the edict of that righteous and not over stern judge! As Anonymous had offended on former occasions by staring at the Prince and Princess—as moreover there was reason to think he was the committer of many a previous larceny — the sentence was that he be then and there put over the side, and allowed to find his way to Cairo as well as he could. His worldly goods consisted of a piece of sackcloth, a bottle, and a ragged calico gown, and these were

handed over the gangway readily. But their owner was a stout fellow, and desperate. His shouts were fiendish; he resisted fiercely the efforts of four men to eject him, till with a shove all together he was sent bounding on shore, where the policemen and a sheik seated by the watch-fire were the only spectators of his calamity. How he screamed and yelled, and invoked the moon to hear him! How he called on the Duke to protect him, and cited a long life of unblemished reputation and the names of famous ancestors as proofs of his innocence! He danced on the beach, kicked out the watch-fire, and for more than an hour kept shouting and appealing to Ali Risa. At last the latter lost all patience, called to sheik and policemen, and the delinquent was swiftly carried away into the interior, in a tempest of outcries which was worthy of an angry menagerie. Spirits of mischief were on the wing. As we were sitting quietly in the cabin shortly after this, bang went a gun in the village. After a minute the report of a musket was heard from the opposite shore —then another; and so in a moment of enthusiasm I took out a Colt, which had been loaded the day before the first unlucky Battle of Bull Run, and discharged barrel after barrel towards the opposite shore, silencing the enemy's fire, and extorting the admira-

tion of the sheik and policemen. What the firing was about no one could divine, but more than one heard the singing of a bullet. It is probable the shots were fired by village watchmen to show they were on the alert. There are robbers on the river, and there is perturbation concerning a Greco-Italian who is missing. He was apparently of a trustful or ostentatious character, for he showed gold and silver, to be observed of men in all places. Setting out from Sioot on a mule of well-known perversity, he was entreated by the Governor not to proceed, but he was as obstinate as the animal itself. Well, the mule never pulled up till it reached a station fourteen hours from Sioot, where hunger induced the quadruped to halt the next morning. The sheik of the town begged the traveller to change mules. But he would not: he mounted once more, and he may be making straight for the Mountains of the Moon, for man or mule have not been heard of since, and anxious inquiries have been already made after him by the Government, acted on by the consul, from Cairo.

Saturday, February 27th.—We left Reiseah, the City of the Outcast, rather too long after day-break. Our captain, for an Egyptian, is not very matinal, and such a shock as he had to his nervous system last night is not easily recovered.

There is a perceptible coldness in the air when the sleeping-cabin window is opened by the early riser; he is more apt to feel a sharp wind than he was a week ago. We are running against the ever-blowing north breeze, instead of going with it. Last night the air was so chilly I was glad to gather up the discarded quilted cotton bed-cover, and draw it over the blankets. In council last night it was decided to stop at Girgeh, in order to visit the temples and ruins at Abydus; but when the morning broke a change fell upon us. The day turned out to be an abominable anachronism — a dim, watery sky, a wind driving sand and dust, and not a ray of accustomed sunshine. Belianeh is the proper place to land if the traveller desires to go to Abydus; but Ali Risa stated that no donkeys could be procured there, as we had made no previous arrangements for the purpose, and that we must go on to Girgeh. So speeding on, men became vacuous as to Abydus. Murray was furtively looked at and laid aside. It could not be said he gave the least encouragement to any one desirous of shirking Abydus on the ground that it was destitute of interest. Hamed was consulted: he declared roundly that it took two hours and a half to go to Abydus on the very best donkeys, and

that a fair average was three hours—then an hour at least would be needed for the most hasty survey of the ruins, so that it would be dark ere we could get back to Girgeh, and then it would be too late to move that night. Need I say what the result was? At 10.40 A.M. The Ornament of the Two Seas swept past Girgeh in triumph. No doubt most of us flattered ourselves that in a good time coming we shall visit Abydus with a favouring wind and no dust.

The skipper relieved the monotony of the course by occasionally arranging attachments between the bottom of the ship and the bed of the Nile, and, rightly or wrongly, came in for a good deal of the censure which is like to be sent forth from travellers vexed with flies and idleness. Mem. as to flies—a veil with large net, or a piece of coarse gauze, stretched over a sheet of pasteboard, with a hole cut in it to fit the head, is a very good fly-phylactic—I invented it in India, and used it with marked success. You can breathe, read, and write with your head-dress on, and if you wear gloves you will be quite able to set at defiance the loathsome, fat, filthy, persecuting plagues, and enjoy their mortification even though you be laughed at for your strange guise.

At Souhadj, where the steamer halted for nearly an hour to take in coal, there was a repetition of the scenes so familiar at every town along the banks of the Nile. The same women busy drawing water, washing feet and legs, crouching on the sand, or stalking away, with water-jars on their heads, like stately animals going to their lairs—the same children along the banks—the same men, in blue gowns and white turbans, squatted in the same sized coteries. Ali Risa went on shore and took up with the same manner of sheiks as he met before. Collections of mudirs, scribes, and cavasses were at hand to welcome him, as if they had all hurried on from the last station. The same old men and boys, in tattered clothes, came on board with the same small bags full of coal, and emptied them into the bunkers; and as for houses, date-trees, and pigeon colonies and buzzards, it would be hard to say in what they differed from those seen anywhere else in our course up and down. Souhadj is a city of great importance, and promises, if not washed away by the Nile, to become greater. At the spot where the steamer was fastened, there were one doctor and two sheiks, three sheep, two donkeys, saddled, one buffalo calf, three black boys, three women with

veiled heads, a dim-eyed, toothless hadjee of great size, smoking a short chibouque, and seven fellahs, all packed on top of water-jars and bags of merchandise in a small craft, sunk down to the mud-plastered gunwales. The buffalo mother, with a rope fastened round her nostrils, in charge of a lad on shore, stared, with that peculiar wild look which marks the animal, at her disconsolate calf; but she was not to be separated, for the lad swam off with the end of the rope, which was made fast to the side, and then, as the sail was loosed, the poor creature was dragged along, struggling and blowing, and half-drowning in the water, till her struggles threatened to overturn the boat, and she was cast off to return to shore, where she stood, piteously calling to her young one, till she was butted on board a larger boat to join it at the other side. Another skiff crammed full of shrouded women, turbaned men, asses, goats, sheep, a horse, general merchandise, and children was also bound to the other bank of the river, because the administration was supposed to be less severe. Migration is much in favour still in Egypt. Half a village will vanish in a night, with a celerity and completeness to be envied by the less expert practitioners in more civilized lands.

The Governor, poor man! was in much distress at the receipt of an order to send 2,000 turkeys to Cairo for the purpose of assisting at feasts to be given on the occasion of the marriage of one of the Viceroy's daughters. But that is not all. If our interpreters were not wrong in gathering up and rendering the rumours which perplexed the councils of Souhadj, a similar order had been sent to each of the eight governors of provinces; so that an army of 16,000 turkeys is demanded by the agents of the Viceroy. The fellahs are driven into a market which has, of course, followed the usual law of supply and demand. They pay 100 piastres for a turkey, and they get only 20 or 25 piastres from the Government.

We left Souhadj with every wish for the success of the worthy Governor in bagging his birds, and delved through the river under great crags, perforated with mummy caves, which rise above the eastern bank. When Ali Captan was minded to run in shore at sundown, for the night, the suppressed energies of certain among us were aroused, and he was forced to go on for a place marked Teme in Leake's map. It is not easy to imagine what satisfaction is caused by a little triumph of this sort over surrounding functionaries, or the proportionate prostration of the

official mind at being thwarted in the selection of time and place for the conclusion of the day. A lazy man, who wished to gain a reputation for active habits, caused some resentment by objecting to the compulsory proceeding on the ground that he would have liked to have gone on shore for half an hour to take a walk before dark; which hypothetical perambulation he insinuated he would have indulged in had the Captain been allowed to take up his quarters at an earlier hour.

At night the wind fell—it would appear to be its wont at this time of year in the evening—and the moon, after a conflict with a screen of encumbering clouds, cast them off, and sailed forth into a blue clear sea of sky; a small moon, however, neither so bright nor so large as we see her in less genial lands, nearer the cold and vaporous North.

CHAPTER XII.

MASHALLAH.—THE MUDIR OF SIOOT.—MINIEH.—AN EGYPTIAN SPECIAL.—CAIRO AGAIN.—THE PARTING.

February 28th.—"Hope told a flattering tale" last night, and so did Ali Risa. We fondly believed both. There is some glimmering of reason in these Dougal creatures on the Nile, who so obstinately refuse to satisfy the craving, boring, persistent infidel, who asks for ever, "When shall we arrive? How long will it take us?" Their answer is something to this effect. "It depends on my running you on sand-banks or not—also, on collisions—or many things, in fact, which prevent my saying more than 'God grant you facilities.'" That is, they utter the latter part of this little process of reasoning, and leave the other part to be inferred. Our itinerary was made out without "Inshallah!" or "Mashallah!" Last night it was agreed and determined we would be at Sioot in three hours after starting from Teme, and coal there; then move on

as fast as we could, and if we did not reach Minieh, at all events to touch Rhoda for the night, and then to go on to Minieh, so as to reach Cairo before dinner that day. It was half-past 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and we had left Teme five hours. Sipot was in sight—two minarets peering above a grove of palm-trees. Suddenly there was a tremendous thumping of feet and shouting over head. Ali Captan had again found a soft spot, and had run The Ornament of the Two Seas on it with much vigour, amid a crowd of sailing boats, the owners and crews of which were engaged in praying for him heartily. Now, generally I am disposed to find excuses for the contretemps which occur to Ali Captan; but on this occasion my gun was spiked, for the aforesaid Ali, having seen these dahabeahs hard aground in the river, made right at them, in spite of frantic cries of "You will be lost! Do not go on! You will be lost!" Ali Captan, with his head wrapped in a yellow and red silk sash with long ends, hands and arms drooping like the wings of a gorged vulture, and knees bent feebly, as if deprecating fate, stood the image of nautical incompetence, cuffing his crew at intervals, and administering back-handers to any stray mariner whose activity marked him for special punishment. "Yellah! yellah!" stamp and go—

something is moving. It is the kedge—Ali Captan for some time thinks it is the ship. When he finds it's the kedge, he says and does evil things. It is a lovely morning—rather fresh, but sunny and breezy. "Hippo," our beloved Hamed, unconsciously attributing to us the feeling which M. de Voltaire ascribed to all Englishmen, suggests that "it is bad for gentlemen to be shut like this way—why not take felucca, and land with gun and kill something?" But we await events on board. It was now past 11 o'clock. It was discovered that Ali Captan was going to make The Ornament of the Two Seas a terrestrial fixture at last by pulling her bodily up on a shallow; so the kedge was lifted and carried to another spot. "Yellah! yellah!" "With the help of God!" Stamp and go, again. She stirs not—Nubian and fellah, and sailor and Italian waiter, cooks and stray hands, work away and strain on the hawser! Hundreds accumulate on hundreds. Hurrah! She moves at last! In an hour we were afloat again! The old Reis, with his pole, keeps sounding conscientiously at the bow as we thread through narrows and shoals. The delay in getting off a vessel going northward with the stream is much greater, naturally, than that caused by running aground when ascending. We are now, 12.43, hard and fast once more! One o'clock,

still hard and fast—6 feet water at the bow, 2½ amidships—all hands shouting and hauling, and boats coming alongside with hundreds of men to shove us off. All the sheiks around for miles have been summoned to do service, and a gathering of the clans is taking place. We were getting our heavy baggage and ship's stores into boats alongside to lighten the steamer, and it was rather a blue look-out.

A great expanse of blowing sand, above which appeared the mountain ranges bordering the Desert —date-trees and mountains formed our landscape. The fellahs cared very little about the scenery; our decks swarmed with them, teeth chattering, shivering, and making expressive pantomime to indicate that they were hungry and thirsty. Some of our party were rowed off to a sand-bank, and proceeded on foot to Sioot. At last there was a tremendous effort—pole, kedge, hawser—all at once. Once more we float in the stream.

These are incidents of travel when the Nile is low. If a voyager be in no great hurry, it is of no consequence to run aground every hour or so. The operation of "butting" the steamer off is rather interesting, and the facility with which thousands of men are gathered by the sheiks, and the alacrity with which the poor fellahs work, render the operation very

novel to a European, who cannot understand how men should be so devoted to the interests of others without the smallest recompense. This involuntary labour, no doubt, is familiar for many generations to the dwellers in this land, whose ancestors are depicted in the temples hauling great ships over land, just as they transported, by sheer force, the gigantic blocks which formed their temples. It is no exaggeration to say that, for the rest of our course, the ship was almost as much driven through sand and mud as through water.

We arrived at Sioot a little before sunset; and soon after our steamer moored, Mr. Cook's tourists hove in sight, and bore down on the city. As we came up to the landing-place we observed a crowd of people lining the high bank, in evident commotion. A steamer appeared, with flags flying; and as she approached the bank discharges of musketry, answered by loud cries on shore, announced some unusual event. She was crowded with soldiers and cavasses. The cause of all this agitation was the success of the Governor in a military expedition. The trophies of his victory were five miserable-looking Arabs, bound with cords, dragging blocks of wood attached by chains to their legs, who were surrounded by cavasses and soldiers, and hurried off to prison. Each of

these men produced a furore in the crowd, and from time to time the popular joy found expression in discharges of firelocks and pistols, and murmurs of admiration. At last the Mudir himself appeared, flushed with victory—indeed, so elated that he scarcely condescended to put his feet upon the ground. How the world is given to servility! This little Mudir found a whole knot of courtiers, salaaming to the earth, seizing the tail of his rather dirty tunic, and assisting with eager hands his ascent of the bank. The fat little sheiks became absolutely lively, and quivered with emotion, as they welcomed him. Ali Risa came forward to express our pleasure at seeing the victorious general safely back from his expedition. But for the moment the Mudir had soared far above Dukes and Beys and the like. With a wave of his hand he passed Ali Risa and went his way on his ass to the city, followed by the whole mass of the people. "One would think," said Ali Risa, "he was returning from the capture of Sebastopol." The prisoners were part of a band of a tribe of Arabs rather troublesome to the good people of Sioot, who had fallen upon some camels, and were carrying them off through the Desert for sale at Cairo. It is a practice among the Arabs. They espy a string of camels in the cultivated land, make a dash, hurry them off into the Desert,

where the fellahs dare not follow them, and then, by forced journeys, avoiding all the cultivated lands, make their way towards some large city, where they sell the beasts, and return to the wilderness. They had not, however, reckoned upon the uses of the electric telegraph. It seems scarcely fair play to work the telegraph and the Bedoueen together. The Governor heard where they were, and hurrying on board a steamer, descended the Nile swiftly, landed, and, cutting across the narrow strip of cultivated land, fell upon the Arabs, and seized the camels, which, in spite of certain marks recognized by the lawful owners, they declared belonged to them. There was a scuffle, in which two Arabs were wounded and others escaped into the Desert; but the Mudir's victory was bloodless to his own people. After dinner we intended to visit Sioot, and to see a dance, which was commanded beforehand. Ali Risa ordered donkeys to be in readiness, but no donkeys were to be seen when we walked on shore. The torch-bearers had left to the bright moon the task, which it well fulfilled, of lighting up the scene. Ali Risa stamped and shouted in vain; no one appeared. At last Colonel Marshall and Lord Albert Gower, becoming impatient, declared they would walk to the town, a couple of miles away. They started along the

elevated causeway, lined by magnificent trees, beneath the shade of which we watched their figures receding until they were lost in the grey obscurity. "The donkey boys," quoth Ali Risa, "are sure to come. They will get such a beating if they do not!" But they came not; so the rest of the party followed the example of their fellows, and set out towards the town. Not a soul was visible, not a sound to be heard, except the cry of some wild beast afar off in the fields, or of the night-jar flickering about the trees. We were about half way towards the city, when two figures sprang out of the shade of the trees, and nearly met with a warm reception before they were identified. It was the two Life Guardsmen who had preceded us en vedette. "Hallo! what are you fellows doing here?" To our inquiries no satisfaction was vouchsafed, and we continued our march, F. M. and A. G. evidently big with some important secret affecting our future destiny. At a bend in the road, a glint of moonlight, breaking through the trees, fell upon a group of men. As we approached, these men threw themselves across our path, bristling with lances, swords, pistols, guns. Ali Risa, confident and smiling, advanced to the leader, and said a few words, to which there was a gruff reply. Ali Risa raised his voice. To

whom the leader made a loud response, aided by a corresponding chorus of his followers. "They are quite mad," said Ali Risa, in English; "they refuse to let us pass! This fool of a Governor!" Then he burst into Arabic, threatening the vengeance of all the terrestrial powers in Egypt, if the great Duke, the Khedive's bosom friend, were stopped on the high road. It was now evident why the donkeys were not forthcoming. The Pasha had forbidden the boys to leave the town. The guard had been posted with positive orders to prevent our going to the city. Every one's blood was up. Ali Risa gesticulated, stamped (I am afraid, swore), in a manner awful and wonderful. There was an evident yielding about the stomachs of the band, a quivering about their belts, a gentle retrocession of pistol handles, and raising of lance points, as Ali Risa, adjuring, vociferating, and shaking his fist, fulminated against the Mudir, and roused up all the sleeping dogs of Sioot 'afar. The resolution and badinage of the strangers, who kept steadily pressing against the bearded warriors, produced also due effect. At last, closing our files, we all pushed past the wavering chief. The band were taken by surprise. We tramped on towards the city, surrounded by the

patrol, in evident consternation and infirmity of purpose. We entered by the narrow lane which leads to the small market-place. Apparently the whole city was asleep, although it was not much more than half after 8 o'clock. Advancing down a tortuous street, we arrived at the gate of the Bazaar. It was closed. With violent kicks and hammering of big stones, the gate, resounding, amidst the din of baying dogs indescribable, was urged to the utmost. Presently the tramp of feet inside was heard, and the challenge of the guardians. "Open!" cried Ali Risa; "open to the friend of the Viceroy!" Probably the summons was still more terrible. The heavy bolts were withdrawn, the gates unlocked, and we entered the Bazaar, lighted up by the moon, which revealed the shadows of dogs as they fled, or the form of some mendicant, wrapped up in his cloak, raising his sleepy head to stare at the procession of strangers. Every bazaar and quarter of the town was fastened up in a similar way, and each was opened in the same fashion. Ali Risa was in former times the Lieutenant-Governor of Sioot, and the police by degrees recognized their old master. A great fear then fell upon the people who had denied us admission. Still there was no dance.

The dancers, in compliance with the Governor's order, had retired or hidden themselves. At length one very old man and a little boy with their musical instruments were produced, and we were led to the roof of the house to see a fat old woman dance by the light of a cocoanut-oil lamp. It was concluded that the sport was not worth the candle, and we descended to the street, to return on board the steamer. What a change was there now! A whole squadron of donkey-boys and troops of donkeys were waiting, and conspicuous in the midst the milk-white ass of the Pasha himself, with its scarlet and gold trappings. So our return to the steamer was effected in great state, and the very patrol acted as a guard of honour.

The only hypothesis which occurred to us was that the Mudir's head was turned by his martial exploits, or that he mistook our party for the tourists.

It fared ill with this poor man eventually—not that he deserved sympathy, if what we heard of him were true. A semi-savage, harsh old soldier of Ibrahim Pasha, he had been made a Governor to reward services for campaigns in the Soudan.

March 1st.—We left Sioot early and proceeded on our way to Minieh, and after several flirtations with sand-banks, arrived at our destination a little after

2 P.M. A special train had been ordered by the Viceroy's officers, but it was not quite in readiness. Provisions, stores, servants, had to be landed, and there was also a delicate little operation to be performed by the Duke, who was seen engaged with the faithful Alister making up sundry rouleaus in some way connected with that process of baksheesh which attaches itself to great and small in all transactions of Egyptian life. It was near 7 o'clock before the train was loaded. Mr. Betts, who came from Cairo to take charge, was somewhat anxious, as the journey was the first ever made over the line by express train at night. Nor did we altogether refrain from sharing his solicitude, when he informed us that camels were in the habit of selecting the line for a promenade in the dark, and that a ship of the desert laden with sugar-cane would present obstacle enough to throw the engine off the rails. To us it seemed as if a fly would have sufficed for that end. We ceased to wonder at or admire the short time taken in the construction of this remarkable line. Such jolting, bounding, swerving as the train was exposed to! It leaped and oscillated so that every instant seemed to announce a crisis. But use breeds contempt, and when we were safely delivered at the Gizeh station, on the west bank of the river, at 2 o'clock next morning,

most of us had enjoyed a sleep. The 147 miles from Minieh had taken seven hours, including stoppages for supper, and for the refreshment of man and engine; but the imperfect construction of the line made one fancy the speed was far greater. The station is several miles from the Bridge of Boats by which we had to cross to the city of Cairo. Beys and Viceregal officials, with carriages, mounted cavasses, &c., were all in attendance to receive the Duke and his party, and to conduct them to the palace, which we found just as we had left it. In the morning we received invitations to the Viceroy's to witness a theatrical representation, and as a curiosity here is a copy of the bill of the play:—

Programme

DE LA

RÉPRÉSENTATION DRAMATIQUE ET MUSICALE

Donnée au Palais de KASR-EL-NIL, Le Mardi, 2 Mars 1869, à 8 h. 1/2 du soir.

TAMBOUR BATTANT,

Comédie-Vaudeville en 1 Acte, Jouée par Mmes. Fillion, Legrand, et M. Donatien.

INTERMÈDE MUSICAL,

Exécuté par M. Le Chevalier De Kontski, Pianiste de S. M. le Roi de Prusse. Le Réveil du Lion, marche militaire, par M. De Kontski. Fantaisie sur Faust (Gounod).

RÉPRÉSENTATION EXTRAORDINAIRE,

Donnée par LES DEUX CÉLÈBRES NAINS ITALIENS, MM. Primo Magri, âgé de 19 ans (mètre 0,90). Ernest Magri, âgé de 22 ans (mètre 1,04).

LES JURONS DE CADILLAC,

Comédie nouvelle en 1 Acte, du Gymnase, Jouée par M. Richard et Mlle. Montaland.

The performance took place before a brilliant audience, in a very pretty theatre admirably arranged. There is a problem to be solved in reference to the condition of European ladies in Cairo. When they pass girlhood they become as fat as poulardes. In the intervals of the pieces the Viceroy led the way, with some of the ladies present, to a suite of rooms, where refreshments were prepared. The Viceroy's valetaille are dressed in scarlet and gold lace. He was very anxious to hear if all had gone well up the Nile, but expressed his fears that the heat would prove too great for the Princess.

March 3rd.—The morning was windy. Wind in Cairo means dust, and dust in Cairo means utter discomfort. Egypt is beginning to misbehave itself.

We started with Ali Risa to visit the Egyptian House of Commons—there is no House of Lords —in the Citadel. As we were entering, we met a stream of respectable-looking men, old and middle-aged — some in carriages, some few on horseback, many on asses, and some on foot — passing the Mamelukes' Gate. "The House is up," said our guide, and so we missed the chance of seeing a very curious development of the Viceroy's

policy. His Highness meets his Parliament comme un autre, makes a speech to them on the state of public affairs at home and abroad, shows what he has done, and declares what he is going to do for the good of the country; and then leaves them to go through the forms of a popular deliberative body; but, as far as I can understand, their functions are very limited indeed. Some of them might, certainly, be made absent without being missed. Many of them might be equal to the work of legislation; but it was disappointing to be told of the most venerable-looking old gentleman of all, that he was a "fanatic," opposed to reform, a believer in the Koran as the sole guide of the people in morality and politics, and intensely anti-Christian. "Indeed," added my informant, "I am pretty sure that if the majority had their own way they would not, perhaps, persecute, but they would certainly deport, every Christian in Egypt." It is worth reflecting on, that this Parliament, which makes, in its way, a step towards life and freedom, sits within the walls which saw the massacre of the Mamelukes. Terrible as that measure was, treacherous, savage, and unrelenting, it produced good fruit, and laid the foundations, even in blood, of an edifice of government which without it could

never have been possible. "Kill! kill! kill!" These words from the lips of the stern Turk, uttered in the crisis of that awful coup d'état, gave life to Egypt, or rendered the existence of good government possible.

We visited Ali Risa's house, and heard accidentally how swift had been the wrath of the Viceroy. The Duke happened to mention that the Mudir of Sioot had been somewhat uncourteous. Hey, presto! Off went an order for his disgrace, deprivation, and exile to Fezegoloo, or Lord knows where! All his relatives were howling, and deprecating, and begging and praying, and at last the Duke promised to intercede on behalf of the hapless potentate. In the evening we went to the Opera, and saw the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," in which the principal lady certainly was a fair excuse to the least difficult Fritz in the world.

March 4th. — Ali Risa informed us that the Prince and Princess were getting on rapidly and well yesterday. At 9 o'clock the party started in the Viceroy's carriages for the Pyramids of Gizeh, crossed the Bridge of Boats and got on the road from Cairo, which has been made for the Royal visit. In two hours we reached the base of the Pyramids. There were three sheiks and thirty-six

Arabs told off to take care of us. Mounted the Pyramid of Cheops, and were sorry for ourselves, for the wind raised such clouds of dust that the view was obscured. One of the Arabs started from the top of the Pyramids, descended to the base, and running across to the other Pyramid, climbed to the summit in seven minutes—a tremendous performance, yet done easily. It had been arranged that we would go to Sakhara, but after visiting the Sphinx, examining the wells, and lunching in the new Kiosk, which has been built for the Prince and Princess, close to the front of the Pyramid of Cheops, it was found there would not be time to see the ruins with any degree of comfort or profit, and so the idea was abandoned.

On our return to Cairo we had to attend a State Ball at the new palace, which was originally intended for the Prince and Princess. It was a very fine entertainment. Ladies came from Suez, Alexandria, Ismailia, Port Said, and there were special trains for all, paid for by the Viceroy. Large rooms splendidly illuminated—crowds of people—splendid uniforms—gay dresses—Abyssinian Envoys—Members of Egyptian Parliament—dancing—supper.

March 5th.—The palace alive from an early

hour. Every one up at seven. Porters, cavasses, and crowds of domestics flitting to and fro, wrangling in many tongues, and preparing for the Duke's departure. Farewell visits—packing up—baksheesh giving. The Duke and his party paid their respects to the Viceroy, and bade His Highness good-bye, with many expressions of thanks for his hospitality. Hekekyan Bey, as a parting compliment, gave Lord Stafford a turn on his dromedary.

One pleasure connected with voyaging in Egypt is, that there are no hotel bills to settle. There is endless baksheesh. People whom one has never seen before hover about the doors, and loiter in the passages, fitfully muttering the horrible word. But the Viceregal hospitality is something more than regal, according to standards established in less Oriental lands. We started in a special train at 3.30. At 9.15 in the evening we arrived at Alexandria.

March 6th.—After breakfast, in the Hôtel de l'Europe, the Viceroy's carriages were announced, and there, just as if we had been in Cairo, appeared the liveries, horses, and vehicles of the Khedive, with a stamp of smartness upon them, in strong contrast to the native vehicles in the square. After a general leave-taking, in which those excel-

lent Italian servants were as much moved as though we had been conferring upon them perpetual benefits, the cortége rattled through the streets of Alexandria, dispersing in its way the hybrid crowd which always throngs the centre of the thoroughfare, as if in protest against the innovation of the pavé, down to the jetty, where there was a crowd of cavasses. A fourteen-oared barge of the Viceroy's lay alongside; another was ready, if needed. We embarked. Hippopotamus Johnny dropt tears as fast as do Arabia's trees their medicinal gum. The wind was high, and a great gloom sat upon the faces of the party as they looked out seawards, and beheld the lines of white foam on the bar streaking the bright blue sea. All the luggage had been sent on board Il Principe Tommaso.

First we had to go to the Ariadne to return a Marine servant, and visit Captain and officers. During the voyage from Trieste the Princess had experienced the inconvenience of clinkers—blinding showers of sharp, small coal, and hardened soot, blown out of the funnel, and falling in clouds, or rather hail, on the deck; and as the Ariadne had always head winds, the clinkers came aft. Captain Campbell was constructing, with fear and trembling, a little saloon, or glass-house, on the poop — a fear and

trembling arising from his apprehensions that my Lords of the Admiralty might not approve of his tender solicitude, and condemn him in costs.

One was not particularly struck with the luxury of the fittings; but then we had been wandering through the gilded saloons of Viceregal dahabeahs: and after a while, a general impression of comfort grew upon one, which compensated amply for the absence of glass, glitter, and ornament.

The Duke and his friends were summoned by the steam whistle of Il Principe Tommaso. They cast uneasy glances at the steamer, which was rising and falling on the swell with unpleasant liveliness. The excellent Italian skipper, Vecchini, was delighted at the sight of his passengers, and, with excessive civility, lamented that the line was so prosperous, the ship was nearly full.

At last the final leave taking—hand shaking—"Good bye," "God bless you," "Be sure you write"—was over, and, leaning over the gunwale in sad array, the faces so well known vanished, desponding, into white specks, as the gig of the Ariadne took Ali Risa and myself back to shore. In a very short time the Prince Thomas was bobbing up and down on the blue waves inside the harbour,

with a vivacity which gave ominous warning of the sprightliness of her motion outside.

Ali Bey, in spite of momentary despondency, managed to make an excellent luncheon on his return, interrupted by continual lamentations over the necessities which compelled people, naturally attached to or attracted by each other, to separate so often in this world. *Inshallah!* And that is all about it.

Alexandria, out of the great square, has a villanous loathsome look about it by night. Groups of men scowling at the street corners; gangs of armed watchmen howling frightful challenges; discordant music from dingy dens, where all the nations of the world are gambling, drinking, and singing; a procession of scavengers, with buckets and lanterns, crossing in and out of the dark alleys towards the sea. In the main square, casinos, music halls, and gambling-rooms. Alexandria is the New Orleans of the Mediterranean, and I was glad when the theatre was over and my companion suggested that it was time to return to the hotel.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARING FOR PILGRIMAGE.—THE TOURISTS.—ALEXANDRIA TO PORT SAID.—JAFFA.

WHILE the Duke and his party were tossing and tumbling on their way to Brindisi, I prepared for a little pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It was only necessary to eliminate articles of useless baggage, and to proceed in very light marching order. The occasion was tempting. Vessels sail three or four days a week from Alexandria for Jaffa and Beyrout. If the sea permits a passenger to land at Jaffa, he has only thirty-six miles to travel in order to reach the Golden City; but if he be obliged to go on to Beyrout, a journey of five days or more separates him from its gates. My time was exceedingly limited, because the Prince was expected at Cairo by the 20th at latest; indeed, if the flotilla returned swiftly, the Royal party might be at Cairo four or five days sooner, as they had reached Wady Helfah on the 2nd.

I engaged Terentio to come with me. He was a

favourite with us all on board the steamer: very good-humoured, quick, obliging, speaking many languages, a good traveller; one who had been in America, all over Europe, in the East, in Russia,—who had penetrated far into Siberia. Volatile, and fond of travel, he was just the man to make a short expedition go off pleasantly. "Terentio," I said, at parting, "be sure to call me at half-past six."—"Si, si, my lord, I will be with you at six."—"No," I said, "half-past six." Terentio, with an air which signified that he thought I was very lazy, and that even five o'clock would not be too early, smiled, bade me good night, and vanished.

There was only one drawback. I confess it was one. I have no particular prejudice against meeting my fellow men en masse, except when they are en touriste. The enterprising gentleman who had been so diligently following in the traces of Royalty, was in Alexandria with his party, and was meditating a descent upon the Holy Land, where I did not want to encounter them. Nay, more. It seemed as if he had engaged places in all the steamers for all the ports of the Levant. But, making inquiry, I discovered that a Russian steamer—one of the Imperial Navigation Company's line—would sail the following morning, and that none of the tourists

were going in her. I accordingly engaged a passage for myself and servant on board the Vesta.

It would be unfair to criticise a gathering of persons who adopt the principle of association in order to see foreign countries; and certainly there was nothing in the demeanour or appearance of the party to provoke unfavourable comment. It is unquestionable, nevertheless, that these mass meetings are very great nuisances to ordinary travellers. They fill hotels inconveniently, they crowd sites which ought to be approached in reverential silence with a noisy crowd, and they do not tend to inspire the natives with a sentiment of respect for our people. The very higgling and bargaining which accompany their ways make one feel very uncomfortable. There was an amusing discussion in the coffee-room of the hotel, in which I was an involuntary participator. The undertaker of the tourists suggested a difficult alternative. He could not manage Constantinople and Athens together, and they must decide on either. Those who wanted Athens, and those who desired Constantinople, formed two great sects. The arguments adduced by the champions of each city were singularly entertaining; but I believe the classic associations of Athens, enforced very much by an orator who reminded the party that St. Paul

had preached there, and that it might be a good place for any zealous Divine to visit with a similar object, carried the day.

The energetic gentleman who has incurred so much opprobrium from his organizing tendencies to lead tourists all over the world, impressed me with a notion that he is an honest out-spoken bustling man, with a good deal of tact in business, and considerable power of management. If what one hears be true, he is not likely to pursue his calling long, unless he is really anxious to conduct his societies about at a loss to himself. That it is a nuisance to the ordinary traveller to have his peace broken, to have a flood of people poured into a quiet town, to have hotels and steamers crammed, to see his pet mountain peak crested with bonnets and wideawakes, to behold his favourite valley filled up with a flood of "mere English, whom no one knows," I am not prepared to deny; but what are we to say to "the greatest good of the greatest number?" Let us reflect and submit. The people at Alexandria were, as far as I could judge, very respectable—it was only in the concrete they became disagreeable. Mr. Monpensier Brown and Miss Clara de Mowbray may be capital companions as individuals, in the abstract; but as "Cook's Tourists" they become an aggregate of

terrors. There are other bear-leaders who give themselves greater airs, because they charge more; or, properly speaking—for I do not know that the gentlemen in question really affect a superiority because they charge a few pounds, twenty or thirty, more—there are select and smaller groups of tourists who speak of the larger sects of peripatetic philosophers in a lofty way, for that they pay more money than these fellows. But it is really the principle itself that is objectionable; no one can find fault with ten or a dozen men clubbing to make a tour, and appointing a leader, and making him keep the common purse; they will, at all events, be sure to quarrel. The idea that attaches to the associated tourist, however, is that he is a poor, weak, helpless sort of creature who cannot get a friend to keep him company, who cannot direct his own steps, and who is contracted for, and made into money by others, surrendering his liberty of action, and consenting to be amalgamated with people of whom he knows nothing, that he may visit strange lands cheaply and generally uncomfortably. "Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris," may these enterprising contractors exclaim in a few years, if we are to judge by what we hear spoken of. The Rocky Mountains, Japan, the Great Wall of China—"rien n'est sacré" from these vigorous sappers in the path of travel for the million.

March 7th.—At 6 I was awake. At half-past 6 there was no sign of Terentio. Old Hamed came in to bid me good-bye, and I immediately seized upon him, sent him off to the dragoman for his passport, and engaged him for the trip to Jerusalem. It was 8 o'clock when Terentio, looking very penitent, made his appearance. He was, he said, "Stanco! Multo malato;" and, in fact, he looked as if he had spent a very boisterous night; so I informed him that "Hippopotamus John" was to reign in his stead.

The tourists were all en masse in the passages, and it was with some difficulty one could get a place for breakfast. In came Captain M'Killop to say he was going round to Port Said, in the Viceroy's yacht, with the Mehemet Ali in company, and to offer me a passage if I was so minded. Not knowing that the Russian was bound to that very port, on her way to Jaffa, I rejected the friendly offer, with thanks.

About 12 o'clock I was at the Peninsular and Oriental wharf, where a pleasant, bright-eyed little midshipman, Mr. Graham, was waiting in charge of the Commander's gig of the Ariadne, and I went off to the Russian steamer Vesta, a screw of 700 tons, built by Palmer, of Newcastle. My mind misgave me as

I gained the deck, for from stem to stern she was crowded by a mass of Greek priests, Syrians, Russians, Levantines, squatting in groups, and separated by wooden barriers into select societies, with their bedding, clothing, provisions, and children in great mounds around them. She was very clean below, and the cabins very comfortable. The meals were somewhat light, and in the Russian style, the caviare and tea being excellent. My fellow-passengers were two Americans, a Russian, a German, and two Britons, to whom were added, ere we left, a stray tourist who had lost his party.

At about 5 o'clock we were running past the Lighthouse, at nine knots an hour. The engineer of the steamer, an Englishman, sailed in the steamer Calcutta, in which I took my first passage to India, now twelve years ago. He is well paid, and tolerably contented; but he says the Russians are gradually educating their own people to do the work, and are getting rid of the English and foreign element as fast as they can. The officers of this line belong to the Russian Imperial Navy, and the Government can, in the event of war, or any similar emergency, avail themselves of the whole fleet of about sixty vessels, for their own purposes, by the terms of the contract with the Company. A curious result of compul-

sory service was mentioned to me by one of the officers. It may be only true as regards the naval service, but still it has its influence, and one does not see very clearly how it can be limited. When a Russian has completed his term of forced service he considers that he has discharged all his obligations to the State, and he will not, if he possibly can help it, remain a day longer, because he can, in most cases, better his condition. This is particularly true in Southern and Little Russia, where the increase in commercial enterprise, and the great wealth of the farmers, afford much scope for commercial activity, and the difficulty of retaining experienced men is very great.

March 8th.—Six o'clock in the morning. Hazy; no land in sight; calm sea. As we had been going eight knots during the night, it was obvious our course had not been quite correct, for we should have been close to Port Said. Hamed, who is a great navigator, declares we have missed our course, —"No like English sailor these men; Russians no good sailor." There was a talk of currents at night, and dangerous reefs, to account for our aberration; and we altered our course again and again, until at last, about 9 o'clock, there was seen on the sea line, dancing in the mirage, what looked like a

clump of trees—the Arab huts of the settlement close to Port Said.

A few years ago, in the curve of the Pelusian Bay, the lone rollers of the Mediterranean broke in on the long, low sand-bank, beyond which stretches the lagoon we see behind those houses. Now look from the deck of your ship as she stands in towards yon crowd of masts rising among chimneys of factories, roofs, belfry and lighthouse, and you may be pardoned if, for a moment, the memory of Venice comes back to you. The great arms which are coming forward to meet you from the shore, embrace one of the largest ports in the world. The thing seems incredible. Even as the mirage lifts and dances away, rapidly reducing the proportions of the buildings, which seemed so stately, you are astonished and almost incredulous.

The steamer stood boldly in, ran for the entrance by the breakwater, and anchored off the Custom House. The place appeared to be as I left it. Dredges busy at work, steam barges going to sea with loads of up-dredged mud; and far away over the Canal bank, the elevators, to be identified by their long arms and by smoke from the chimneys, announced that the great travail was in full activity.

The inner port was crowded with small merchantmen. Two large steamers and a dozen of ships, barks, and brigs, lying outside in the large basin, contributed to the air of commercial success which astonishes one in this new-born city.

The French steamer, Tibre, with Mr. Cook's tourists, which left before us, was already in the harbour. To see Port Said filled with roving Englishmen was enough to make one to reflect. I went to the house of M. de la Roche, the engineer of the port. I am sure that all my countrymen who have met that gentleman will agree with me that a more polished and agreeable representative of his nation, or a more enthusiastic exponent of the grand idea of the Canal, could not be found. He was good enough to despatch a telegram to Cairo, to inquire if any news had been received of the Prince of Wales. The message first went to Suez, and thence was telegraphed to Cairo. In an hour I had an answer back. It was that the Prince would be back at Cairo upon the 16th. This will much shorten my stay at Jerusalem.

At 4 o'clock the Vesta left Port Said, with a small accession to her passengers. The night was calm, the wind blowing from the eastward; so that there was every hope of being able to land at Jaffa.

March 9th.—A mound of flat-topped white houses, with green jalousies, rising tier upon tier, almost to a point, on which there is a factory chimney and a flag-staff; bright green fields around, and then in the distance an undulating mountain range; close at hand, a sea, tumbling, with great noise and much outlet of foam, upon jagged rocks, and so rolling up to the crumbling walls, pierced with embrasures, and mounted with a few guns—this is Jaffa. There is no port, and the entrance to the narrow belt of smooth water, in which a few native vessels are lying, is only to be effected through two reefs, between which a channel, not more than ten or twelve feet broad, affords a precarious approach.

Our leaving the Vesta was not unattended with discomfort and much controversy. The boatmen at Jaffa, if not venturesome or skilful, are certainly noisy, and somewhat extortionate; but at last we were landed, and were at once surrounded by a crowd of guides, dragomen, touters, horse-boys, all willing to take charge of the newly-arrived passengers, and to conduct them to the furthermost ends of the earth. There was a pretence of a Custom House, where several impostors made a show of examining the baggage, and were

immensely displeased when they were met with a resolute "No, no!" to their demand for baksheesh. Here was the use of Hamed. In Arabic, Turkish, and local dialects, aided by the arm of flesh, he struggled with the persecutors, and made his way victoriously up a staircase-like street towards the upper part of the town.

There is a fair hotel at Jaffa, kept by a family of German Jews, who are exceedingly obliging and intelligent. One of the young men was recommended to me as an excellent dragoman for Syria. We had a well cooked breakfast, and some of the sweetest little fish possible from the sea close at hand.

What with looking for horses, and Hamed's colloquies with friendly dragomen ready to conduct us all over the world, it was so late when we got off that Captain Poore, of the Ariadne, who joined me here, and myself were obliged to be content with the prospect of halting at Ramleh Monastery for the night.

When Murray's Hand-Book was revised last year, there was only one gate to Jaffa. There are two gates now; but surely when the book was issued there were more than 5,000 inhabitants? There are now, according to the census, 15,000, including the population of the bazaar suburb outside the

walls. Such walls as they are! Very ancient in some parts, and very ill-constructed in others, but still not so bad as might be expected, from what they have gone through. They are of masonry, and instead of being defended by a few old guns, as our Guide-Book says, they have very many old guns. There is a dry ditch outside the curtain, which is here and there broken into bastions, with flanking fire along the face, and this defence is continued round each side of the town down to the sea-front. Guns in every stage of decay, mounted on very ancient carriages, look out of tompionless eyes on the stranger, and vary in calibre from 3lb. to 18lb., but the majority are "short sixes," and a rifled 7-inch shell would make short work of the whole of the batteries. No one wants to do it now; but Jaffa has sad memories of both French and English fire. It is a hardy faith which can believe in the relics of the house of Simon the Tanner after the ravages and bombardments to which the place has been exposed from the time of the Crusades down.

Murray states that the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa is one of the most dreary and desolate in the world; but assuredly the writer must have journeyed during an inclement season of the year,

or on some gloomy day. Now at least, all is blooming, and even the rocks are covered with olive trees and flowering shrubs, and the air is heavy with the scent of many plants. It was a delightful ride to Ramleh. Our horses, which belonged to Bashi Bazouks, who let them out for hire, were fresh and naturally spirited, and went capitally.

The sundown brought with it gathering clouds, which gave promise of rain. What would not Egypt give for rain in a low Nile?

Before 7 o'clock at night I was sitting in my little cell in the convent of Ramleh, glad of the rest, and hungering exceedingly for the meal which the good fathers were preparing for us. Cell No. 2, in which we were lodged, boasts of three beds: one Captain Poore took possession of; the other a German pilgrim upholsterer laid hold of; and the third was my own.

A fragment of the tourist party, which had been thrown off at Jaffa, had found refuge in the convent. An Australian merchant and his wife, a naval surgeon and his wife, and a poor sick man shared the banquet which was spread in the refectory by the good father who waited on us, and whom one of the ladies regarded with a certain suspicion in her Protestant mind, expressed in furtive glances at

his dark and handsome face, as if she in some way connected him with the Holy Inquisition. The wine of Ramleh is certainly not to be recommended, and on a meagre day the cooking and material demand a good appetite; but nevertheless it is a very welcome retreat, and he must be a very fanatical person indeed who would prefer encamping out on the field to the hospitable covering of the convent roof, even though he may have to pay a few shillings for charity's sake to go to Popish purposes.

March 10th.—Old Hamed, gliding about the mosquito-curtained beds, soon after daybreak this morning, roused us to a cup of coffee and a rusk.

The horses were in the court-yard of the convent, the baggage animals already submitting to their burdens—for ladies cannot be induced to go to Jerusalem without some good effects in clothing; and after a little difficulty on the part of the gentlemen in starting their helpmates, we bade good bye to Father Giovanni, gave him a little baksheesh "for the use of the poor and for the love of God," and at 7 o'clock issued into the smiling plain which lies outside the town of Ramleh, and made our way to the road, the line of which was marked in the distance by bands of men and women busily engaged in preparing it for the passage of an "omnibus,"

which by this time in all probability is able to make regular journeys between Jaffa and the Holy City. The road, which is being constructed by the Turkish Government, is now in very bad condition—in places quite impassable for wheeled vehicles of ordinary construction—but there are hopes, as I have said, of making it perfectly fair for such traffic as may be expected between the sea-coast and the capital of Judæa.

Outside the town, on a patch of meadow near some fine old trees, we passed the tents of a party of tourists in charge of their entrepreneur. It was a pretty sight to look upon—the smoke of the camp fires curling upwards, the movement of horses and camels; but the woe-begone air of several of the reverend gentlemen of the party, and the chilly and somewhat bedraggled aspect of the ladies, gave one the idea that the night had passed rather heavily.

And indeed this first experience of camping out, we heard, was not much relished by those who, lying in indifferent bedding on damp grass, had no idea how cold the Syrian nights could prove.

The plain through which the track passes is exceedingly rich, well watered, and now covered with green crops, with meadows interspersed, in which large flocks of cattle were grazing, tended by the

Syrian shepherd on horseback, with his lance, sword, slung firelock, and his waist-belt crammed with pistols; for agriculture in these parts is not a peaceable occupation, and every man covets his neighbour's flocks and herds—most of all the Arab, who, even in recent times, hiding in the valleys, or creeping through ravines, swooped down upon the plain, carrying off the traveller, the caravan, or the cattle within his reach. To prevent the constant attacks upon the road, which were the fashion, the Turkish Government constructed, at intervals of a mile or so, solid block-houses of stone, with loop-holes and a sort of crenellated battlement at top, which are capable of containing ten or twelve men. In these, guards of soldiers were constantly maintained, and they served also as places of safety, or of refuge, for any pilgrim or wanderer who was menaced by the Arab marauders; but now they seemed to be unoccupied. The Government of Turkey has succeeded in reducing the Arabs of these parts to some sort of order, the principal lever being the subsidies paid to the chiefs, who are made responsible for the conduct of their tribes; and as the power of the chiefs over their followers is in general unbounded, the authorities have a just right to render them responsible for acts committed within their juris-

diction. Looking away straight from Ramleh towards the East, the eye is arrested, at the distance of some ten or twelve miles, by mountain ranges of no great altitude, and of irregular rugged outline. These are the mountains of Judæa; and nestled amid their arid rocks, far away, lies Jerusalem.

At the entrance to a rocky defile about six miles from Ramleh, a small encampment by the road-side came in sight. A tent was pitched on a spot of green sward, and outside it sat a portly courteous Turk in military uniform, smoking his pipe, with a scribe at his feet, who took keen note of the cortége of travellers; for the tourists had now spurred along the road, and were coming in groups of twos and threes, according to the quality of their horses. "One Frank on a horse! one dragoman on a pony! one sais on a horse with baggage! one ass," &c., and there sits and smokes the exemplary official day by day, surrounded by his Arab horses and his valetaille—a very prince of traffic-takers. He was portly, as we could see. He was courteous, for he saluted each passer-by. At the other side of the road, inside an enclosure of rough stones, there was a hut composed of logs of wood and sods of turf. Outside were some handsomely caparisoned horses, with military saddles

and holsters, and a body of cavalry to guard the traffic-taker; for this little encampment was formed to enable the officer to report to Government the number of passengers, vehicles, and camels passing along the road, in order to ascertain what amount may be expected from the tolls which will be levied when the road is completed. The hut is a rustic coffee-house, where one, if so minded, can get water, a stool to sit upon, a cup of coffee, and a narghile, and rest in the heat of the day.

Entering into the defile-like pass through which the road now takes its course, sometimes descending deep ravines and again striking high along the hill sides, but always lying between elevated masses of rock, interspersed with patches of green where flocks of goats and sheep mingling together are tended by armed shepherds, wild-looking and picturesque, my friend and I pushed on rapidly till we came out on an open plain by the side of a little stream, where stands the tomb of a sheik under a grove of shady trees. This is Geriet-al-Abooh. A little way off lies a large Turkish village, Ludd, the ancient Diospolis, I think, the most conspicuous object in which is the ruin of a noble Christian temple, said to date from that indefinite era, the time of "the Crusades."

We halted near the tomb, picketed our horses,

and Hamed coming up produced from his wallet two Syrian chickens, about the size of partridges, and as hard as wood, a large loaf of excellent bread, and a bottle of Jaffa wine. Whilst he was spreading the feast we wandered over to the old ruin, passed through a vaulted window, and descended into the body of the church, which afforded unmistakable evidence of being used as a stable and a pen for cattle, the stone floor being covered with fetid water several inches deep, and heaps of manure. The proportions of the building are elegant and noble, the masonry of exceeding solidity, thickness, and finish; but there is no ornament on the walls, blackened by the smoke of shepherds' fires. And if guides be right this is the Church of St. George, the patron saint of merry England. On our return we found a group of children standing round Hamed, who offered us water and flowers—dark-eyed, fair-complexioned, and pretty, but exceedingly dirty. They stood afar whilst we were eating, and it was only after grave consultation, and much inspection, that they deigned to partake of some of the fruit and bread which we sent them.

After a grateful halt, we continued our journey, arousing from their sleep at the shrine of the Sheik two pilgrims who lay rolled up in their cloaks,

basking in the sun, so deeply hidden in the grass that we nearly rode over them. Soon afterwards a cloud of dust, the glinting of arms, attracted our attention, as we cantered along the path, off the road-side, in the shelter of a noble grove. Presently we passed a sad procession; twenty or thirty peasants, some trailing logs heavily along, others with shackles on their wrists, were marching two and two, under the escort of a company of Turkish infantry, who hemmed them in on the flank and rear, with fixed bayonets. Some of them, fine resolute looking fellows, smiled or laughed as they called out in Arabic to the giaours; others looked desponding and sorrow-stricken. Of course they were criminals, going to Jaffa to meet the reward of their crimes? Nothing of the sort. They were recruits for the Turkish army, who had been just drawn by conscription in the Pashalic, and were about to be taken to the port of Jaffa, whence they would be shipped for Beyrout or some other military town, to enter on the career of arms.

Conscious of the desire of their riders to make the most of their time, the horses continued, with unabated spirit, cantering over the rocky road, mounting the steep gradients, and galloping impatient of the rein. Thus we passed guard-house

after guard-house, perched on the peaks of the rocky ridge, and still there was no sign of the Sacred City. At last Blattner, the German proprietor of one of the hotels at Jerusalem, who was riding along to pick up any stray tourists, as is "his custom of an afternoon," when the Jaffa boat comes in, exclaimed, "When you pass the next watch-tower you will see Jerusalem!" And so it was. Glowing in the full glory of the sun, for it was now about 3 o'clock, there rose in view, at the top of the next hill, the stately form of the great Greek Convent, which lies outside the city wall. Then, beyond it, the irregular outlines of the city itself, backed by long battlemented walls surmounted by the dome of the Mosque of the Haran, on which the Crescent glittered full in the sunlight.

Numbers of Russian pilgrims, men and women, sat crouched outside the convent wall, or strode along the road—the men poorly clad in fur caps, boots, and long greasy ragged frocks—the women in sheepskin or fur-lined robes. A little farther on were groups of mendicants, clamorous for alms, but scarce deigning to raise themselves from the dust. The road led us right by some fine detached buildings lying outside the walls—the almshouses of Sir Moses Montefiore, the Armenian Schools, and some small

private villas, all of the white stone which is so plentiful, and which forms the mass of the mountains amidst which Jerusalem is perched. Then we came to a line of poor-looking shops, coffee-houses, restaurants of various nationalities, with their groups of smokers outside, and so to the Jaffa Gate, outside which drooped the scarlet flag with white crescent which indicates that Jerusalem is in the hand of the Turk.

This gateway is pierced through the solid wall, which rises on the right to the height of some fifty or sixty feet, and from it, looking straight away over a deep ravine-like looking valley, the eye rests on Bethlehem afar off, crowning a dark hill with its clustering white houses and massive convent. A guard of soldiers loitered around the gate. The rack of polished arms, and the neatness of the men's uniforms, show that a change has come over the spirit of the Ottoman soldier.

Nothing can be more disappointing to the visitor than the interior of the city. The narrow streets, paved with blocks polished as glass, pitched irregularly, as though they had been rained from the skies —the poor paltry shops in the irregular streets like those in the meaner part of an Oriental bazaar, — the pushing, sweltering, unwholesome-looking

crowd of Jews, Greeks, Syrians, and all sorts of Eastern Christians—the noise, uproar, and harsh voices, where all ought to be repose and quiet—the constant outcries as men pass, heavily laden with bales of goods—horses rattling over the pavement, and asses with projecting cargoes on their backs, squeezing their way through the crowd—odours from the foul sewers and from sources nearer at hand—the squalid degraded air of the pilgrims—combine to produce an effect which at first is a violent disillusion, and which afterwards settles down into a feeling of repugnance and something like indignation.

Through these narrow streets the Turk, conscious of his power, walks, if not majestic, at least composed and calm. He expects the crowd to make way for him. He is monarch of all he surveys; and if he would be only good enough to attend to the paving and lighting of the streets, to arrest the progress of ruin, to stay the hand of destruction which is busy with much that is venerable to all the Christian world; if he would only prevent houses falling about one's head, look after drainage and water supply—he would be perhaps the best possible man to live in Jerusalem; for sad it is to say, but true, in the hands of any one Christian power, or man, it is

almost certain Jerusalem would annually become the scene of massacres such as have disgraced its holy shrines, in spite of Turkish bayonets and sabres, more than once.

One spot indeed—the Haran or Sacred Enclosure—the Moslem protects with a sort of languid care. So far, and so far only, he saves from spoliation a site full of interest, and containing treasures which we hope some day to authenticate and verify.

The Mahometan actually stays the hands of Christian devotees from each other's throats. He is the contemptuous guardian of our sacred places, and preserves order very much in the spirit which actuated the Indian Government to keep the peace at the Hindoo festivals. Nowhere is the Turk to be seen so polished and so superb as in Jerusalem. He is on his mettle. His officers are turned out in better style—his soldiers are smarter and better set up—his direction of affairs is more direct; but he lets the city go to ruin, and meets every suggestion with a non possumus as potent as that of the Vatican. They say "no grass grows under the feet of the Turk." Practically and physically that is not true, for the Mahometan peasantry in many places are as sedulous in agriculture as their Christian neighbours. But as to buildings and towns and cities, it

may be well asserted that "no stone that falls is ever set up again by the Turk." Time revels in ruin wherever rules the Mahometan, uninfluenced by outward pressure, or by a strong alien reaction. Their own holy places are but ill kept, and reparation is not a custom much in their way. The great works at Cairo form no exception to the remark. They are executed under the spur of civilized views, and the improvements effected in Constantinople may be fairly ascribed to similar agencies. The present Governor of Jerusalem is said to be a man of ability, combined with strong vis inertiæ and considerable firmness of belief in his own faith. If what we are told be true, it would appear that the Porte takes some pains to select good men for the administration of affairs in Syria and Palestine. The Governor of Damascus is spoken of as a man of remarkable force of character; and Beyrout is also in firm hands. All this shows the necessity of selecting gentlemen of intelligence, high character, and Christian principle to fill the semi-diplomatic appointments in the East under the Foreign Office, which our consular offices really are.

The guide who had attached himself to us outside, and of whom I have already spoken, developed himself as the landlord of the Damascus

Hotel. He speaks English well, and finds it worth while to ride out and waylay travellers, to bring grist to his mill. My companion and myself agreed to trust to his house, instead of going to my old quarters at the Hospice of the Knights of Saint John, which, indeed, I subsequently ascertained, was quite full. I regretted we could not stop at the Hospice, as it was connected in my mind by a very curious memory of some years ago. And so we made the best of our way after him over the excruciating pavement of the narrow crowded street, rather tortuous lane, descending rapidly from the gate, with our horses clattering, and what in Ireland they call "slithering," over the horrible stones. A flight of steps led from a by-street to the raised court of the Hotel, which had the air of a prison, or, it may be, fortalice. But the inside was not uncomfortable.

There are two hotels at Jerusalem. There is also the Hospice of the Knights of Saint John; and there are convents which receive the traveller and the pilgrim.

After a short rest, and a change such as our saddle-bags allowed, we set out with a guide, whose native tongue was a mystery, to make the best of our time. He purported to speak all languages—French or Italian for choice—English Number 2 on

his list—but from various sources I gathered that he reversed the phenomena of the gift of tongues, and that, speaking to every man in his own dialect, he was understood of none. Still we got on very well. Down what tradition calls the Via Dolorosa we hurried, skirting the walls of the Haran, and meeting only a few strings of pilgrims, till we passed through St. Stephen's Gate, whence a stony, rugged track, called a road, leads to the Valley of Kidron, 100 feet below, and winds up to Mount Olivet, which rises on the other side close at hand—the base being in fact not more than 150 yards away. There is a bridge over the dry bed of what in winter or rain-time may be the stream-way of the brook Kidron in the Valley of Jehosophat. We ascended by the zig-zag path, which is "the way of the wilderness," taken by David when he fled from Absalom, keeping by the walls which enclose on one side the Garden of Gethsemane, and on the other "the Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin," and so reached the top, from which a concentrated view lies before one of the city and of its environs. It is a place for silence. Nearly every spot connected with the history of Jerusalem and with the incidents of the close of our Lord's life on earth, is near. There, with the Citadel rising above it, the English church

and the Armenian convent contending for its possession, is the Mount of Zion on the left. Below it is the Tomb of David. In front of us the Haran, where Oran the Jebusite threshed out his corn on the floor. There is Moriah, on which Abraham built the altar to offer up his son Isaac. That path leads to Jericho—this to Bethany—there is the road to Bethlehem. Turn and look over that weary waste of rock, rolling away in rigid waves—you see "the Wilderness of Judæa." Mark that gulf near the horizon. In its depths the Jordan is pursuing its course. And catch that gleam, like the opening of a rift, through which comes a glint of blue sky, in storm clouds. It is the Dead Sea. There, beyond, dwelt the Moabites and Ammonites, and there were the people of Gilead. A waste of rocks and stones! But it possesses wonderful beauty at sunset, when it abounds in colour and is rich in lights and shadows.

The evening was falling fast as we halted by the "Garden of Gethsemane." This is the "Latin" establishment. The Greeks have a garden of their own at the other side of the road. The monks have surrounded the holy ground with a wall, and the gate was locked; but we obtained admission into the enclosure, in which are some fine old olive-trees, and a few flowers growing wild. Oh, if

there had been only olive-trees and wild flowers! There was our guide, chattering in unintelligible jargon. There was a monk, anxious to earn his fee and get rid of us, who, in the horrid fluent intoned drawl of his class all over the world, insisted on showing us where the sleeping disciples indented the rock with their bodies; where Judas gave his treacherous kiss; where our Saviour prayed in the "Grotto of the Agony;" where His sweat ran like drops of blood, according to the Latin inscription; who insisted, in fact, on destroying every feeling of reverence and holy awe the associations of the spot would have engendered, and in arousing in us a spirit of irritation and unrest. It was with a sense of relief I escaped from our cicerone, treasuring a handful of the flowers which grew within the walls. But alas! it was only to be led to the Tomb and Chapel of the Virgin, close at hand. The building is very picturesque—a quaint irregular low frontage of decaying stone, around a subterranean chapel, in which you are shown the recesses in which the father and mother and husband of the Virgin are buried—the very grave in the rock in which the Virgin's body lay till *her* Assumption. And if you doubt that fact—or, at least, ask for the evidence of it—you will see the place where the As-

sumption occurred, and the proof of the thing itself in a dint on the stone, which was made by the cincture which the Virgin dropped, that St. Thomas might be induced to believe in the miracle. The evening was fast falling, and the darkening shadows of the hills had melted away into a uniform twilight, through which could be discerned the outlines of the city above us, and the white walls of the buildings in the Kidron. The young man who had taken us under his charge said it was time to leave, as the St. Stephen's Gate would soon be closed; and we followed him over the bridge which crosses the valley, and were about mounting the zig-zag, when a soldier from the heights above shouted out that we were too late, and that the gate was already shut. There was nothing for it but to skirt the side of the valley, and make the circuit of the walls all round to the Jaffa Gate. But the walk, difficult as it was in the gathering gloom to keep our feet amid heaps of rubbish, loose stones, masses of masonry, and gravestones, through and over which the path wound along the ridge, permitted us to get a view of Siloam, Aceldama, and the remarkable constructions which are called the Tombs of Zacharias, of Absalom, of St. James, and of King Jehosophat.

Our guide also pointed out the brand-new châlet which a French lady has obtained permission to build on a spur of Olivet, not far from the Chapel of the Virgin. One cannot build an old house, and mock ruins are in bad taste; but, somehow or other, this pretty edifice looks out of place here.

It was pitch dark by the time we gained the Jaffa Gate, and the people were moving about with lanterns in the gloomy street. The effect of these lights resembled that of sparks in the ashes of paper, and, down the slope of the thoroughfare, grew into a nebulous sort of glare, serving as a substitute for lamps or moonlight. Hearing, after dinner, that "Rob Roy" was in the other hotel, we got on our legs once more, and found him relating his recent adventures among the Arabs on the shores of Lake Huleh, which he had been exploring in his canoe, whilst his dragoman, &c., were following his course by the banks. It was pleasant to meet an old compagnon de voyage of former days in more familiar scenes, and we arranged next day for an expedition to Bethlehem, in company with Mr. Simpson, the artist, whom I had met long ago, in more stirring times, on the plateau where Christian soldiers were engaged in fighting the battle of the Crescent against the Cross. Some of

the tourists had found their way to our hotel, and in their track, like the vultures which follow an army, came the Holy Land varieties of the tribe which leaves no corner of the earth unvisited. Without any ceremony, one after another, there walked into our sitting-room men with bales of curious merchandise. They had for sale rosaries, napkins, rings, paper-knives, crosses, made of olive berries and olive wood from Olivet itself. They had necklaces made of shells from the shores of the Dead Sea and from the banks of the Jordan. One wanted to dispose of a bottle of water from the river itself, which, he said, "he could get in a moment." (There are deep wells and reservoirs in every house.) Some had photographs, others had glove-boxes and cabinets of inlaid wood, all belonging to sacred places. Judging from the number of shops in which such articles are displayed, it must be a thriving trade. At last we succeeded in escaping, and cleared the room of our keen-eyed and persistent invaders, at the cost of a few pounds. But I was not so fortunate in my own room, for there were torments in the bed-clothes which caused me to hear through the watches of the night the wild sounding challenges of the Turkish sentries and the voices of the watchmen.

I am about to record a fact—or a series of delu-

sions, as the case may be—which I may have no right to mention in a diary of every-day travel. But as I have ventured to ask you to come out of your way and make this visit to Jerusalem, I will accomplish the fulness of my transgression, by begging of you to listen to a story which arose out of the little pilgrimage. It is an experience of one who, as far as I know, is not romantic, impressionable, or susceptible. Some years ago, a great sorrow fell upon him. His wife lay ill, even unto death. But in the long struggle which she waged with the grim Conqueror, there were such varying incidents that, at times, there arose out of the darkness of battle gleams of hope which lighted up the stricken hearts around the narrow field with rays which Science declared to be foolish fires. The man passed weeks of suspense, till head and brain yielded to the influences of the terror which chilled the heart. One night, as he slept in Heaven knows what agonized unrest, a vision, which to him was real as the day, happened. By the side of his sofa sat the sick woman whom he loved. "You are strong," she said, "and you love me, I know well. There is one thing you can do, and I know it will be well with me. In my dreams and waking hours I hear for ever a voice which says, 'Let him go to Jerusalem,

and pray, and you shall be restored.' Promise me you will go, and let us await the fulfilment of the promise which has been given to me." The man awoke—and he was so certain he heard the words, that he called out his wife's name, and went to her room. The nurse said, "The mistress has been very uneasy lately, but is now fast asleep." He returned, lay down, and slept, or seemed to sleep, till he was awakened by a voice which said, "Oh! keep the promise! keep the promise!" This time, starting up, he thought he saw a person in a white dress leaving the room. He hurried into the passage, where a lamp was burning, but there was no one visible there or on the staircase; and on going to the sick woman's room, he was told, "She has been talking in her sleep till a second ago; now she is breathing softly." He went back, but sleep left his eyes till the morning broke, and there was no repetition of the vision. Several years afterwards the lady died—faded away slowly beneath her fatal malady. The incident of the dream was quite forgotten; but, by one of those accidents which occur in a wanderer's life, the husband found himself inside the walls of Jerusalem —fully eight years subsequent to the period of his wife's first illness. He was lodged for the night in

a little room or cell, into which fell a ray of light from some lantern in the court outside. There was a picture of the Virgin on the wall, with a lamp burning beneath it—a Virgin like those copies of the great picture which are traditional in Russian art. He was heated and fatigued after a trying ride in a hot sun, and could not sleep; and the better to compose himself he got up and blew out the lamp, which left a disagreeable odour in the room. He must have been asleep some time, judging by his watch, when he was aware that a woman in white clothing stood by his side, in a strong light, like that of a bright moon. Her face, however, was indistinct, as though a thin veil were over it. She drew the mosquito curtain aside, and a clear voice asked in a reproachful tone,—

"Why did you blow out my light? Is it for this you have come so far?"

He started up in agitation, and exclaimed, "I will light it again!" But the voice said, "Never!" And he awoke in darkness, with the mosquito curtain in his hand! It was, of course, a dream—a nightmare—his pulse beat with feverish throbs—he rose, went to his saddle-bag, and took a sedative potion, which, after a time, plunged him into a deep slumber. Out of this he was awakened by the appearance of his

wife by his bedside; a lamp was in her hand, and there was in her face and smile some strange likeness to the picture on the wall.

"Oh," she said gently, calling him by his name, "how much I thank you for this! You have kept the vow I asked you to make, my dear husband, and here I am by your side to assure you that I am well and happy, and that I shall never more know grief or pain."

"But, the promise has not been kept to me!" he exclaimed; "you have been taken from me—you have gone from us all, though I have come, as you asked me, to the foot of the cross."

She smiled again.

"No! I am not gone from you! I shall now be always with you and them. But I must light the lamp that you put out."

He saw her moving towards the picture, and as she reached the recess there was a great light in the room, and she turned with her face towards him, and stood beaming with a glorious radiance, and then seemed to be gradually fading into the picture on the wall. He awoke and leaped to the cold floor. It was a dream! But the lamp beneath the Virgin was burning steadily.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.—THE ROAD.—A SUSPICIOUS ACCIDENT.—THE HARAM.—DOME OF THE ROCK.—BETHLEHEM.—DEPARTURE FROM JERUSALEM. —DEPARTURE FROM RAMLEH.—JAFFA.

So much profound research and learning have been bestowed on the topography of Jerusalem and of its environs, that it would be superfluous to enlarge this narrative by an account of what I saw during my short visit to the Holy City.

The accounts of Lieut. Warren's explorations have left nothing unsaid. Every one who has seen the works, and is able to appreciate their value, would experience deep regret should these labours be brought to a close by want of funds. We do little in scientific or archæological research in comparison with France or Prussia. But in Palestine we have been enabled to obtain a field of the deepest interest, which has hitherto been cultivated to great advantage. If the work be allowed to languish, in a very short time no trace of the explorations will be left.

There are thousands who do not care in the least to learn anything of the earthly Jerusalem, the ruins of which must be sought deep beneath the débris of centuries. To them the elucidation of the Holy City, of the foundations of the Temple, of the ancient aqueducts, subterranean passages, and grand engineering labours of the Scriptural Monarchs would be of little moment. But there surely are intelligence, piety, and wealth enough in England to enable us to continue the researches which promise so fair a harvest. There never will be such a chance again. The Turkish Government can scarcely be expected to view with favour excavations which lead to the foundations of their own sacred stronghold in the City, but they cannot well withdraw the permission accorded to the present explorers, although they see the Haram itself perforated by shafts, and behold cranes, lifts, and pulleys at work in the Holy Enclosure of Omar. What has been already brought to light probably affords imperfect measure of the results yet to be obtained. The most important problems in Biblical traditions and story, which are keenly disputed over head, may be solved by the underground workers in a few months, and the whole scheme of the architecture, of which we can as yet

form very inadequate notions, may be revealed to us. Those who have visited Jerusalem know well how distressing it is to find "all they know is, nothing can be known;" that the weight of doubts and uncertainty and contradictory theory rest, almost as solidly as the monkish superstructures themselves, on every holy site. These doubts may be cleared away to a much greater extent than we suppose by careful investigation. What if a mass of "traditional" Holy Places perish at the touch of ascertained facts! Never fear; Greek, Latin, Abyssinian, Armenian will still hold their own shrines. The Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, the holy valleys an the sacred hills will endure to the end of time. Perhaps, aided or coerced by the discoveries of Lieut. Warren, architects and antiquaries may agree at last as to the site of the Temple, the authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre, and of Calvary, and the actual position of Mount Zion. The British Government gives to the exploration the loan of an accomplished officer of Engineers, and of a couple of excellent non-commissioned officers and a few privates of Sappers and Miners. The works are conducted in the most economical manner, and all labour with a devotion which cannot be inspired by present pay or hope of reward. The

ease with which Jerusalem can now be reached will attract more visitors every year. It must be admitted that there are still désagrémens to be faced, as where are there not in every land ruled by our good friend the Turk? But it should in justice be said that the Government of the Sultan is doing a good deal (for the Government of the Sultan) to ease the path of the Christian pilgrim. There is an omnibus to Jerusalem, driven by one of the last surviving or staying Americans of the "Jaffa Colony." This same road is by no means a popular work. I am told, though I cannot vouch for it, that the Turkish Government collected £50,000 to pay for it, but that it nevertheless forces the people to work at very small rates of pay. The people take their revenge, bless them! You may see whole gangs of women, girls, and boys carrying large stones to one part of the roadway, and laying them down. That is so much work done and paid for. Then comes another gang, which sets to work to pick up the stones and put them back again —a Penelope's web of a road-making, in which the artful natives squeeze back some of their own money.

Jerusalem is now filling fast. Some visitors come to take part in or to witness scenes which disgrace Christianity every Easter; others to fill in the pro-

gramme of an Eastern tour; a few actuated by the spirit which has led so many weary feet and troubled hearts to the city of Zion. The blood-red standard with its white star and crescent floats from the walls of Jerusalem. Why should the Christian world give the Turk a moral victory too? In this contention of sects, in the very city of our Saviour, the Mahometan sees a proof of the errors of the Christian faith; and finds a proud satisfaction in the catholicity of his own. An English nobleman of high character and promise was admitted to an order of knighthood, one vow of which is, I believe, to aid in the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidel. He may well despair of any realization of that object at the present time; but his vast wealth and his influence may at least be employed to abate the excesses which turn one of the sacred seasons of the Church to which he now belongs into a subject of scornful mirth for the soldiers of the Sultan. If the Czar, too, could learn how much the reputation of Russia is lowered by the acts of the holy hordes of ragged pauperized pilgrims who repair here, he would probably find means to restrain the fanaticism and improve the quality of the yearly exodus.

A day or two after my arrival there was an incident

which, properly managed in old times, might have led to a wholesome war. Three or four clergymen belonging to a tourist party were setting out on their daily explorations from the hotel, when a stone just shaving the head of one of them, fell with a crash on the pavement. They looked up. A head was seen peering over the roof-ledge. Great agitation! No doubt an infidel aimed it who sought their blood! The hotel was aroused; the consul was applied to, the Pasha was exercised, the mayor of the city and the chief of police set to work, and a strict investigation was made. The houses in Jerusalem are flat-roofed, and the inhabitants resort to them as play-grounds and places of repose. The mansion from which the homicidal stone fell belonged to a Mussulman. It was searched closely, but the inmates denied any knowledge of the circumstance. No one, they averred, was on the roof at the time but a little child, and they declared that the child, in leaning over to look at the odd men in black coats, who were standing below, book in hand, had unintentionally displaced one of the loose coping slabs. The opinions of eminent architects were taken, the child was rigidly examined, and finally the owner was heavily fined for having his wall in an insecure condition; he also was ordered

to take down the upper courses and then to have them rebuilt, and was generally admonished to be more careful in future. What struck me most was the solicitude evinced by the Turks to settle the affair satisfactorily. I was in the guard-house outside the Haram, waiting for an order of admission, during part of the investigation, and was much interested in the proceedings of the Turkish equivalent of "Lord Mayor," who was as unlike our civic king as well could be. Young, slim, fin, and easy, but all the time careful to show that he means to have his way. Suppose Mrs. Brown's flowerpot fell into the courtyard of a Leicester-square hotel, and inspired a Beyrout fig-merchant with serious misgivings as to Mrs. Brown's intentions, what would be his chances of producing an impression on the mind of the Lord Mayor, M. Musurus, and the chiefs of Scotland-yard on religious grounds? I would have remained for the close of the investigation, but that the Haram was yet unseen, and time was short.

It is in the Haram alone we find the holy serenity and feeling of repose which Jerusalem should inspire. The green sward, the noble trees, the solemn silence of the great mosques broken by the murmur of prayer or the voices of children, are welcome indeed after the turbulence of the street

outside. But the authorities are almost as bad as Deans and Chapters at home, and every place has its "price" and its "cicerone"—indeed, the priest of the Mosque of Omar did not hesitate to ask a very good fee for his polite attentions to our little party.

My servant Hamed, though he has seen the holy sites more than once, was very anxious to visit it. David, Solomon—these were names sacred to him. But travelling along for a good way on the road together, we separated at last. His faith and his miracles became to me a delusion and fables. And yet how he believed! As we stood in the cave under the Dome of the Rock, he struck the side wall with his finger—"Mark, master," he said, "how hollow it sounds. Do you know the reason? No? Well, what is over your head is hanging in the air! It is a rock, as you see, and when the Prophet was going up to Paradise it flew after him, but the Prophet ordered it to stop, and now there it hangs for ever."

"But it rests on this wall all round it! It is not suspended at all."

"That is the reason I knocked—to show you the wall is not solid. It is put there merely as an encouragement. People would never go under the great stone if they saw it hanging in the air. And

so this thin little wall was built up to comfort them."

"And you believe that, Hamed?"

Could there be any doubt about the sincerity of the reply, and the reproach conveyed in his tone? And then he appealed to the stalwart portly Moolah of the Temple, who corroborated Hamed's story, and told us many wonders besides. The worst of our guide's excessive veneration was that he made no effort to relax the regulations in my favour, with regard to shoes, and that I had to stand on cold marble pavements, and penetrate vaults in "cotton feet," till my blood was chilled.

The brief space occupied by my second visit was crowded with incidents, which might bear recording were it not that I must hasten back to Egypt to describe the journey of the Royal travellers whose footsteps we have been following.

Need it be said that Bethlehem had a day to itself? We halted by Rachel's Tomb on the way, and saw Jew and Russian contending for place inside, and a multitude of pilgrims swarming along the rude paths and stony fields to worship—and we passed through the ordeal of faith, which is trying indeed when you are asked to regard "the star" which marks the spot of the Divine birth—to grope, candle in hand, to the

manger in which the Child was laid—to accept, one after the other, from a vulgar monk, legends of no importance, strung together with vital facts—to have the substance of things hoped for put before you in hard mortar and metal, and to receive the evidence of things not seen in the shape of solid marble and carved stone, and engraved plates, the work of men in the dark ages of the world. "What people you Christians are," said one of our Egyptian friends, who had no particular reverence for his own faith, "to leave your Mecca in the hands of unbelievers! We would all die before our Mecca was ruled by any Christian power." To my mind, the control of Jerusalem by Russian priests could not very much, if at all, better the position of other Christians in respect to the holy places, and there appear to our dim vision no signs of the advent of the original owners—or, more properly speaking, of the conquering race which held the Holy City so long, and which still regards it as the seat of its power, the centre of its aspirations, and the coming capital of its resuscitated kingdom.

At 12 o'clock on Friday I set out on my return to Jaffa, having spent the morning and forenoon in exploring the excavations in company with Lieut. Warren. We procured through his assistance

an order from the Governor to pass the gates, which are closed on the Mahometan Sabbath till the afternoon; Mr. Noel Moore, the Consul, whom we found very willing to oblige, stated that he was not able to procure the needed permission. I rather think there is a want of sympathy between the Consul and Lieut. Warren, but on whose side the fault—and it is a fault, that two English gentlemen, one serving the Crown, and the other engaged in a most interesting work, should not co-operate and work to the same end—may be, I should be unwilling to investigate. There was a clamorous crowd of pilgrims outside, who sought to rush in as the gate was opened. The unceremonious yet good-humoured way in which the Turkish soldiers kept them back with their muskets, had an immense spice of contempt in it, and an ugly feeling is, doubtless, kept alive in the hearts of the Russians, at all events, who look with no amiable eyes on the guardians of Jerusalem. The ride back, in spite of the sun, was very agreeable. More than ever did I differ from the writer who describes the road as being gloomy. The hill-sides were ablaze with flowers—partridges and pigeons, much harassed by hawks, abounded along the path—and buntings and fly-catchers and mountain-thrushes flitted among the

bushes—one a species quite new to me, and very pretty. There were no travellers to associate with or to shun, on our way to Ramleh, and the only persons we overtook or encountered were camel-drivers and itinerant native merchants, with pack-mules and horses. Our horses were not so good as those which we had ridden from Jaffa, and it was quite dark before we reached the Convent, to which we made our way with some difficulty. The journey was long, the road dusty, and the shelter at last was very welcome.

Next morning Fra Giovanni brings in coffee and milk, which, with the chunk of bread before us, constitute our breakfast. What fatness there must be in the air, for the entertainment is enough! Poore and I are the sole roysterers at first, but presently there enters a tall, stout, spectacled young Frenchman, whom I remember to have seen at Jaffa. I confess to being somewhat Americanized in my ways, so I begin to talk to him; and he says—this great Gaul—that he has been much pleased with Jaffa, where he has been staying ever since I met him.

"Indeed! What on earth is there to see there after you have gone round the walks, and looked at the place where Simon the tanner's house once stood?"

"Well, I am a naturalist, and I have been so happy as to have found two very rare objects —one of which is, I think, unique."

Here is a man who can tell me about my strange bird, and so I launch out at once.

Ah ille—"Pardon, Monsieur! Je ne connais pas l'ornithologie de tout."—"Mais vous êtes naturaliste."—"Oui, mais je suis naturaliste dans un sens très réservé. Je n'étude que des coléoptères."

And that fine young fellow was wandering over the Holy Land in search of "beetles!" May his pilgrimage be successful, and may many shining wing-sheaths be added to the list by the intrepid pélerin. It was not far from 7 o'clock when we took leave of good Fra Giovanni, and as I rode away I could not help thinking of the time when, long hence, if the promise of vitality in his clear bright eye and vigorous frame be not falsified, death must come on him in his little cell, after a life of servitude. No friend, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother, nor child beside him—and perhaps all the happier for that some of these be absent. Such men are the fossils of the world — they tell of ages of faith gone by, and of old heart and soul and mind formations now stratified under the pressure of the festering mass of modern civilization. As we issued

out of the gate of the Convent, there arose a wail from beneath the barrier of prickly pear which fences the narrow path; and there sat a row of the lame, the blind, and the old, with pannikins, and sacks, and porringers, waiting for their morning meal, and not at all indifferent to the chance of exoteric alms from the outgoing stranger. "Where is the Mendicity Society? Where is the relieving officer?" He is not about. The wretches will have a meal without any oakum-picking sauce to relish it. A few pence contents them, and the blind, and halt, and aged unite in a common chorus, and invoke blessings, which it will need much political economy to turn into curses, I can assure you. What a glorious morning! How fresh and sweet the air—how delightful the trill of the crested lark as he tries, in vain, to rise to the height of the great musical argument of his European rival! Listen to the song afar off of the peasants as they drive their herds to the pasture, and the laughing of the veiled girls as they stalk—for they do not walk—pitcher on head, full-limbed Caryatides, to draw water from the wells! See the fair far spread of green rolling away westwards to Jaffa, and grumble exceedingly that you must keep to a hideous belt of stones and rubbish called a road, for you cannot in

decency ride over the young wheat. Far and near camels are ploughing their way through tracks in the fields, like battle-ships in line; and here and there pulks of Bashi Bazouks, who wander over the land as flies sweep over flower-beds, pass up or down, bepistolled, and belanced, and besworded. These are the locusts that devour the land, but they are sent by the rulers thereof. Nevertheless these irregulars are useful in their generation, as they are the patrols of the road, the guardians of the traveller, and the terror of the Bedaween, to whom they are the very perfection of armed force. They are also going to levy taxes, or they have levied taxes. It used to be said that an Englishman was taxed from the time he was put into swaddling clothes till he was laid in his grave; but the Turk is not so easily satisfied. Imagine the system of making a peasant pay the moment he plants an olive-tree, although it will be some years before it bears fruit, and say if it is not quite a wonder that there are any olive-trees planted at all. But that is only a chip of the whole block.

The plain from Ramleh to the very outskirts of Jaffa—a ride of two hours and a half—teems with life. There is a marshy stream on the left of the road journeying westward, which contributes to the fatness of the plain, and the sands which peer here and

there from curling ridges to spy out the weak points of the land may well despair of a triumph over the bearded glory of the waving crops. The six or seven miles' quiet amble is over at last, and before us lies the deep fringe of green speckled with gold, which, seamed and girt in by hedges of prickly pear, fences Jaffa from the fields, and denotes the limits of its exquisite orange groves. One must see to believe the richness and fulness of the golden harvest which now hangs from the miniature forest. The air is heavy with the perfume of the groves. In some spots the bright yellow fairly scares the green away. Inside the fences we hear the joyous cries of the fruit-pickers as they fill their baskets. In and out of these groves twitter many birds—no thrushes or blackbirds, but goldfinches and chaffinches on the border hedges, fly-catchers and red-headed buntings flock on the branches inside, and kestrels and merlins hover above. The orange-groves extend to the very walls of the town, and fight with the reed sheds of the external Bazaar for the use of the land. The oranges are enormous, too large to be very delicate, but still very juicy. For about 32*s.* you can buy 1,500 of them, but the choice fruit come to nearly a halfpenny each if gathered by hand from the finest trees. Jaffa and

its cone-like gathering of houses rises in front with a section like that of a low pyramid from which the external casing has been removed, so as to expose the layers of masonry; for these flat-roofed houses from afar look like courses of irregular blocks, gradually diminishing in breadth, one after another, up to a point at the crest of the hill on which the town is built.

It would not be difficult to fill a few chapters, with Jaffa as a peg to hang them upon. You may write a good deal about the building of the Temple. The voyage of Jonah, the sojourn of Peter, the doings of Crusaders and Saracens, would furnish texts for a chapter each. Mr. Murray's Guide-book has an account of the massacre of the Turkish garrison by Napoleon there, quite apropos of boots. But, alas! for the casual itinerant who is compelled to munch his thistle there for a longer time than he bargained for, and who cannot feed fat on reverie, and feast on the cobwebs of the brain! If he be an active, stirring realist, content with the observation of the strange life around him, he may rest content. I have wandered a good deal about the town, but I am obliged to admit I never hit on the principal street. I was always getting near it, but somehow it lay undiscovered, and all I could do was to wind in and out in the labyrinth of degraded

lanes, till I came to the little gate in the decrepit wall, arrived at the one open space at the end of the bazaar, and debouched upon the same old fountain.

Two mortal days and nights in Jaffa exhaust more than the sights and interest of the ancient city, although the Consular Agent, Habeeb Kyat—an agreeable Levantine, educated in England, the well read, companionable, and obliging son of a very worthy father who did England service, of which Lord Palmerston was not unmindful when the "Civis Romanus sum" doctrine was in fashion—did his best to make the time pass pleasantly.

Whether anything will ever be done by the Turks to make Jaffa accessible in any weather but a dead calm it is hard to say. But it is the natural port of Jerusalem—a ride of eleven hours brings one from the beach to the City of David. The rocks which now form a rude harbour for boats could scarcely be turned to good account, but to an inexperienced eye there appear to be good foundations laid by nature for a pier and breakwater. With all its drawbacks the little port sends out more than £400,000 worth of cotton, fruit, oil, and sesamé seeds every year, and it would pay the Porte well if a protection from the surf were formed inside the present roadstead.

CHAPTER XV.

DEPARTURE FROM JAFFA.—PORT SAID ONCE MORE.—THE KHEDIVE'S ARRIVAL.—BORROWED PLUMES.—THE KHEDIVE'S BALL.—SIR SAMUEL BAKER BEY.

On Monday morning at 6 o'clock, just as Mr. Cook's tourists hove in sight, the French steamer Scamandre anchored off the port, and we hurried on board to breakfast; but the steward was a sharp fellow. The fare to Port Said is about £3, provisions included. As we had not slept on board, he charged us four francs each for a very poor meal. I ate my dinner in company with the ship's officers. One of these had the spirit to complain to the cook afterwards.

"Mon diner à moi—c'était une salade, Monsieur Henri! Voila tout!"

"Mais, M'sieur Paul, vous avez eu des bécasses!"

"Des bec-cass-sses?"—I never heard so many "s"es in a word before—"vous osez dire que——"

It was too much. He burst into a sardonic laugh, which so affected the cook, that he instantly dashed over a plate of fat in the galley, and nearly set it

on fire. In addition to the woodcocks—let us suppose they were so, and not decomposed sand-larks—it should be allowed that we had slices of a prodigious fish which I saw hauled over the side on a line. It had immense scales, a monstrous head, weighed seventy pounds, and was as dry as a chip. It figured on the menu, "Poisson—Phaon de mer—sauce d'anchois." What we did all day at anchor I know not, but it was better to be on board the Scamandre than on shore, and there was certainly something to study on our decks.

All day, and all night, if needs be, one may hear how slavery dwells no more in the land of Egypt—how any man or woman, boy or girl, held in bondage, has only to go to a police station and demand freedom, and straightway freedom is given to him or to her; how the law sets free, by the action of time, every bondman or bondwoman after seven years' servitude. In other words, if what we heard be true, there can be no involuntary servitude in Egypt. Now, in the waist of the Scamandre, between the main and foremast, crouched under the bulwarks there is a group of human beings—pace great men like Nott and Gliddon, and other anthropologists and slavery apologists—human beings, certainly—which arrests attention. A woman that must be,

with her head so covered in her white robe that only one eye—Chinese-lidded, but full and soft—can be seen, outside the circle formed of six "black fellows," all in white too, who are sunning themselves vacantly, or chattering in chicken-like chorus, as something occurs to excite their wonder on board the ship. They are young—the eldest not twenty, the youngest perhaps fourteen — tall, and thin-legged, and broad chested, some of them of pure Ethiopian beauty and liveliness, others ugly and "cowed," the handsomest in my eyes being the fellow there, whose lips project far beyond his nose, and whose nose is nevertheless in advance of his forehead—a marvel of blackness and brightness, with teeth whiter than any snow, and with eyes gleaming out with the pure animal light of those of the wild deer. Beside them, a little apart, with chains on arms and legs much vexing him in his efforts to chase and exterminate enemies of his repose, there is stretched on the deck a placid-looking Bedawy. Their story is this. These men are "runaway slaves." They have made their way from Cairo to Jerusalem in search of freedom or of adventure, and there the telegraph discovered them, and now they are going back, under charge of that cavass who is smoking a cigarette on the combing of the hatchway, to their old

masters. The Turkish Government gives them up willingly, and the Egyptian Government pays the expenses which, some way or other, will be taken out of those black carcasses in meal or malt. But the Bedawy? "Oh, he is a man who was passing by when the cavasses caught the fellows, and, just by way of a joke, he says, they swore he had stolen and sold them, and now he is going off to answer the charge." "True or false?" "Yes! certainly. That's the way when you are not rich here." It seems the slaves often run away to the works on the Suez Canal; there they become disgusted with the hard labour, and off they fly again over the desert to Africa, or Asia, or anywhere. "And who is the woman?" "She is a slave girl, too. She ran away from Cairo after one of the fellows that she is in love with." At 5 o'clock we weighed and stood to the westward.

March 16th.—Approaching Port Said at 8 o'clock; sea calm, bright morning. Steam dredges going out to sea with barges to deposit the sand dredged from the inside. Could discover through the glass that the town was pavoisé—shipping dressed with flags, steeples and lighthouse gay with streamers. When a little way off, slowed the engines and approached the entrance very cautiously. The buoyed channel, which lies between the two jetties forming the

harbour, was, I observed, not more than three times the breadth of the Scamandre. It runs about 300 yards from the western pier, and two vessels could scarcely pass each other at present unless carefully steered under steam.

The streets, which rise little above the level of the water of the harbour, were ornamented by lines of coloured posts, from which were suspended streamers and garlands, and every house was gay with bunting. All the population had turned out by the water's edge. The Office of Health, the Custom House, the buildings belonging to the Suez Canal Company, were tricked out in the very brightest of colours, and as the steamer passed slowly along the wharf, it could be seen that preparations for a grand illumination had been made, and one read on the façade of the buildings—"Vive Ismail, Premier Khédive d'Egypte." The unusual gaiety, combined with the appearance of a fine Egyptian corvette and a noble yacht, with the Viceroy's standard, lying in the port, which was more crowded with vessels than usual, made everyone on board suppose the Prince and Princess of Wales had already arrived.

My only object in landing at Port Said was to procure from M. de la Roche a boat to Ismailia,

whence I could take the train to Cairo, and so arrive in time to anticipate the coming of the Prince. Now my hopes were dashed to the ground, for on such an occasion it was not likely a spare boat was to be had. The Scamandre would not leave till 4 o'clock. She would not reach Alexandria till the following day, probably too late for the morning train; and so it seemed as if the steps I had taken to ensure a speedy return would lead to an opposite result.

I landed, and took Hamed along with me, to see what could be done, as soon as the Health Officers would permit. All the officers of the Company were out, of course. Every room in the hotels and restaurants was engaged for the expected company.

Presently there was a tremendous commotion in the town—cries of "He is coming!"—people running—and looking over the banks which mark the course of the Canal through Lake Menzaleh, the smoke of the approaching steamers could be made out through the dancing haze of the mirage, and in a few moments more, the guns of the Mehemet Ali shook every house, and gave plenty of work to the glaziers of Port Said. The ships manned yards, the marines turned out on the poop, the bands struck up the Egyptian national air, the people cheered, as

the Mathilde and some half-dozen of M. de Lesseps' high-pressure steam flotilla, crowded with ladies and with gentlemen, conspicuous amongst whom was Ismail Pasha, surrounded by his ministers, emerged gloriously from the narrow aperture of the Canal. The little steamer slid gracefully into the inner port. The Pasha landed and was received at the workshops of the Company, which were burnished up and decorated. Fifty or sixty cavasses, and a large number of officers in uniform, formed a procession, and preceded the open carriage, the sole wheeled vehicle in the place, in which the Viceroy, attended by M. de Lesseps, drove through the town. He has come in state and with a great retinue. Three battalions of infantry and a couple of squadrons of cavalry were sent on to furnish guards of honour, and were encamped on the Desert in which the Vice-regal châlet is built, about three miles and a half from Ismailia.

What a power there must be in Royalty, when even a Viceroy exercises such a magic influence over people! Here was a man, whom the Egyptians must know only as the originator of conscriptions and taxations, and yet the whole population—men, women, and children — deserted the Arab town outside Port Said, and came in to gaze upon their

ruler! The women, usually so apathetic, seemed quite delighted and excited. Their eyes flashed over their yashmaks; they held their children aloft in the air to look at the Khédive; and, when he passed, they commenced laughing and chattering in the greatest possible happiness, disregarding the shoving and violence of the cavasses, and of the rude labourers who pressed after the cortége. It was interesting to behold these wild Arabs and fellah women, dressed in their best, gold ear-rings and necklaces and ornaments put on for the occasion, commingled with the Levantine and French ladies, who, dressed in their Parisian best, had come to look at the spectacle. Port Said was fairly deranged, and every shopkeeper seemed to think that his fortune was made.

In the midst of the tomasha, I met Captain M'Killop, and was taken to the friendly refuge of a large room with a billiard-table, which serves as the Club-house of Port Said. I stood in the doorway as the procession went by. A friendly and garrulous Frenchman, who chucked the Arab women under the chin, winked at his own countrywomen, and seemed to know every one, and have a word for all passers-by, led me to a restaurant, where he insisted on my getting dinner served at my own

hour, although the proprietor declared that I should wait till the set hour of the table-d'hôte.

As I sat in the restaurant, where the dinner really justified the commendations of my club-made acquaintance, in hurried my excellent friend M. de la Roche. The Viceroy has a keen eye. He had made me out in the crowd, and commissioned M. de Lesseps to invite me to the State dinner, which was to be followed by a ball, on board the Vice-regal yacht. All my property lay in a small bag, and consisted of a change of riding suits. In vain I represented that "I had no clothes." "I will lend you a coat," insisted M. de la Roche; "you really must come."—"Well, what about a waistcoat?"—"I can give you that too."—"Well, as to trousers?" M. de la Roche is slim and some six feet high: in his most hopeful mood he could not fancy his nether garments were adapted to my proportions. His heart failed him, and he smiled. "Never mind, we will get them somewhere, and you must not refuse the Viceroy." I was carried off on board the Maharoussah, with a coat belonging to M. L——, a shirt of M. M——, a waistcoat of M. O——, pantaloons belonging to Captain M'Killop (eventually exchanged for a pair belonging to one of the Viceroy's suite, as the others gave way incon-

tinently when I stooped to pick up a fan); and as I stood, reflected in innumerable mirrors on all sides, in that wonderful saloon, I would have given a good deal indeed, not for the earth to open and swallow me, but for access to my own portmanteau at Cairo.

The scene presented at night by the vessels in the port, all ablaze with lanterns and lights, and by the lines of streets marked by illuminations, would have startled an old denizen of the Desert returning after a five years' wandering to his sand-bank by the side of Lake Menzaleh.

The Maharoussah is the finest yacht in the world, and there was room and to spare for all comers, although Alexandria, Cairo, Ismailia, Suez sent their contingents. The ball was magnificent. But one recognized the same faces—the buccæ bene notæ oppido. How can it be otherwise, as long as the women of the country are debarred from appearing in public, and must submit to have their place in society occupied by strangers? A good band to play—a state supper with never-failing supplies of hot dishes, ices, wines, sweetmeats—an excellent floor to dance upon—the happiness of the fair colonists would have been complete if there had been a few young eligibles. But an Egyptian gentleman is not

generally regarded as being en disponibilité. He does not dance.

It will be years before the Egyptians learn the lesson which, with much caution, the Viceroy desires to teach them. He is meditating many reforms, but it is startling to his subjects to see the ladies of the harem, although veiled and screened, in English carriages, driven by coachmen in top-boots and knee-breeches. If he ever carries out his project of introducing the ladies at a Court Ball, it will be little short of a social revolution. The people will be as much shocked as if they were so many village maidens suddenly presented with the preamble to a pantomime in a London theatre.

Before we retired at night the Viceroy informed me that the Prince and Princess would be back in Cairo next day, and that he would return to meet them, instead of going on to Suez as he had intended.

His Highness said he was much gratified and astonished by the Canal. But he has some uneasiness as to the future of the undertaking, and there are certainly grave questions yet to be settled in reference to its international character.

Next day the Viceroy travelled by the Canal to Ismailia, which was as gay, quaint, and pretty as taste, and flags, and fancy lamps and lanterns, and

feastings could make it. I attended a charming little bal costumé at M. Voisin's house, after a grand dinner which was given in the châlet of M. de Lesseps to all the visitors and officers of the Suez Canal Company.

At the ball His Highness, in the course of conversation, communicated his idea of nominating Sir S. Baker to take command of a force for the suppression of the slave trade on the White Nile, and the establishment of order in the Soudan. He had spoken with Sir Samuel on the subject, but seemed to be in doubt as to the propriety or likelihood of success of the step. No one could hesitate in approving of a measure dictated by a generous and enlightened policy and in a country to which France generally lends ideas and agencies in every department of administration, the choice of an enterprising English traveller, who had shown conduct and courage in his difficult explorations, was peculiarly gratifying.*

At 7 o'clock the following morning (March 18th) Ismail Pasha went down the Canal to the entrance of the Bitter Lakes, and inaugurated the lifting of the sluices to let in the waters of the Mediter-

* The final arrangement was entirely due to the Prince of Wales, who highly approved of the expedition, and suggested the conditions of service which the Viceroy proposed to Sir Samuel Baker.

ranean, a function which we understood would have been reserved for the visit of the Prince of Wales. A special train conveyed the Viceroy and his suite to Cairo, which we reached at 5 o'clock. On approaching the city a detonation was heard. It sounded like a distant gun, and I took it to be a cannon fired from the Citadel, but we were told afterwards that an infernal machine, which had the appearance of a fog-signal, had exploded; and as two servants of a banished Pasha, related to the Viceroy, were seen near the line, the idea gained hold of the authorities that some serious attempt had been made against Ismail Pasha's life. A more silly person or a more stupid design could not well be imagined—to blow up a train by a fog-signal! If the Viceroy felt any uneasiness, there was nothing in his manner to evince it, and he was not, perhaps, as much disturbed by the incident as the persons of his Court, although he evidently believed in the evil design.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VOYAGE TO THE SECOND CATARACT.—A CROCODILE AT LAST. — ABOU-SIMBEL. — WADY HALFEH. — THE DERELICT BOY.—RETURN TOWARDS CAIRO.—ARRIVAL AT PHILÆ. — DEPARTURE FROM ASSOUAN. — ARRIVAL AT THEBES.—VISIT TO PYRAMIDS.—VISITS IN CAIRO.

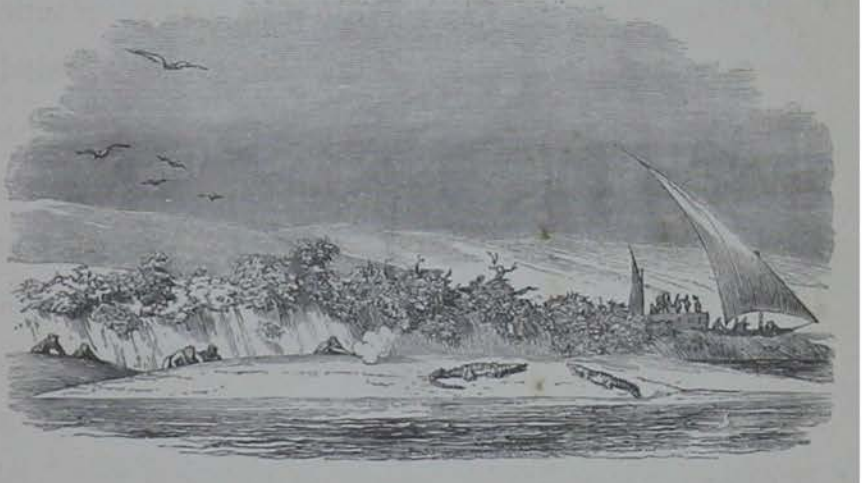
I RESUME now the proper course of my narrative, to depart from it no more; and I will ask you to return to the spot near the Island of Philæ, above the First Cataract, from which the Prince and Princess set out (February 23rd) to ascend the river to the Second Cataract. At half-past 2 o'clock, as we saw, the Royal flotilla started, the dahabeahs being lashed to and towed by steamers. Temperature 99° on deck in the shade, and 98° in the lower cabin. At 4.30 P.M. the flotilla stopped at Jabotch Kebr, and the party which went out fishing saw traces of two crocodiles in the sand. What was more remarkable, they actually succeeded in get-

ting some fish in their net. The crocodiles' traces, however, made a great sensation on board. At 6 o'clock the next morning (February 24th) every one was up. The Prince went, with Sir Samuel Baker, off to the sand-bank where the crocodiles had been lying. The marks of three beasts could be plainly made out in the soft sand, but the makers could not be seen in any direction. A fishing party was more successful, and in one haul twenty-two fish, of sorts mostly "nabisch," were taken, weighing on an average four pounds each. At 11 A.M. the flotilla proceeded. People, black and half naked, ran away, scared from their hunt after empty bottles by the whistle of the steamer. One important person made his appearance, a "Professor of crocodile-finding," who came on board, and promised to make things very pleasant for the sportsmen. They proceeded on their course, however, without doing anything to justify his promises, and halted by the bank for the night. At half-past 3 o'clock next day (February 25th), a very large crocodile was made out basking in the sun on a sand-bank ahead. The steamer stopped, the Prince and Sir Samuel Baker got into the boat, and were rowed cautiously ashore, and as they were crouching under the bank, another very large croco-

dile was seen. However, the reptiles were wide awake, and before the stalkers got within 150 yards of them they slipped gently into the water and disappeared. The Prince and Sir Samuel remained on the bank sweltering in the heat till sunset, but the crocodiles did not show again. After dinner, the Prince, Sir S. Baker, Lord Carington, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Mr. Montagu, and Mr. Brierly went on shore to try their fortune with hyænas by moonlight. They were posted at different places, each with a lump of decaying meat as a bait. The Prince was fortunate enough te see a hyæna, but ere he could raise his rifle a gabbling native huntsman frightened it, and the beast vanished. On the 26th of February the party reached Korosko, half way from Philæ to Wady Halfeh. Here the road strikes across the Desert to the great bend of the Nile; Aboo-Hamed, and caravans from the upper country, with ivory, gums, ostrich feathers, &c., come here to float down their cargoes to Cairo. One of these, encamped on the bank of the river, interested the Prince and Princess very much.

At half-past 5 o'clock, on the 27th of February, the fleet got under weigh and left Korosko, passing Derr, the capital of Nubia, at half-past

10 o'clock. Somehow or other, the native crocodile hunter was led to think he was in danger if he remained any longer, for he disappeared from the ship early this morning. Perhaps he feared being made responsible for bad sport. The sportsmen saw three crocodiles basking on the sand, which allowed the steamer to pass without taking to the water. The vessel stopped a mile or so above them. The Prince and all the men dropped down in boats, and landed on the bank. One of the crocodiles immediately took to the water. The other two remained until the Prince and Sir Samuel were within about eighty-five yards, when they slowly waddled off into the Nile. As they were disappearing, the



Prince and Sir Samuel fired, but did not appear to hit. The party then divided, and remained lying in patient expectation for three mortal hours on the hot sand.

Several times, here and there, a crocodile showed a nose, and now pushed out even a head, but not one would take to the land again. The Princess and Mrs. Grey subsequently joined the party, which went out fishing, with little success. To make up for lost time, it was proposed that the steamer should proceed by moonlight, but the pilot declared that he would jump overboard if he was forced to do so; and so at half-past 10 o'clock the vessel moored for the night.

Next day, February 28th, as the steamer was nearing Abou-Simbel, a long sand-bank was seen ahead, on which lay no less than five crocodiles. These slowly, one after the other, made for the stream on the approach of the vessel; but after she had passed some distance, three came out again, and set themselves to bask in the sun very comfortably. The Prince, Sir S. Baker, Col. Teesdale, and Lord Carington took a boat and got to leeward, and the Prince and Sir Samuel proceeded up the wind, creeping towards the crocodiles. Two of them were alarmed, and sought the stream. One, bolder or more sleepy and luxurious than the others, remained. Slowly and steadily the Prince and his companion crept on over the burning sand, till they got to within fifty yards of the reptile.

The Prince stood up, aimed steadily, fired, and the crocodile turned over on its side, quivering and dying. The expanding bullet had passed through his head. Sir Samuel Baker, to make "assurance doubly sure," ran up, and sent a Snider bullet through its jaw. A cheer was raised by the people on board the boat, and the Princess came off to the sand-bank to examine the creature, which was submitted very speedily to the care of Mr. Baker, the naturalist. It was a middle-sized female, 9 feet 2 inches in length, and 47 inches in girth, with 80 eggs. "A crocodile at last!" The flotilla continued its course—all in good spirits—and arrived at Abou-Simbel in the evening, where the Royal travellers landed, and visited the famous temples.

March 1st.—Weather not so hot—cloudy. About 10.30 the Prince and Princess of Wales again landed, and visited both temples. The great temple is dedicated to Re (sun), and in a niche over the entrance is a statue of this deity, in relief. It is remarkable for the most beautiful colossi found in Egypt. They (three in number, the fourth is destroyed) represent Rameses II. The height of each is sixty-six feet. The faces of the figures evince a beauty of expression very uncommon in

statues of such dimensions. They are hewn in gritstone rock. The total height of the façade is about 100 feet. The depth of the inside excavation is 200 feet. The roof is very low, and as the building has no ventilation, it is insupportably hot inside. This interesting temple was completely closed up by the drifting sand, which pours from hills around, until 1817, when it was opened by Belzoni and others.

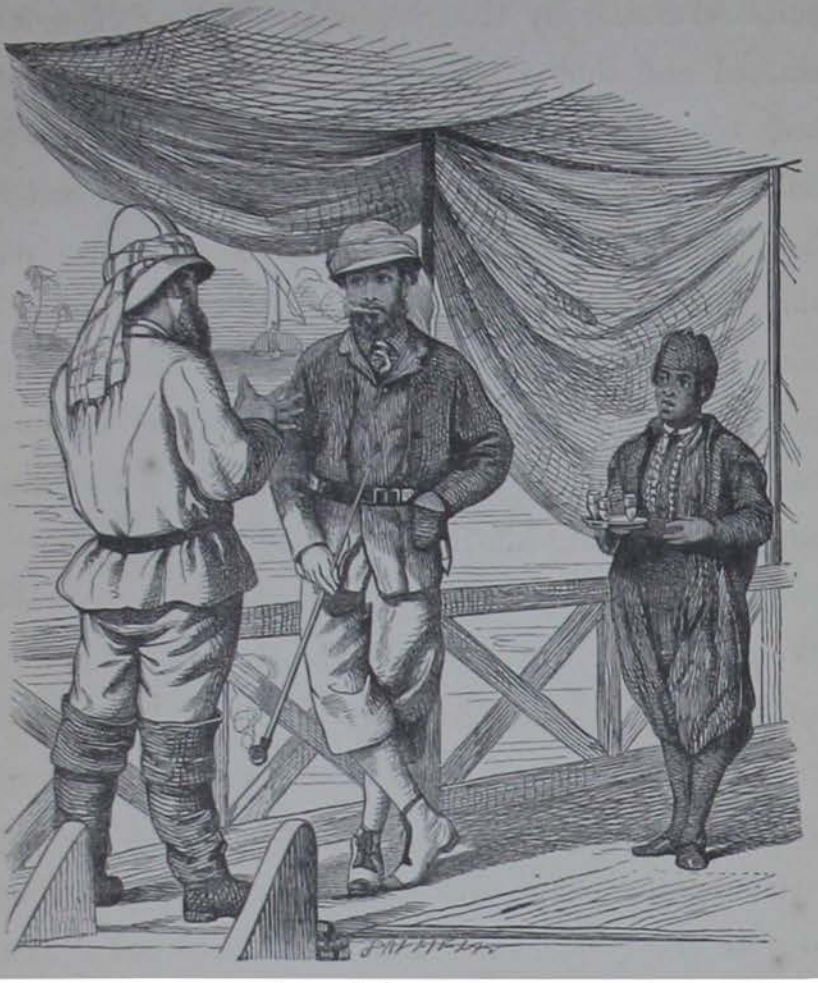
Abou-Simbel is 166 miles from Assouan, the First Cataract, and 40 miles from Wady Halfeh, the Second Cataract. The fleet weighed at 12 o'clock, and soon after passed several crocodiles. At 3 o'clock the party saw one which remained so quiet that an attempt was made to get him. The Prince and Sir S. Baker went off in a boat, but the crocodile took to the water, and although he put his nose up several times, he would not come out. So as the day was getting late, they returned to the dahabeah. The steamer moored alongside the bank, close to a small village, at 6.30 P.M., and remained for the night, having only got twenty-four miles to-day.

March 2nd.—The boats started at 5.30 A.M., and arrived at Wady Halfeh, 219½ miles from

Assouan, and 998½ miles from Cairo, at 10.15 A.M. After breakfast, the Prince and Princess and suite landed, and rode, some on donkeys, some on dromedaries—(these had come up all the way from Assouan, by the river-side)—along the east bank, to the Second Cataract. After a long, hot, dreary, dusty ride through the Desert for 6½ miles, they stopped under the rocks near the boiling pools which form part of the Second Cataract, unpacked the luncheon cases, and remained there, enjoying the scenery of the Upper Nile and the surrounding Desert, till 4.30 P.M. The ride back in the evening was very pleasant, but darkness fell so quickly that the latter part of the journey had to be performed at a foot's-pace.

March 3rd.—The Prince and Princess breakfasted at 9.30 A.M., and immediately after left in the ship's boats, which pulled up the river for about two miles to W. shore, where donkeys and dromedaries were awaiting. The Prince and Princess mounted on donkeys, the suite on dromedaries, and followed the high ground by the river-side for six or seven miles, till they came to a very steep cliff, about 450 feet high, overhanging the rapids, which are visible for many miles, and form the Second Cataract. A little farther on, three large tents (which

had been sent on early) were pitched, and luncheon was prepared. Two lambs, roasted whole, and a



number of Egyptian dishes, were served up, all of them excellent. A most magnificent view: a mountain range, forty miles off, was seen quite clearly. The names of a number of British and foreign visitors are cut in the sandstone.

The party remained here till 4.30 P.M., when the Prince, Sir S. Baker, Lord Carington, and

Dr. Minter took boat and went down through the rapids, the Princess, Mrs. Grey, and the rest of the suite returning by the river-side. Colonel Teesdale stalked and shot a big stork en route. The Prince and his party met the Princess below, and rowed back to the dahabeahs, arriving at 7 P.M. A native boy, about ten years old, came to beg by the river-side during dinner—a nice little lad, with intelligent countenance, named Ali Achmet. He said he had no relations, and was quite forlorn. The Princess has taken him on board, and intends, if he turns out well, to bring him home to England.

March 4th.—The day very hot and close; no wind. Weighed at daybreak; left Wady Halfeh, and started on downward journey; the fleet arrived at Abou-Simbel 11.30 A.M. The two dahabeahs continued down stream, pulled by crew, whilst Mr. Brierly remained on board the steamer to make sketches of the Temples. At 2.30 the boats came near a sand-bank, named Vergondai, where a number of crocodiles were seen; in all, about six were on the spit at once, one very large; they constantly went in and out of the water. The Prince landed with Sir S. Baker, and tried to stalk them; but owing to the wind being wrong, and so many people being about, it was impossible—the crocodiles took

to the water one by one. Lord Carington, Colonel Teesdale, and Captain Ellis also landed, and all watched for an hour, during which time the crocodiles constantly showed their heads above water, and approached the shore. At length it was determined to return to the dahabeahs; but as they were rising from their ambush, Colonel Teesdale shot at a crocodile, the head of which was visible above shallow water, twenty-five yards off, and hit him over the eye: he sank, and never came up again. It was settled that three pits should be dug, the entrails of sheep laid out as bait, and that the party should divide; the second dahabeah, with Colonel Teesdale, Captain Ellis, Mr. O. Montagu, Lord Carington, and Mr. Brierly, dropping down the river early next morning, and the Prince, with Sir S. Baker, remaining and watching in the pits on the sand-bank.

March 5th.—The second dahabeah started at 10 o'clock, and rowed down stream. A crocodile was seen asleep on a sand-bank, and all the party fired a passing volley from the dahabeah, when within 150 yards. Hit by one or two shots, he rolled into the water, and, by the commotion and splashing he made, showed he was wounded. He afterwards came up and floated, but when a boat

went after him, dived and disappeared. The whole party now laid in wait on another sand-bank; but though crocodiles approached, they would not leave the water; and after a long hot day spent in vain, the sportsmen returned to the dahabeah. Meanwhile the Prince, with Sir S. Baker, landed from the other dahabeah at 10 o'clock, and remained an hour waiting in the holes dug out last night. One crocodile showed his head, but would not come out. It was very hot (140° in the sun); so after waiting some time, the Prince and Sir Samuel returned to the dahabeah, from whence the sand-bank could be watched equally well. For four hours they watched, but no crocodiles came out, probably owing to yesterday's shot. Vultures, however, took the baits. Seeing two crocodiles a little lower down the river later in the day, the Prince and Sir Samuel went after them, but only got a long snapshot at one as he took to the water. The steamer and dahabeah then picked up the Prince and his companion and continued down the river, where they were joined by the second dahabeah, with the rest of party, at 7 P.M.

March 6th.—The steamer got under weigh at daybreak, but at 8 o'clock ran fast on a sand-bank, and remained at least two hours aground. They worked her off at last, arrived at Korosko at 1.30 P.M.,

and remained an hour to coal. By the Prince's orders they despatched a dromedary messenger with letters, to catch the Alexandria mail of the 13th. The steamer and boats left Korosko 2.30 P.M. At 4 o'clock the steamer again ran aground, and there was great delay in getting her off. The dahabeahs were now cast off and towed over the bad places. Soon after the flotilla had to moor for the night. The head-man of the dromedary corps brought a little Nubian monkey on board, as an offering for the Princess. The Prince made him a present of an English double-barrel fowling-piece in a case, and a handsome baksheesh in gold. A very hot day—88° in cabin, tempered by a breeze.

March 7th.—A change in the weather—a violent N. wind blowing fresh all the morning, and the air quite cool. At 11 o'clock the Prince read service on board, every one in the dahabeahs attending. In consequence of the adverse wind, and getting on sand-banks, the flotilla did not reach Philæ, as was hoped, but moored for the night near a small village thirty miles above it.

March 8th.—The Royal party arrived at Philæ at 10 o'clock, passing the Island and Temple before breakfast. The morning was spent packing up, and clearing out the second dahabeah. It was decided

that she should be floated down the First Cataract, if possible, and follow in tow of the tug, in event of the large steamer Faid Rabanie getting aground during the lower journey. After breakfast the Prince and Princess, Mrs. Grey, and every one, landed, and rode to Assouan on donkeys and horses. Luncheon was ready prepared on board the large steamer below the First Cataract, and very welcome it was after the hot ride over the Desert. The Prince and Princess and Mrs. Grey went to visit Lady Duff Gordon, and found her somewhat better. A number of natives, with pottery, baskets, Nubian waist-girdles, shells, ostrich eggs and feathers, old assegáis, &c., came to the bank of the river to sell their wares. After dinner there was a very pretty illumination, strings of lanterns, rockets, and blue-lights, on shore, to celebrate the return to Assouan.

March 9th.—The second dahabeah got safely down the First Cataract. The flotilla got under weigh 10.30 A.M. and left Assouan. The Faid Rabanie towed the Prince's dahabeah, as during the journey up the river. They passed Silsilis 3 P.M., and arrived at the bad channel and sand-bank where there was so much trouble coming up. Here the Mudir, or Governor, with 500 fellaheen, was ready to give

assistance; notwithstanding the passage was well marked out, there was so little water, that the steamer got aground, and it became impossible to move her. It was settled, therefore, that Sir S. Baker, Lord Carington, and Prince Louis of Battenberg should go on board the Prince's dahabeah, which, towed by the Boulak tug, should proceed to Thebes, the other steamers to follow whenever they could.

March 10th. — The Alexandra, towed by the Boulak, left at 6 A.M., and proceeded. The Faid Rabanie did not get off the sand-bank until 2 P.M. The Governor, with his fellaheen, were all the morning round the vessel doing their utmost to move her.

After frantic efforts and much shouting, emptying boilers and lightening ship, and taking even paddle-floats off, she floated about 3 P.M., but at 6 P.M., when off Edfou, she went hard ashore again. This proved so serious a delay, that it was decided to abandon her. So after dinner the whole party were transhipped to the second dahabeah, and the servants and establishment to the Beshbish (Kitchen Steamer); but they were not completely settled down till 1 A.M. The large steamer got off during the evening, but on account of her draught of water it was determined not to use her again. The Alexandra dahabeah passed Esné at 4.30. P.M., but the Boulak towing

her got aground about five miles above Luxor at 6 P.M., and the flotilla did not arrive at Thebes till 7.30 P.M. They were received with every honour. It being the sixth anniversary of their Royal Highnesses' marriage, Mourad Pasha proposed their healths, and there were illuminations, and a display of coloured lanterns, red and blue lights, rockets, and Roman candles, on shore and on board the dahabeahs, on the occasion. About 10 P.M. the Royal party went on shore to the house of Mustapha Aga, where an entertainment was given in honour

of the Prince and Princess. The celebrated Zenah, a dancing-girl, very pretty, with extremely graceful manners, from Keneh, and two others, performed.

The Princess was much pleased and interested with the scene. Thirty mummies, twenty of which are in excellent preservation, have been dug out by Colonel Stanton's exploring party in the Prince's reserves.

March 11th.—At 11 A.M. the Prince and Princess, and suite, crossed the Nile in boats, and went on donkeys to see the excavations. The place in which the mummies were disinterred is a quarter of a mile from the Temple of Memnon. The hole is dug down 100 feet deep. Mr. Smith and Mustapha Aga were let down by ropes, pulleys, and nooses, but came up exhausted and almost suffocated by the foul air. A large red granite sarcophagus, 9 feet in length, about 4 feet in width, with about 50 cartouches, which is positively stated to be the tomb of Nicoteris, the beautiful Queen of Egypt—date 600 B.C.—was found in the excavation. It is considered a great "trouvaille." The sarcophagus will be got out by an engineer, who is to be sent up from Cairo on purpose. After examining the place the party rode to Dehr el Medinet, and to the Memnonium, where luncheon was prepared. The Prince shot a few birds as specimens, and after a rest amid the ruins the party returned to the dahabeahs.

March 12th.—The flotilla left Luxor at 5.45 A.M.

The second dahabeah lashed to the Alexandra; both towed by the Beshbish. The establishment were embarked, some on board the Beshbish — some on the Boulak. Colonel Stanton, Sir H. Pelly, and Major Alison returned in the Azzizea. All got to Keneh without stoppage (forty-eight miles) by 10 A.M., and remained two hours to coal and breakfast. Thence they made very good way. When the sun had set they had arrived within fifteen miles of Girgeh, where they moored for the night. It was very hot, and there was quite a plague of flies.

March 13th.—The steamers left at daybreak, arrived at Souhadj at 12 o'clock, and halted there to coal. Starting again in an hour, and no stoppage occurring, they got within ten miles of Sioot (ninety-three miles) by dusk. Under the awning on the deck of the Alexandra, where the Prince and Princess breakfast, lunch, and dine, it was 98° at 3 o'clock. The flies very troublesome, and not much wind.

March 14th.—The fleet started at daybreak, and got to Sioot at 8.30 A.M., where they stayed for a while to coal, and continued; but, owing to the Beshbish getting foul of the dahabeah, there was some trouble. Ultimately it was settled that a small steamer from Sioot should tow the Alexandra, and that the second dahabeah should be towed by the Beshbish. The

Prince read the service at eleven o'clock; all on board the Alexandra attending. They arrived at Rhoda at 5.40 P.M., and were received at the landing-place by the Governor of the province and the resident officials, who conducted them over the Sugar Factory. It is the private property of the Viceroy, and the most important on the Nile. The overseer is an Englishman. It is exceedingly well managed, and worked with steam power. The profits last year were about £40,000.

March 15th.—The Alexandra, in tow of a small steamer from Sioot, left at 6 A.M. for Minieh; but the green dahabeah got into difficulties. As a violent gale was blowing from N. she became unmanageable; first getting jammed between the Beshbish and the Faid Rabanie, which ran into her, and then, being caught by the current, she ran foul of the anchor of a corn-laden Nile boat. This occurred 6.45 A.M. She began to fill with water quickly, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. All were in bed at the time of the shipwreck. Fortunately, she was not far from shore. She was pushed close to the bank. Every one worked with a will—Mourad Pasha and Abd-el-Kader Bey in their dressing-gowns—and, although the water rose knee-deep in the cabins, everything was thrown on land in about five minutes,

and nothing was lost, though much was wetted and spoilt. In the meanwhile the Azzizea got aground for more than an hour about a mile lower down, and the Beshbish did the same close to the wrecked dahabeah. The baggage had to be transferred to the tug, which got away, with all on board, about 9.30 A.M. Reached Minieh at 12.30, and found that the Alexandra had been already there three hours. The wind and dust were very disagreeable, but later in the day it cleared, and the Prince went in the punt with Webster, and got a shot, killing one pelican and seven spoonbills. The pelican was a very fine pink-feathered specimen. The party dined in the Viceroy's Palace — a large new building, handsomely furnished, with very well shaped rooms.

March 16th.—The party left Minieh at 9 A.M. in a special train, and arrived at Cairo (180 miles) at 2 P.M. Their Royal Highnesses were received at the terminus by Mehemet Tewfik Pasha. A charabanc and four horses, a sociable and four, and two smaller carriages, well appointed, the horses grey Normandy pecherons, with postilions and piqueurs, admirably turned out—an exact copy of the country carriages of the Emperor of the French, except that the liveries were blue, instead of green—were ready to take the party to the Pyramids. Major Alison and

Sir Henry Pelly were asked to join the suite, which arrived at the Pyramids in thirty-five minutes. The Princess and some of the party climbed to the entrance of the Pyramid of Cheops, and groped their way into the inner chamber by the subterraneous passage. The Prince and others ascended to the top of the same Pyramid, attended by a body of Arabs. Then they descended and rode with the Princess, on donkeys, to see the Sphinx. After sunset they returned to the chalet lately built at the foot of the Pyramid, where dinner was prepared. They all left Gizeh at 9 P.M., and in about an hour, after a very dusty drive, reached the Esbekiah Palace, which was found quite ready for their reception ; the English and French servants having come on from the terminus in the afternoon.

March 17th.—The Prince and Princess, with most of the suite, started in a carriage and four, followed by two other carriages, to the Citadel, and after calling on Mehemet Tewfik Pasha, who did the honours in his father's absence, went to the Great Mosque, in which the tomb containing the bones of Mehemet Ali is preserved under an embroidered velvet catafalque, with great care and reverence.

They ascended one of the graceful minarets, from the platform of which a grand panorama of the city

and environs of Cairo is obtained. Thence they went to Bir Yusef (Joseph's Well), a very curious tank hewn in the rock, about 260 feet deep, part of the way to which they descended by a circular gallery. They afterwards visited various places of interest in the city, the aspect of which is undergoing rapid changes.

In the afternoon, the Prince rode through the town with some of his suite, and after dinner the Royal party went to the Circus, which has been run up in five weeks, where an excellent French company, just imported, gave a capital entertainment.

March 18th.—Mr. Kauffmann, a German photographer, took several groups of the party in their Nile dresses. In the afternoon, the Prince and Princess, with Mrs. Grey, and most of the suite, drove to the tombs of the Caliphs, outside the town, visiting those known as "El Kaedbai" and "El Eshraf," and the mosques attached to each. The shape of these buildings, as well as the interior decoration, is most picturesque; but they are rapidly falling to pieces, and no steps are being taken to preserve them. Thence they drove back through the bazaars, stopping at the mosque Berkook, and that of Sultan el Hákem. These are said to have been built about 1200 A.D., and the interiors are beautiful, very curious, and well worth seeing. The tombs are

about the same date. After dinner the Khedive, who returned, as we have seen, to Cairo yesterday evening, and met the Prince in the course of his ride, received their Royal Highnesses at the Theatre, conducted the Prince and Princess to his box, and remained with them till the close of "La Vie Parisienne."

March 19th.—After breakfast the Prince, attended by his suite, proceeded to the Kasr-el-Nil to pay a visit to the Viceroy. It seems as if there was more interest taken by the people in the Royal party, for the crowd round the gateway and railings of the Esbekiah increases daily. There is certainly no lack of signs and tokens about the Palace of the Royalty inside. There are guards outside the entrance, and sentinels at the gates, and a couple of companies of infantry of the Guard to furnish them. There are officers in full uniform on the steps of the portico and in the Great Hall, and there are carriages ever ready in the court. When Prince or Princess go out or come in, the cornets of the band play a flourish, the guard turns out, and the Beys and officers form in line to show respect to the guests of their master.

The Viceroy received the Prince very warmly, and renewed his inquiries respecting the incidents of the voyage up the Nile, and the impressions

produced by the appearance of the country. The Prince and the party took leave in half-an-hour, and drove to the Museum of Antiquities at Boulak, where the Princess, attended by Mrs. Grey, arrived at the same time. They were received by the Director-in-Chief, M. Marriette, and his assistant, a Bey who speaks English very fairly, and is well acquainted with our leading Egyptologues.

The Boulak Museum is a compendious account of Ancient Egypt, which needs, however, the presence of Marriette Bey himself to render it fully instructive and intelligible. Whatever may be its other merits—and I only put it in that way because I am not able to pronounce an opinion—the Catalogue raisonné, with its Introduction, is a most charming little volume, full of candid philosophy and knowledge. It is not to be supposed that Ismail Pasha has any great knowledge of archæology, but he is enlightened enough to perceive the value placed on Egyptian monuments by the civilized world, and wise enough to go to the expense of fostering the Museum and its professors. "That," quoth M. Marriette, tapping the nose of a beautiful bust in black granite, "is the Pharaoh whose heart was hardened, and who would not let the children of Israel go." It is a face of exceeding sweetness,

youthful and round with sensitive lips, executed with the greatest delicacy. The Princess smiled incredulously. M. Marriette accepted the challenge, and at once expounded the history of the statue, and the hieroglyphics, and carried conviction to every mind. "And there is the Pharaoh who was the friend of Moses." No one was bold enough to express a doubt this time, even by a smile. Let every one follow the example of the Prince and Princess, and visit Boulak—all the better if M. Marriette be there. Egypt owes much to him, Europe owes a good deal, and if it be true that France owes most of all, what wonder?

In the evening the Viceroy gave a dinner at the New Gizeh Palace, in honour of their Royal Highnesses. All the Ministers, Officers of State, and Consular Agents, and great persons at Cairo, including Sefer Pasha, a Hungarian in the service of Turkey, chief of the Staff to Omar Pacha during the Crimean war, were present. Ere our appearance on the scene, the ladies of the great harems had been treated to a view of the preparations, and we had met many carriages filled with the pretty prisoners returning disconsolate to their gilded cages, and sighing, no doubt, for liberty. To see no one but a dreary old Minister of State, a lady superior,

and leguminous-looking black eunuchs, would drive, one would think, most women, including the British washerwomen who are in the Viceregal service, out of their senses; but the ladies externally bear no signs of their woe, though they must envy their infidel sisters their ample liberty.

The entertainment at the Palace to-night was enchanting. The menu was admirable, and the dinner, served on the richest plate, in the exquisitely decorated Banqueting Hall in the Garden Kiosk, the gem of the Viceroy's many palaces, a most gorgeously furnished little Moorish villa, lately built, was of great luxury. Social intercourse is restricted, on such occasions, to civilities connected with the mere viands and drinks and a few timid observations. What can one, unless he be a Lady Margaret professor or an Admirable Crichton, do with a Minister of State on either side, who only talks Arabic or Turkish? Many of the high Egyptian officials speak French, but not all. After dinner the company rose and went to the reception-rooms and open colonnades, to which they were tempted by the fineness of the night.

The people in "gala attire," the gardens lit up like day, reflecting in the ornamental water close

by the Oriental figures, moving about the marble courts with their clusters of graceful Moorish pillars, conjured up the thought that it was all out of some grand Caliph's Feast in the brightest chapter of "The Arabian Nights." It was a most charming spectacle, and every one was delighted with it. The display of native-made fireworks after dinner was a great success.

March 20th.—At 11 o'clock, the Prince drove to visit Miss Whateley's British Mission School, and was received at the gate of the school-house by the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the Mission. In the doorway stood two rows of boys, singing to a native melody Arabic verses written for the occasion. As the Prince entered the boys gave the Eastern salutation. Some of the head class read in English, others answered questions in geography; and the Prince expressed his satisfaction at the order and appearance of the children. The girls produced a more effective impression than the boys. Every variety of hue and material was to be found in the dress of the seventy-eight scholars—from the brocaded silk trousers and vest of the wealthy to the print frock of the peasant. The poor were numerous, but many had borrowed articles, and some had even

obtained jewels from friends or neighbours. The green, pink, and lilac gauze veils, which are the ordinary festival dress of children in Egypt, hanging gracefully over the dark plaited locks of hair, and shading the brown-complexioned but clean and bright faces, had a very pretty effect. The Prince returned to the boys' school, and examined their handwriting in Arabic and English. After saluting the young assembly and their superintendents, and shaking hands with the ladies, the Prince took leave. In a quarter of an hour the Princess, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Grey and Abd-el-Kader Bey, arrived. A number of the boys had been allowed to disperse, and several benches, which had a few minutes before been crowded, were empty. The gracious manners and kindly look of the Princess won every little heart. They repeated two or three texts from Scripture in their own tongue, which Miss Whateley translated; and afterwards their needlework was shown, and the Princess especially admired the native work of gold embroidery on crape, and desired a specimen. She seemed much pleased, and remarked on the contrast they presented to the children she had seen in the native villages and streets of Cairo. Both Coptic and Moslem children learn together.

The Egyptians must have a favourable impression left on their minds by this Royal visit. One of the missionaries having observed before to a person of some authority that he hoped the English Prince and Princess would visit the schools, the dignitary laughed, and said, "Princes and kings don't care about poor children and schools." He may now see that this was a mistake.

In the afternoon the Prince, Princess, and suite drove in state to the races given by the Viceroy in their honour. The Prince and Princess were in a charabanc drawn by six horses, and were preceded and followed by two piqueurs in full uniform, and by a body of Viceregal cavasses on horseback; and the rest of the suite were accommodated with seats in charabancs drawn by four horses each, and ridden by postilions in the same livery as those of the Royal vehicles. There were magnificent liveries, faultless scarlet coats and leathers, black oilskin hats, with cockades and bands, and orthodox bobtailed wigs for the Frenchmen who rode the pecherons. The day was almost unbearable by reason of a Khamseen wind, which raised enormous clouds of dust. The efforts of the native water-carriers on such occasions are not very successful in keeping

down the nuisance. Here is one of them, with his skin of water, ready to sell it or spill it, as you desire.

There were troops and cavasses to line the course, there was a guard of honour, and there was a splendid band. There were prizes, and there were horses to run—everything, in fact, to make a race-course, except people to look at it. The Grand Stand was pretty well filled by Europeans, and there were some Egyptians on it and on the Vice-regal Stand, which was reserved for those who were invited; but whether the day was too unpleasant for the multitude to venture out, or that horse-racing had no attractions for them, certain

it is there were not a hundred natives to be seen, and that the number of vehicles on both sides of the ropes numbered only twenty. The Viceroy came to the stand soon after the arrival of the Royal party, and entered into lively conversation with his guests about the races; but he complained of head-ache, and retired before the sports of the day were concluded. The English horses, which gave a liberal allowance to their Arab opponents, were not fortunate, and the favourite came to grief; but there was consolation for the English non-backers, and gratification for the natives, in the success which attended the Viceroy's stable, and in the victory of Shereef Pasha's horses; for that excellent minister has made himself very agreeable to the visitors to Cairo. There was a hot luncheon spread in a large marquee for the Royal party and their suite, and for the invited guests. The work of the day did not terminate at the racecourse. There was a theatrical representation at the Kasr-el-Nil, in the charming little theatre within the Palace, and there was a grand supper after it. The invitations were issued as follows:—

"*Par ordre du Khédive, le Maître des Cérémonies prie* MR. ——— *de vouloir bien assister à la soirée théâtrale qui sera donnée, en l'honneur de leurs*

Altesses Royales le Prince et la Princesse de Galles, au Palais de Kasr-el-Nil, le Samedi 20 *Mars, à* 8 *heures et demie du soir.*"

The Ministers of State, and the principal foreign residents in Cairo and Alexandria, and their families, were present. It was a very pretty scene, and at the close the Viceroy led the Princess to supper. The Viceroy, subsequently, presented orders to the gentlemen of the suite. It was believed that with this entertainment the festivities, galas, and displays of all kinds consequent on the Prince's visit, would come to a close, and that one of the most interesting Royal progresses ever made in Egypt would end, so far as Cairo was concerned.

Every preparation had been made for the departure of the Prince and Princess in the morning. Special trains were in waiting, the authorities warned, and the whole staff which revolves round its centre at the Esbekiah Palace was held ready to transfer itself to Suez. The only part of the programme which remained to be fulfilled was the visit to the Suez Canal. M. de Lesseps returned to Ismailia on the previous Saturday, in the belief that the Royal party would visit the Canal on Monday. But when the theatricals were over the Viceroy made a request to the Prince to stay for the great Feast of the Bairam (Kouban), which

falls on the 23rd; and if ever host had a claim to the consideration of his guest, Ismail Pasha possesses it.

March 21st.—Before the night was over the intelligence was made known to the ladies of the harem. They were so delighted that they sat up all night to talk over the reception of the Princess, and sent a special messenger for Miss Maclean, who acts as their interpreter, to express their joy and to arrange for their little dinner. Early in the morning the news went round that the departure for Suez was put off three days. The Princess, accompanied by Mrs. Grey, paid visits to the wife of Mourad Pasha, who has made himself very much liked by all. There were some shoppings and bazaar visitings to be done, and a last sight taken of the curious old town and its quaint streets.

The merchants were unusually active, and the hall of the Esbekiah Palace was crowded with would-be sellers of curiosities, humble intriguers for admission to the presence, and men in charge of bales of silks, carpets, Cairo work, dresses. The ladies of the harems of the Ministers were very anxious for the honour of a visit from the Princess, and she gratified Shereef Pasha by going to see his wife and household. A harem interior is nearly always the same —a number of women covered with jewellery, not re-

markable for good looks; a pretty slave-girl now and then to be seen—inquisitive, simple, gossipy creatures, who show their affection and attention by pulling pieces of meat off the dishes with their fingers and putting them into the favoured lady's mouth.

March 22nd.—The last day in the bazaars. Once again the Princess, attended by Mrs. Grey, mounted on donkey-back, set out on a ramble through the never-failing delightful labyrinth. There is always a

gentleman of the suite and an aide-de-camp of the Viceroy near at hand; but generally the people have no idea who the Frank ladies are who examine their wares so curiously, and enjoy a little bargain. The

Prince renewed his recollection of the old town, and visited the old palace of Kasr-el-Nourza, where he lived when he was in Cairo in 1862; and after lunch the Princess and Mrs. Grey drove out and paid visits to the harem of Abd-el-Kader Bey and Achmet Hassan, the captain of the yacht. Each of these gentlemen is content with one wife; and the visits proved so agreeable that Her Royal Highness did not return till it was close on dinner hour.

March 23rd.—At daybreak the Khedive repaired to the Citadel, and the thunder of the guns woke us all up, and announced to Cairo that Bairam had commenced. Taking his place in one of the grand saloons of the old Palace, close to the Mosque of Hassan, Ismail Pasha received a long procession of ministers, officials, and citizens, who came to pay their respects en grande tenue. To the Egyptians, for all ostensible purposes of government, the Viceroy is an absolute monarch. The homage of his officers and of the members of his Government is given to him, not as to a Viceroy, but as to a King. No doubt there is in Egypt a very strong feeling against the yoke, light as it is, of the Sultan; but the Viceroy himself and his most enlightened ministers feel that their dependence secures them against many grave inconveniences and heavy obligations,

and evince no desire to gratify the wishes of the native party or of "young Egypt," who would gladly shake off to-morrow the almost imponderable yoke of the Turk. Never had Viceroy of Egypt, however, such an honour paid to him as that which the Prince of Wales's visit to one who really is a tributary prince would confer on the levée. And never, perhaps, did Ismail Pasha feel so like a king as when he stood on the steps of his Palace, in front of all his officers of State, and with the eyes of what may be called all Europe, as represented by the consular agents of all the Great Powers, upon him, welcomed the Prince, and led him to the seat of honour in the Court within.

The Prince, who wore his General's uniform, was attended by all his suite in full uniform, and by the Marquis of Huntly and the Earl of Gosford, who had arrived in Cairo on their way from India to England, and were invited to accompany him. The carriages sent from the Viceregal stables were models of good taste and exquisite finish. Horses, men, and vehicles were as good as could be desired.

There was a considerable crowd outside the Palace railings as the Prince's carriage, preceded by outriders in scarlet and gold, and mounted cavasses in state uniform, slowly passed out into the

street to the sound of the Royal salute; and there were hats and caps raised, and a few cheers were heard. But the Oriental is not in the aggregate easily moved, and, least of all, by an infidel show; and although there were graceful salutations by upraised hands, and the most respectful attitude on the part of the multitude, drawn up as if by order on both sides of the tortuous streets, not a sign of admiration at the fine sight, nor any emotion at the aspect of the unusual uniforms, could be detected on their faces. A short way from the Palace the lines of soldiery began, and continued in a close wall up to the inner court of the Citadel. There must have been nearly 5,000 men under arms. The soldiers wore white gloves. As the Prince's cortége, with its escort of Lancers, passed, the officers saluted, the colours were lowered, and the bands stationed along the route struck up "God save the Queen" and the Egyptian national air. On entering the Citadel the guns opened. Passing through court-yards lined with troops, into the inner quadrangle, there we saw a mass of officers in blue and gold, quite dazzling in their brightness as the sun fell on them, at the entrance to the Palace. A band of the Egyptian Guard struck up "God save the Queen" again. As the Prince's carriage pulled up at the

steps, which were lined by the officers and suite of the Household, the Khedive, attired in a rich blue and gold uniform, and wearing the Star of India, came to meet him. The Prince and the Viceroy, followed by their retinues, proceeded through the lines of state functionaries to the Reception Hall, where the Viceroy and Prince sat apart, with Egyptian officials of the first rank on the left, and the British gentlemen on the right. After a few moments, there came in a valetaille in the fez and black frock,—they are scarcely domestics, for their office is higher than that of servants and lower than that of Ministers,—the chibouquejees bearing pipes—they put one in mind of "adversity"—such precious jewels about them, and so sweet the uses of their tobacco,—and a Minister of Coffee, whose shoulder was covered with a cloth stiff with pearl and diamond, bearing a gold tray, whereon were most exquisite little cups in delicate holders, that were perfect gems in all but continuity of jewelled surface. The Prince and the Viceroy, after a short conversation, rose, walked to the outer porch, followed, as before, by their suites, and the Khedive took leave of the Prince on the steps. The Royal cortége drove through the Citadel, with the same honours as on their arrival, to the Kasr-el-Ali, whither the Princess

of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Stanton, and Miss Maclean, had gone previously to visit the Viceroy's mother. The Hereditary Prince received the party at the steps of the Palace, and led the way to a most delightful interior, where there were more pipes and coffee. We were in the "Inaccessible of Inaccessibles." There were officers of high standing with us who had never set foot so far within the walls of the Harem. Some, indeed, did not venture to come inside. Coffee and pipes over, the Prince and Tewfik Pasha went out to the garden, where the Princess was waiting after her visit to the Harem; and their Royal Highnesses, having taken leave of the young Prince, returned to the Esbekiah Palace. Soon after their arrival the Khedive appeared there with a small suite to return the visit; and while he was engaged in conversation with the Prince, the Hereditary Prince arrived to convey the compliments of the Viceroy's mother to the Prince and Princess.

In the afternoon, the Princess and Mrs. Grey went out driving, and the Prince rode on Schoubra Road. The gentlemen paid visits to the Ministers. The Prince dined with the Khedive on board a yacht on the river. The Minister of Finance, Ismail Pasha, entertained us at a grand banquet, at which

Colonel Stanton, C.B., the Consular Officers, Colonel Teesdale, Captain A. Ellis, Sir S. Baker, Dr. Minfer, Lord Carington, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Brierly, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Major Alison, the Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Gosford, the great officers of State :—Shereef Pasha (Minister of the Interior), Ichabim Pasha (War), Zulfikar Pasha (Foreign Affairs ad interim), Abdallah Pasha (President of the Corps Législatif), and others were present.

In the evening the Princess, attended by Mrs. Stanton, and Miss Maclean, and Mrs. Grey, drove to the Gizeh Palace, where they were entertained in the Harem until past midnight, and returned to the Esbekiah greatly pleased, in native dresses, in which the ladies insisted on attiring them, and with faces decorated in the Egyptian fashion.

CHAPTER XVII.

BAKSHEESH.—THE DESERT.—SUEZ.—CHALOUF.—SERAPEUM.—ISMAILIA.—LIFE IN THE DESERT.—PORT SAID.—SUEZ CANAL.—ARRIVAL IN ALEXANDRIA.—THE PARTING.—THE ARAB BOY.—FAREWELL TO EGYPT.

March 24th.—A horrible Khamseen wind blowing. The ordinary visitor in Egypt has an ordeal like this to face wherever he turns ere he leaves the country:—

A prince is not exposed to such a direct assault, but "noblesse oblige," and the custom of the country renders it a heavy tax indeed in the case of royalty.

Ere the Royal visitors departed there was, then, a process to be gone through, which afforded great solace to many persons. The daughter of the horse-leech fastens on a princely victim with unfailing vigour; but on the present occasion there were persons whose attention and services needed recognition, and the higher their rank the greater the difficulty of carrying out the object. Baksheesh is a national institution; but I fancy the Prince does not find change of country produce any alteration in its prevalence so far as he is concerned. Presents numerous and costly in degree, in addition to much-prized photographic souvenirs, were made to some. Then there were donations of hard coin to those of smaller grades.

At 12 o'clock the Prince and Princess and suite drove to Kasr-el-Nil Palace, to take leave of the Viceroy; the special train was drawn up at the place where the Viceroy received their Royal Highnesses on the day of their arrival. After cordially thanking him for all his kindness and hospitality, the Prince and Princess, accompanied outside the Palace Garden by the Viceroy and his suite, proceeded to the platform, entered the state saloon carriage, and amid much salutation, the train, in charge of Betts Bey, moved away at 1 o'clock P.M. For some hundreds of yards the line passes by the hovels of the suburb

on the verge of which the Palace is situated. The passenger has fine views of the interiors of these cabins, but, after all, what he sees is not very much worse than the sights which greet a foreigner as he approaches London by Bermondsey or Vauxhall. The natives just came to the door to take a glance at the train as we rattled past, and set about their work as usual.

It is not all desert which lies between Cairo and Ismailia. For the first thirty miles the line passes through some of the richest of the wonder-

ful soil of Egypt, where the Nile, sucked out, and scooped up, and forced along canals by incessant human labour, fattens the loam it has deposited, and enables the Desert to send forth crops, the like of which cannot be seen even by the course of the Mississippi. Wherever fresh water flows or falls, there stone or sand give way to green crops, and trees, and the huts of men. Shall it be confessed that a journey by rail through the bare Desert is not interesting? After a time, not always very long, the monotony wearies. Would it be better on a camel, such as we see there plodding along with its driver, making for some distant spot lost beyond that burning horizon? Owing to an accident to the pilot engine, the train did not get to Suez till an hour behind the appointed time. We intended to visit the docks, but it was 7 o'clock, and quite dark, before the party reached the Hotel. They were received by the Governor of Suez, and the officials in full uniform, and by the English officers stationed here in charge of the transport.

The Hotel was almost entirely filled by the Royal party, and M. de Lesseps, M. Borel, M. La Rousse, Major Clerk, Captain Roberts, Dr. Hardie, Mr. West, and others, were invited to the dinner, which included many Indian dishes—all the servants natives

of India. There were fireworks from a boat in the harbour, and a capital military band played on the quay outside. In the evening, the Prince and suite went to the Café Chantant, where there was a creditable performance. A black boy, about twelve years old, who was employed at the hotel as a waiter, Selim by name, and who had been set free from an Arab dhow, was engaged by the Prince to come home in his service.

March 25th.—The Royal party started at 9 A.M., and ran down by rail to the pier, where the works of the Canal Company are being carried forward—a large dock, 420 feet long, being already completed. They went on board an English tug, and steamed round the Mole and as far up the Canal as they could. M. de Lesseps, M. Borel, and M. La Rousse, who were of the party, explained the object of the principal works. The party returned in the tug at 10.30 to the Hotel to breakfast. At 11.30 they left and entered the special train for Ismailia; guards of honour turned out, military bands playing, salutes fired, and all Egyptian and European officials attending their Royal Highnesses to the carriages at the station.

The train arrived at Chalouf in about half-an-hour, where all alighted, and crossing the Sweetwater

Canal on a ferry-platform, proceeded along the banks of the Maritime Canal for about two miles, the Princess and Mrs. Grey in a pony-carriage with M. de Lesseps, the rest on horses.

There is a deep cutting here, in which camels, asses, mules, and men are busily engaged removing the sand and débris. The Timsah lake and the other finished sections do not strike one so forcibly as the aspect of the uncompleted labours of the workmen. The parts of the Canal already fit for traffic have not very much to attract one in the way of sight-seeing. Labour shuns the work it has done; but here we can inspect the nature of the task which was set for those who grappled with the undertaking at the beginning.

The inspection lasted an hour; then the party continued the journey in the train, and at 1 P.M. got out by the banks of the old Sweetwater Canal, where two small steam launches were waiting. They went on to Serapeum, where they were met on landing by Mme. Charles de Lesseps, Mme. and Mdlle. Guichard, Mme. Borel, Mdlle Voisin, M. Lavalley, and others. They walked through the little town which is springing up here, to the Maritime Canal, where they embarked in steam launches, and started for the Great Dam, through

the sluices of which the Mediterranean is being let into the Bitter Lakes.

The scene before us was full of life and animation. Down at our feet a very Babel was at work—men loading the animals from the deep pits in which they were toiling, to a wild accompaniment of sounds, in which the moaning roars of the camel and the braying of donkeys rose above the cries of the workmen. The asses, poor little brutes, go in strings up and down the cutting at a quick step. The camel, on the contrary, paces up and down the declivities with immense gravity and aplomb. The ass stands whilst the Arabs are filling the sacks on his back. The camel kneels. The engineers calculate that a camel will carry one-fifth of a cubic metre of sand, and that he is only able to do the work of two asses, pompous and pretentious as he is.

Having inspected the Dam and the vast space to be inundated, some of the sluices were raised, to let in the water, which rushed rapidly into the bed of the Bitter Lakes; and the party having enjoyed the sight embarked, proceeded by the Canal to Lake Timsah (which they entered at 5.15 P.M.), and reached Ismailia by 6 o'clock. At the landing-place there was a triumphal arch erected, and a crowd of all the colonists and troops lining the road. The Prince

and Princess got into basket-carriages with large flat wheels and four horses—the rest of the party on horseback—and were escorted through the principal thoroughfares by a respectful cavalcade.

If the Suez Canal never produced any greater result, such an extraordinary city would be a remarkable development. Every one who takes the smallest interest in what is going on outside the limits of these islands, knows something about the general plan of the Suez Canal, but without a personal visit it is impossible to conceive how wonderful this little city really is. On the borders of the newly-created Lake, there lie stretched out magazines, storehouses, cafés, restaurants, boulevards, church, cemetery, set in a border of bright verdure fresh and blooming. The limits are sand and rock, the veritable Desert itself. Wood can be worked by Egyptian carpenters and French designers into pretty and fanciful outsides, and the necessity of procuring as much air as possible, and of keeping out sunshine and dust, conspire to the production of such fantastic contrivances in architecture, that, on the whole, the châlets are like nothing that I have ever seen. And then the gardens, where there are growing in their newly-found homes the banana, the orange, the cactus, and tropical plants in great abundance, form a charming orna-

ment, and contribute to the light and graceful aspect of the town. Indeed, the houses on the Esplanade, facing the Sweetwater Canal, and looking out upon Lake Timsah and the water front, put one in mind of an exquisite bit of scenery on the stage, or one of those elaborate toys, in detached pieces, got up by cunning workmen for the amusement of the children of the great. The city has all the Desert around it to expatiate upon, and no one can say to what extent it may reach. On the map, its well-defined lines, with broad squares and streets, stretching out into mathematical points, which have no parts, look almost too grandiose. All of this—the town, the people who inhabit it, the trees, the grass—depend on one work—the Sweetwater Canal. Dry up that, and they wither and die.

Sad must have been the lot of those daring pioneers who first settled down on the shore of the bitter lagoon, without one particle of green; toiling under a tropical sun; smitten by sickness; living on the daily supply of preserved provisions; hoping against hope; contending against apathy; and encountering opposition before which men of less sanguine temperament and adamantine resolution would certainly have succumbed. And, indeed, in the aspect of most of them, there is somewhat of the

expression to be seen on the faces of old soldiers who have gone through a toilsome and protracted warfare. Now, these bold adventurers may say, "The prize is nearly won," because to them the prize is the accomplishment of the work; and for its remoter future or its financial results they have not much care. Year by year they have been straining every effort of mind and body to that one object. It was but natural that the exiles should seek, as their means developed themselves, for some of the comforts and endearments of homes. By degrees the tent was changed for the log-house; the log-house for the cabin; then came the châlet; and then came the wives and daughters, the graces and accomplishments of civilization. The "family" was formed, and, to judge of those amongst whom we were, bloomed like a rose in its Desert home.

In some of the houses there is a degree of elegance and refinement, which is as surprising as it is delightful. Books, engravings, paintings, music, furniture from Vienna, or Paris—these contrast in the memory of the present inhabitants with the early privations which they met and conquered.

One of the greatest charms, however, of the life of the colony is to be found in the Desert itself. The stables of the Company furnish excellent horses

for the use of visitors; the chief employés have their private studs of fiery Arabs, and the young ladies have become bold and hardy horsewomen, whose greatest pleasure is to go on what is called a fantasia into the Desert, galloping over stone and sand to some spot selected for a pic-nic, and returning, after a long day, or perhaps two, to their homes. M. de Lesseps is a true hippodamos, and pushes his equestrian powers to the limits of human and equine endurance, and the gentlemen who assist him emulate his capacity. Life is "fast" at Ismailia —at least that portion of it which the stranger sees —for the men are nearly always galloping, ventre à terre, with groups of ladies, flying like the wind; and speed—constant speed—by land and water is a necessity of existence. Early hours and constant exercise have enabled the inhabitants to resist the effects of climate and the high temperature to which they are subjected part of the year; and, to judge from their looks, they are in robust health.

The Frenchman must have his café and his billiards wherever he goes, when he has settled down to take a lease of the soil. There are several in Ismailia, as well as hotels and estaminets; and in an evening you would be tempted, as you hear the click of the billiard-balls and the rattle of the dominos, and look in through

the gauze blinds and see the smoking crowds, to imagine that you were in some country quarters of La belle France, but for the deep sand, which, rising ankle deep, tells you that the city is built in the heart of the Egyptian Desert. "There is," says M. de Lesseps, "perfect religious toleration in this Babel community; and there is also perfect freedom." If one of the workmen commits a grave offence, he is handed over to the Consular jurisdiction, of which there is generally some representative in each camp or station. But the fear of losing good wages is generally a sufficient restraining power, inferior only to the dread of the Egyptian police, which are stationed at every camp of the Company, by the special request of M. de Lesseps. There are few crimes, it is said, committed; but I saw some with foreheads villanous low, who must have great contention with their bumps if they do not now and then break a code or two. I wonder will Ismailia ever be a stopping-place, where voyagers eastwards and westwards will halt, as they do now at Suez or Alexandria? It may be that soon it will be only as Dover and Calais are to the continental traveller. It may be that none, except some patriotic Frenchmen, will ever behold Ismailia; but if the Canal itself do not fail, it is hard to think the City will

not become known to all the nations of the world.

The party, having made a short tour through the city, drove or rode across the Desert to the Viceroy's châlet—a pretty little pavilion, built on high ground, overlooking Lake Timsah. A battalion camped here furnished a guard of honour. In the châlet the Prince and Princess and Mrs. Grey were put up, with rather scanty accommodation; and, in a range of out-houses, the rest of the party doubled up, not uncomfortably. Dinner was served in a large tent outside, and M. de Lesseps, Mme. C. de Lesseps, M., Mme., and Mdlle. Guichard, M. and Mme. Borel, M. Lavalley, M. and Mdlle. Voisin, Abd-el-Kader Pasha, Governor of Ismailia, D. de la Roche, and Betts Bey, were invited, and returned to Ismailia by moonlight after a delightful evening.

March 26th.—At 9 A.M. M. de Lesseps and his party arrived at the châlet from Ismailia, and soon after we all left, the Princess and Mrs. Grey in basket-carriage and four, the Prince and the rest riding very nice horses. After a sharp ride of half an hour the party arrived at El-Guisr, where they paid a visit to the charming châlet, full of pretty things, of M. Gioja, the engineer of the division. The Zenet-el-Bahareen (the same steamer which took the Duke of

Sutherland's party up the Nile) came down the Canal from the landing-place below the Viceroy's châlet, where she embarked the servants and luggage, and we went on board her to breakfast, and started at 10.30 A.M. on the Canal to Port Said, passing, every mile or so, the immense dragues—elévateurs à longues couloirs — which all day long are dredging and scooping out and raising sand. The Prince and others went on board one of the largest size, and examined it with great interest whilst it was in full work.

At 5.30 the flotilla, which consisted of one large and three small steamers, arrived, after a most interesting journey, at Port Said. As the vessels came in sight, salutes were fired from the Maharoussah and Mehemet Ali frigates, which dressed and manned yards. To show us what was to be seen, the steamers, passing the quay, steered onwards along the course of the western jetty or pier, which extends 3,000 metres out to the sea, and ends in a depth of nearly 30 feet of water. It is intended to carry it 500 metres farther, if the extension be rendered necessary by the accumulation of mud and sand, which is the evil to come prophesied by many engineers as most to be feared.

The Canal is dredged out to the full depth of eight

metres for a stretch of many miles before entering the first basin of the port; the general effect is very impressive as the quay and the lines of houses and workshops come in view, with the Mediterranean in the background. The streets of Port Said are straight and rectangular enough to fill the heart of M. Haussmann with pleasure—shops, cafés, hotels and stores, a Health Office, a Life-Boat station a Light-House, a considerable length of detached supra-villa-like houses facing the sea—all these, and more, on a shore eight years ago a surf-beaten sand-bank, unvisited by man, and only known to the flamingoes and wild fowl, which waded about on the site of the future city!

The pier is not straight, but takes an inward sweep, and forms a sort of elbow to the East. The other pier runs in a right line rather to the west, so as to narrow the entrance, and is 1,000 metres shorter than the other; but there is no great pressure upon it, for the prevailing winds and currents are westerly. The pier is formed of blocks, made at Port Said, of sand and calcareous limestone brought from Marseilles The blocks are oblong, and weigh twelve tons each. They are cast irregularly into the sea; some split in the fall, and lie in the way called higgledy-piggledy, and the surf runs through the interstices, and creates

a slight bubble in the harbour inside, not sufficient to capsize a wherry. Now the great question is, what will the effect of this jetty be on the fine sand brought by Nile currents and sea from the west? M. de Lesseps and French science say, that whatever it may be, they can counteract the effect by prolonging the jetty; but they deny that it does exist, or that it is to be feared to any great extent, at all.

The question of accumulations by currents and set of sea and wind from the west has yet to be tested. It is conceded that as regards the eastern pier little is to be feared. Before our eyes, on the west pier, there lay a smooth fine beach, which has been spreading out to sea at the rate of seventy yards or more a year. M. de Lesseps regards this with great satisfaction. He says he is "growing land," which is every day becoming more valuable. It is said that the sand does not and will not accumulate at depths exceeding eight or nine feet. If the beach encroaches outside the breakwater, there will be constant care needed to prevent the sand gathering inside also, but it will not be difficult either to dredge the harbour or to make a prolongation of the jetty from time to time. The truth appears to be that there is no impossibility, but that there will be some difficulty—an ingredient of expense that will always have to be considered—in

connection with this point. There has been a full share of hard gales and heavy seas since the infancy of the breakwater, and no great damage has been done. The harbour is perhaps the best in the Mediterranean, next to Marseilles or Toulon. It exceeds Alexandria in facility of access. The water outside is deeper. There are no islands, rocks, reefs, banks, or difficult channels, so that, when the light-houses are complete, Port Said will be as easy to run for in bad weather as any port on a lee shore, and for steamers it will be available night and day.

The choice of the patch of exposed beach on which Port Said is built, was determined by the depth of water on the coast. A line of six metres, drawn eastward in the Pelusiac Bay, here sweeps in towards the land. Three-fourths of the winds that blow are good for making it; and as the bottom is excellent holding ground, there is really no reason to doubt its capacity, if it be possible to keep the port free from sand and drift.

The Suez Canal is not made. There is a considerable amount of work still to be done. But the conception of M. de Lesseps is raised out of the limbo of possibilities. The project for the junction of two seas is already in a condition to admit of a probability

that the remaining part, being the easier portion, will be completed by the 11th of October.* The commercial success can only be determined by the experience of a term of years after the canal has been opened. No opinion can be safely offered on the point. If the route be conducive to the interests of commerce, no national jealousies or private interests can prevent its stream flowing through the canal at a great profit to the shareholders. The freight which the Company proposes to charge is at the rate of 10f. a ton transit duty on all actual cargo, excluding provisions for the crew, dead weight, stores, &c.; and the sum saved on a voyage to the East Indies would be equivalent to the total insurance on the ship, without counting the time saved, cost of the crew in food and wages, and wear and tear of material. It may be said, and with some truth, that it is too early for any speculation until the canal is open; but it is not too early to remark how complete has been the failure of sinister prophecies.

At the landing-place, their Royal Highnesses were received, on returning from their little trip seawards, by Kassim Pasha, Vice-Admiral and Governor of Alexandria, and getting into a small waggonette, the only wheeled vehicle in the place,

* The opening, as the world knows, is now fixed for 17th November.

drove round the town to the principal workshop of the Company, where the machinery is repaired. A number of men were engaged in repairing the iron buckets of the dredging machines, which are exposed to great strain and wear and tear. Steam-hammers, drilling, slotting, planing, and boring machines were busy, some under the direction of Arab workmen, whose fineness of touch and facility in learning were much praised by the French gentlemen who superintend them. They earn as much as three francs a day, and rarely meet with the accidents to which European workmen are subject from their own neglect. In another shed forty men were engaged in forge work, and another steam-hammer was in full operation. The result of the engineer's labours is represented by diagrams and sections, and by an ingenious arrangement of brass scales and slides, which shows how much has been and how much remains to be done in the way of excavation in each section. One can easily understand how the contractors, Messrs. Lavalley and Borel, have sunk 2,000,000 francs in the machinery and plant necessary for carrying on their vast operations.

The Royal party thence went in a state barge to the Maharoussah, the Viceroy's yacht, which was left for their accommodation by the Viceroy, with the

Mehemet Ali to keep her company, as escort of honour. The Ariadne drew too much water to risk the entrance to the harbour, and the Psyche, which came round to Port Said, could not well accommodate all the party. The Maharoussah was in some respects very comfortable, but much of her space is occupied by great saloons full of gorgeous furniture. There was a magnificent service of plate and a crowd of servants left on board, but the Prince did not seem much gratified by the appearance of the Egyptian marines, who are dressed in the closest imitation of our own gallant R.M.L.I., and differ only in the badge on their shakoes. He was, however, greatly struck with the size and arrangements of the Maharoussah, and went down into the engine-room, and had a conversation with Mr. Jackson, the Engineer-in-Chief of the navy, who has the rank and title of Bey, respecting the ship, which has the name of having made the most rapid run on the measured mile ever recorded. Dinner was served as we got under weigh, 8 P.M. All went on smoothly as long as we were inside the jetty. The big French domestics did their spiriting gently, and moved easily along the level richly carpeted floor. Piles of costly china, on scagliola tables, caused no anxiety, and marriage bells were nothing to us in merriment. But at the end

of the jetty the yacht "slowed," and then lay-to, to land the pilot who had guided her down the channel. The swell outside caught the broadside, and roll number one caused a gentle clatter of the glasses on the table. Roll number two gave birth to a small crash of a decanter or two, a cry of "Look out there!" and a little exclamation from the Princess. And then came roll number three, a regular heave, which sent seats, candelabra, vases, epergnes flying, and wine running; in clattering avalanches the piles of Sevres china slid from the sideboards on the carpet, and lay in ruins—piles of white and gold fragments, which could not be replaced for hundreds of pounds, probably. The steamer after this freak became quite steady, and went on her way rejoicing. A fine night, and made good way (15 knots).

March 27th.—The Maharoussah entered Alexandria at 9 o'clock A.M. All the ships in the port were dressed with flags, and the Egyptian men-of-war and a French frigate in the harbour, which gives time to all Egypt, manned yards and fired salutes. After breakfast, the Prince and Princess went off in the state barge and visited Ras el Teen, Mehemet Ali's old palace, where pipes and coffee were served in the large Hall. The troops of the garrison were drawn up in the court outside, and were inspected by the

Royal party, who soon afterwards proceeded to Cleopatra's Needle and Pompey's Pillar, in carriages sent from Cairo by the Viceroy for the occasion.

There was a considerable crowd assembled in the streets to see the Royal travellers on their way back to the boats. A guard of honour was drawn up at the dockyard jetty, and their Royal Highnesses went off in the Viceroy's barge, under a salute, to the Ariadne, where they were received with hearty cheers by the crew on the yards.

The transfer of the party to the Ariadne was quickly made. From a large saloon-like cabin, with a marble bath-room close at hand, in which, however, there were great hydraulic difficulties, to a neat, compact little crib on the main deck of the man-of-war, was a change which at first seemed unpromising. But it is astonishing what an agent of power *user* is. The Prince, Princess, and suite resumed their former quarters, and cabins were found for the additions to the Royal following on the main and lower decks. The two boys, Achmet and Selim, Lord Carington's black page, and the gazelles, were provided for also; but there is a mischievous activity about the young Arab derelict, which causes hostile feeling among the domestics.

The Nubian monkey was soon more at home than

the boys or the gazelles, and made friends with the sailors all round.

Luncheon was prepared in the Royal saloon, to which the Egyptian officers who had been in attendance were invited. The healths of the Viceroy, of the Queen, of the Prince and Princess, were proposed and drunk with due honour. Then came the "word that must be spoken." The Egyptians seemed much affected at parting. Mourad Pasha was moved almost to tears. Abd-el-Kader Bey and Achmet Hassan Bey hovered round the frigate in their boats, as if loth to depart. Sir S. Baker, the Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Gosford, and Sir Henry Pelly, took leave of the Prince and Princess, and embarked for England.

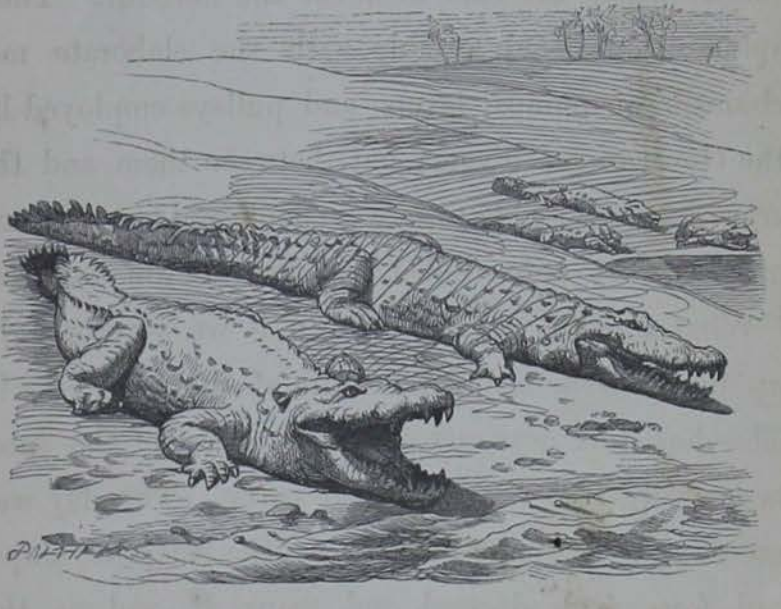
The Ariadne was to have weighed before sunset, but unfortunately the screw got foul of the buoy to which an Egyptian frigate astern of us was moored. The wind blew strong from the NNW. All efforts to get the buoy out of its snug berth between one of the blades of the screw and the rudder-post, proved ineffectual. Men were sent down to break in the iron plates with sledges. Enfields were fired and perforated them, but the buoy held on. Darkness set in, the Ariadne was doomed to remain at her involuntary mooring for the night; Mourad Pasha, Abd-el-Kader Bey, and Achmet Bey, came

on board and remained till it was time to go off to shore. In the course of our journey, very grave doubts had been raised in the minds of those who knew him best, whether Achmet was a good investment. His temper was bad, his disposition intractable; and yet he had an interesting face and melancholy air, and his story was so pitiable—above all, the Prince was so kind—that it was not accepted as a just view of him. The urchin was jealous of Selim, idle, pugnacious, or rather dentatious, and quite demoniac in his rage. He was not by any means unmischievous; and I used to watch him moving smoothly about the cabin in which I was writing, trying to take the handles off the doors, and peering into drawers like a monkey. He bit hard, and would use a knife on occasion, if he could. Complaints were rife against him. The Prince's domestics — kind, excellent men — could make nothing of the boy. As he began to understand he was to leave Egypt, he became more troublesome than before. A council of war was held upon him by the Prince this evening. Mourad Pasha interpreted. And there, before Prince and Pasha, as he was lectured, stood Achmet, son of Ishmael, with folded arms, knit brow, and defiant eye, untouched by kindness and unmoved by threats. The end was,

that he was allowed a week or two of grace, and then, if there was cause of offence, he was to be sent back to parents, of whose existence he suddenly became aware, at Cairo.

March 28th.—From the early dawn divers were employed in the endeavour to extricate the frigate. Dockyard lighters, boats, and flats, laden with admirals, captains, officers, and men, clustered around our stern like bees. The native divers went down from the side of their boat without any preparation, except a short prayer. They seemed to have no fear of the sharks which are said to infest the harbour. Their aplomb contrasted forcibly with the elaborate mechanism, air-pumps, levers, and pulleys employed by the Government divers; but, between them and the crew, it was possible to move about midday. Hours of hard work were needed, and the thought occurred, "What a pickle we should be in if we were brought up in this fashion under the fire of those batteries!" The departure was one of the prettiest of the spectacles witnessed by the Royal party. The day was exceedingly bright and clear. All the batteries, ships, and forts were dressed and manned, and as the Ariadne steamed from her moorings, with all her bunting displayed, from frigate after frigate, and from all sides of the harbour, came the swelling volumes

of the salutes, and streaming trails of white smoke flew across the bright blue background of the sea. The Psyche passed the bar in advance, and the liveliness of her motion warned us to prepare for a swell, which the breeze last night had left behind. Mr. Onslow read service on the main deck; and very soon after we were contending with a rolling sea, which would have proved inconvenient had the service been postponed. Long ere sunset the shores of Egypt were lost to view.



CHAPTER XVIII.

IMPRESSIONS. — COMPARISONS. — SLAVERY. — ANCIENT EJECTMENTS.—SULTAN AND VICEROY.—THE FIRMANS. — THE CAPITULATIONS. — CLIMATE. — LIFE ON THE NILE.—RESIDENCE IN CAIRO.

THE impressions left on the mind of the Prince and Princess, by their reception in Egypt, could not fail to be most agreeable. And the effort it cost to do so much, and to do it so admirably, cannot be understood, perhaps, by those accustomed to live in Courts at home.

It was well, for many reasons, that the Prince should come to Egypt. It was well to let it be seen that Great Britain takes some interest in the country. The people scarcely, as a rule, understand anything about us. We have let Egypt "go by the run," as sailors say. Ministers and statesmen and politicians can estimate our strength, but nearly all that Egypt sees of Europe is essentially French. The English travel there—so do Americans. But the men who are in office, who get on, who control great public works, and who are present to the eye of the people in Egypt, are not English or Americans—

they are French. And if anything were needed to show the extent of their power, it is the jealousy of our allies, and of the control they have acquired in the management of affairs in Egypt, entertained by Turks, here and in Turkey.

There is a strong party in the interest of the Sultan which asserts that Egypt is going back instead of advancing. It needs special knowledge of the country to form an opinion on that point. In the mode of treating illustrious visitors, at all events, Ismail Pasha has nothing to learn from the most civilized and polished nations in Europe. That may be no criterion—indeed, I don't pretend it is — of the condition of the people; but it should prevent rude criticism on the part of Englishmen, and command the gratitude of the nation which has been honoured in the person of its Prince. I have travelled through India, and I feel how difficult it would be to defend our administration against the charges an intelligent and ignorant foreigner, who judged of the effect of our rule only from the external appearance of ryots and villagers, and of the bazaar population of the towns, might bring against us. A governor-general in Calcutta, a chief commissioner of a province, a collector, a district judge—nay, a small official with his retinue and state, his equipage, his

chuprassies, his civilized luxuries—contrast them with the state in which the "people" live! Think of what may be seen within easy range of many a Palace! Consider that we, scarcely with a wince, made the "people" of India pay for the ball to the Sultan in Downing Street! Reflect on what happens under the most liberal rule in the world, and then fling stones at the Mahometan ruler, who allows, indeed, his people to live as their fathers lived, and who has seen, nevertheless, the country increasing in material prosperity; who has opened roads and waterways, embellished his capital, encouraged arts and industry, and broken down, as far as he can, the barrier which separates the Mahometan from the Christian—the old world of the strong arm from the new world of the strong mind! Suppose Ismail Pasha were to tear away from home and occupation every adult male in the land, and send them to fill the ranks for a certain number of years, would there be any language too strong for his conduct? Suppose he were to say to millions of his people, "You shall pay taxes, and you shall do all that I order you, but you are debarred for ever from rising to office in the State, or from filling in army, navy, or judicial functions any but certain inferior grades," how we should inveigh against him! I was in the Southern States

at the beginning of the Civil War, and saw that millions of men were held in bondage in a Christian Republic—that they produced all the wealth on which the country lived, and furnished that material for our supposed necessities in which their masters imagined there lay the foundation of national independence. Schools and all that schools can teach were forbidden to these people. Even Christianity was under prohibition. One day, as I was speaking to a negro lad in a gang, the overseer told me there was no use in asking him about the Bible. "We don't encourage that sort of learning," he said; "we find it puts things into their heads." And yet we bring to bear the achromatic telescopes of our civilization on Egypt, and detect "chains and slavery" all over the land! I cannot say that the fellahs have the air of comfortable labourers or prosperous farmers; but, considering the way in which they live, I am satisfied that they are not the most unhappy or degraded of mortals. The Pharaoh of to-day is certainly a merciful ruler compared with his more famous predecessors of the old-world times. Dr. Seabury, and other American divines, published books to prove slavery was a divine institution, and was a wholesome natural condition—the raison d'être of the black race. Ismail Pasha, Mahometan as he is, acting against the teachings of his faith, the

traditions of his people, and the interests of masses of his subjects, struck off the manacles of the slave wherever he could; and although there is no doubt in my mind that slavery—in fact, called by another name, and not smelling a bit better—does exist in Egypt, the Khedive is entitled to full credit for making strenuous efforts to suppress it.

For 3,000 years the people of Egypt were in a condition of slavery. Till lately they knew no freedom. They sold first their lands and then their bodies to Pharaoh. It was his minister, the Israelite Joseph, who devised and carried out the policy which made his master owner of their lives and labour and the soil they tilled. The story is instructive as it is told in the Old Testament:—

And *there was* no bread in all the land; for the famine *was* very sore, so that the land of Egypt and *all* the land of Canaan fainted by reason of the famine. And Joseph gathered up all the money that was found in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, for the corn which they bought; and Joseph brought the money into Pharaoh's house. And when money failed in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, all the Egyptians came unto Joseph, and said, Give us bread: for why should we die in thy presence? for the money faileth. And Joseph said, Give your cattle; and I will give you for your cattle, if money fail. And they brought their cattle unto Joseph: and Joseph gave them bread *in exchange* for horses, and for the flocks, and for the cattle of the herds, and for the asses: and he fed them with bread for all their cattle for that year.

And next mark this: Famine is a tyrant indeed!

When that year was ended, they came unto him the second year, and said unto him, We will not hide *it* from my lord, how that our

money is spent; my lord also hath our herds of cattle; there is not ought left in the sight of my lord, but our bodies, and our lands: Wherefore shall we die before thine eyes, both we and our land? buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh: and give *us* seed, that we may live, and not die, that the land be not desolate.

"Buy us and our land for bread!"

And Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; for the Egyptians sold every man his field, because the famine prevailed over them: so the land became Pharaoh's.

And now a great clearance of small farms and a forced emigration are mentioned:

And as for the people, he removed them to cities from *one* end of the borders of Egypt even to the *other* end thereof. Only the land of the priests bought he not; for the priests had a portion *assigned them* of Pharaoh, and did eat their portion which Pharaoh gave them: wherefore they sold not their lands. Then Joseph said unto the people, Behold, I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh: lo, *here is* seed for you, and ye shall sow the land. And it shall come to pass in the increase, that ye shall give the fifth *part* unto Pharaoh, and four parts shall be your own, for seed of the field, and for your food, and for them of your households, and for food for your little ones. And they said, Thou hast saved our lives: let us find grace in the sight of my lord, and we will be Pharaoh's servants. And Joseph made it a law over the land of Egypt unto this day *that* Pharaoh should have the fifth *part*; except the land of the priests only, *which* became not Pharaoh's.

Well, there is no such law now, and the Viceroy certainly does not get a fifth of the gross product of the soil, nor does he own a slave. It will be years, perhaps centuries—though not as many as have rolled by since the Norman came over here—before the "people" of Egypt possess our political activity and intelligence—the attributes of a free

European people; but they are now immensely elevated above the condition of their fathers. The Village Chief is a political power; the principle of representative institutions has been introduced into the country, and if not rudely blighted by adverse winds from the north-east, it may yet attain respectable influence and dimensions.

In proportion as the character of the Sultan is strong, the position of the Viceroy becomes liable to disagreeable coercion. Just as Egypt is active or inert, or as the ruler of Turkey regards the country as an appanage or an independent state, the Sultan is jealous or indifferent. History teaches us that if the Satrap be more powerful than his master, he will rebel; that if the Suzerain be strong, and the Satrap be weak, the latter may at any time be deprived of the privileges which he has obtained. The Turk would now willingly take back what he has given, but he cannot. It is hereditary satrapy—it is all but autonomy—that he has yielded. There is little doubt in my mind that Egyptians have no feeling of loyalty towards the Padishah. To the devout, his office and his person have a certain interest, and inspire a due respect. But the townspeople and some influential classes would be glad to throw off the allegiance which gives comfort to

the native politicians. It is pickerel-weed to the pike,—"Help us," say these Egyptians, "whenever the Porte tries to lord it over us. The Viceroy will not strike, nor will his ministers. But we can compromise them by a few bold acts, and these shall not be wanting if the Great Powers stand by us."

I have not space to enter upon the consideration of the grave questions which may at any time be raised between the Sultan and his vassal. The Imperial firmans on which the Viceroy relies—or may rely—are like Acts of Parliament, Acts of Settlement, or of Union, or other solemn Parliamentary documents—"a breath may unmake as a breath has made" them. He therefore looks abroad for support. Every Egyptian in disgrace flies to Constantinople, and finds there a congenial atmosphere for the "study of revenge—immortal hate," in agitating to upset the firmans.

The document on which, read by the light of former charters and firmans, the Viceroy founds the strict legality and loyalty of his conduct, is the Firman of 5th June, 1867, of which the principal passages are, in its French abstract, as follows :—

"Après les formules qui confèrent aux Pashas d'Egypte se titre de Khédive, le firman continue ainsi qu'il suit :

"Mon firman impérial qui confère à la vice-royauté d'Egypte le privilège de l'hérédité directe, stipule en outre que les lois organiques en vigueur dans les différentes parties de mon empire, seront mises en pratique et appliquées en Egypte conformément à la justice, à l'équité, et en prenant en considération les mœurs et le caractère des habitants. Mais par lois organiques il faut entendre les principes généraux proclamés par la Charte de Gulkhané (garantie de la vie, de l'honneur, et des biens). Seulement *l'administration intérieure de l'Egypte, et par conséquent les intérêts financiers, matériels, et autres du pays, ayant été confiés au gouvernement du Vice-roi*, il a paru nécessaire pour sauvegarder ses intérêts, et leur donner plus d'extension, d'accorder au gouvernement Egyptien la permission de faire tous les règlements qu'il croirait nécessaires dans ce but, sous forme d'actes spéciaux d'administration intérieure. Tous les traités souscrits par mon gouvernement impérial devront comme toujours êtres exécutés en Egypte. Mais le Khédive a toute autorisation de conclure avec les agents étrangers des arrangements spéciaux relatifs aux douanes, à la *police des sujets étrangers*, au transit, et à la poste. Seulement, ces règlements ne pourront en aucune façon être promulgués sous forme de traités ou de conventions politiques. Dans le cas où

ces actes ne seraient point conformes aux lois organiques dont il a été parlé plus haut, et viendraient à toucher aux *droits de ma souveraineté territoriale*, il faudrait les considérer comme nuls et non avenus. A cet effet, si le gouvernement Egyptien venait à avoir quelques doutes sur l'intégrité ou la lésion de ses droits, il devrait avant toute résolution définitive en référer à ma Sublime Porte. Mais lorsqu'il aura fait un arrangement spécial pour les douanes, il en donnera avis à ma Sublime Porte. Dans les conférences qui désormais s'ouvriront entre mon gouvernement impérial et les différentes puissances pour la conclusion de traités de commerce, le gouvernement vice-royal sera consulté et son opinion sera demandée, pour sauvegarder les intérêts commerciaux de l'Egypte." There is here argument for both sides, and the terms and tenor indicate a disposition to tighten the rein.

Those who entertain hopes for Egypt, may well despair if an end be put to the efforts of the statesmen who are seeking to modify the law —or rather the want of law—affecting the relations of foreigners and natives. And yet the Porte seems determined to allow no negotiations to be carried on by Egypt with any foreign Power for that object, and seems bent on the overthrow of

one of the ablest ministers who ever served a country —Nubar Pasha.

We must leave the solution of the Egyptian problem to time. What more interests many English readers is the consideration of the advantages of a residence in Egypt as a sanitary resort. It is difficult to speak from personal experience of the climate of a country to which one has only paid visits of a few weeks at distant intervals. Visited though it be by cholera at times, and subject, as it has been, to terrible pestilences, it is incontestable, that Egypt enjoys generally an excellent sanitary condition, and is, especially in the upper country, singularly free from dangerous fevers or maladies of the respiratory organs.

It would not be wise to select Lower Egypt as a residence, even if there were choice of cities to live in, because it must be remembered that there are in summer special disadvantages, exceedingly irritating to an invalid—excessive heat, flies numerous and vigilant beyond description, and insects which vex humanity by day and night. The dust is attended with mere physical discomfort, perhaps, though I have a conviction that ophthalmia, which is such a common and troublesome affliction, is a great deal due to the fine and almost impalpable powder which

floats, at the height of many feet, cloud-like, in the air, the live-long day, whatever physiologists may say to the contrary. Why not live on the Nile? Well, even if one could endure the monotony of existence on board a boat day and night for weeks and months, there are seasons in the year when such a mode of life would be troubled. Thus, when the Nile is flooding the country, there are few stations at which a dahabeah can moor; and when the Nile is falling, the exhalations from the mud deposited by its waters are not calculated to improve the health, and certainly are offensive to the nose. The seaboard is the last place in the country to be recommended for invalids. Torrents of rain, wind, and violent changes of temperature, mark the vicinity of the Mediterranean. In Upper Egypt, which is so delightful in the winter, there are few suitable places of residence to be found. Strangers come like flights of birds, lodge on board their boats, and so depart; but surely it would be worth while to try, at some of the large towns on the river, such as Sioot, Minieh, and Assouan, the establishment of houses where invalids could take up their abode for a time in the winter season. It is not every one who is content with life on board a dahabeah. As to the benefits to be gained by an escape from a winter in England,

who can doubt it who has once inhaled the atmosphere—I had almost said "melodious"—of the Nile, in the months which are, in England, most terrible? At Cairo there are exceedingly comfortable hotels, and the capital of Egypt is a civilized resort, superior, in some respects, to many continental cities of the same extent. If an invalid takes up his residence in Cairo, with the intention of remaining until the end of March or beginning of April, he should calculate his movements so as to arrive therein the very last days of October or the beginning of November. There are, of course, some days sufficiently trying to weak lungs and to feeble constitutions—inequalities in temperature, sudden chills, days which seem to have escaped from a wintry prison in Europe, and to be revelling in the Egyptian capital—but, in general, from 10 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, for all those months, there is, away from the crowded streets and the dusty paths, where men and animals are throwing up a sort of cloud-like vapour, a lovely transparent air. Doctor Bourguieres affirms that Europeans, who arrive in Egypt, carrying with them the germs of phthisis, may not be absolutely quite safe from the development of the disease, but that it is certainly exceedingly slow, and that all ulterior progress is frequently checked in

the most remarkable manner. In the first stage of phthisis, the moist and warm air of the country appears to facilitate the absorption of tubercle; in the second, and even in the third stage, expectoration diminishes, hematosis ceases, and wasting is checked; and the learned Doctor declares that he has seen true cavernous tubercles completely cicatrized and healed. Chills, however, must be guarded against, for the moment the sun declines below the horizon, the fall in temperature is very considerable. Charming, ineffably delicious as the nights are, one must not trust himself unprotected to their seductive beauties, but ought to have warm clothing, however light, always at hand. The instant the Khamseen wind sets in, which is generally towards the end of March, the European must fly. From the 15th December to the 15th February, the Nile offers the greatest advantages to the invalid; and many a congregation in England has benefited by the expatriation of some favoured pastor, who, after a visit to the First or Second Cataract, has returned to them in full voice. After all, Egypt still depends on the Nile in every way, and without it the land would in every way be a waste.

The chapter of Exodus in which the Nile is alluded

to appears to have been somewhat loosely translated, or rather, the ellipses have been filled in without proper warranty. In verse 17, chap. vii., it is said:—

I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters that are in the *river*, and they shall be turned to blood.

There is only one river spoken of, and it is mentioned again and again, but the word is apparently supplied by the translators:—

The fish that is in the *river* shall die, and *the river* shall stink, and the Egyptians shall loathe to drink of the water of the *river*.

It will be seen that a single river is always put in the text. But in verse 19 it says:—

And the LORD spake unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and stretch out thine hand upon the waters of Egypt, upon their streams, upon their rivers, and upon their ponds, and upon all their pools of water, that they may become blood; and *that* there may be blood throughout all the land of Egypt, both in *vessels of* wood, and in *vessels of* stone.

But that there is only one river is obvious: it is the Nile, and it alone:—

And Moses and Aaron did so, as the LORD commanded; and he lifted up the rod, and smote the waters that *were* in the river, in the sight of Pharaoh, and in the sight of his servants; and all the waters that *were* in the river were turned to blood. And the fish that *was* in the river died; and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river; and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt. And all the Egyptians digged round about the river for water to drink; for they could not drink of the water of the river.

Here, in the text, "river" is found, although in the 19th verse the word is used in the plural. The

great plague now to be feared in Egypt is want of water in the river. Without water there are plagues, pestilences, and famine in the land; and with plenty of water Egypt waxes fat exceedingly, and her people are contented and prosperous.

CHAPTER XIX.

BOUND FOR GREECE.—GALLIPOLI.—THE GOLDEN HORN. — PROCESSION TO THE MOSQUE. — VISIT TO THE HAREM.—SCUTARI CEMETERY.—MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMS.—BEYLER BEY.—MUSTAPHA FAZIL PASHA.

March 29th, Easter Monday.—Fair breeze; fine day. Canvas aloft and alow. At 8 P.M. we were off Rhodes. The Ariadne running ten knots an hour, with Psyche in company, went staggering along through the crisping waves, all her sails set to stu'n'sails. One of the gazelles succumbed to the sea change and to the disagreeable novelties of life between decks. The Rev. Mr. Onslow read prayers on the main deck; the Prince and suite, officers, and ship's company attending. Whilst we were exulting in the unusual good fortune of the Ariadne in having a fair wind — whew! flap went our canvas aloft against the mast, and round came the breeze, so that sail after sail was taken in, and we soon had a light head sea to contend against. The Princess, although not unwell, felt more comfortable in her cabin than in the saloon, or in the glass house on deck.

March 30th.—We are among the "Isles of Greece." Daylight revealed Patmos, a dark patch on the blue sea, edged with white foam. Levitha came next in succession. At 9 A.M. running by Nicaria; at noon, Khios. A light head wind. As it was not desirable to reach the Dardanelles before daybreak we reduced our speed. The Psyche preceded us, but gradually dropped nearer, and in the evening both vessels were coasting the low land of the Troad on the starboard beam, almost invisible in the haze.

March 31st.—And here we are in the Dardanelles! It is 10 A.M. There is the Castle of Asia on our starboard bow, and the Castle of Europe on our port, and we are coming to our anchorage. The Forts on both shores salute from manned parapets as we anchor. When the Ariadne brought up, his Excellency the Hon. H. Elliot, attended by Mr. Lionel Moore, Mr. Kennedy, and Mr. Wrench, the Vice-Consul, came on board from the Caradoc, which had come down with them from Constantinople. The Sultan's steam-yacht, Pertif Piali, brought down Raouf Pasha, Grand Ecuyer, who was prompt to pay his respects on the part of His Imperial Majesty, and to arrange for the arrival of the Royal travellers. Presently the Prince and the gentlemen of the party, in plain clothes, went off in the Ariadne's

barge, under a general salute from ships and forts, to the landing-place at Chanak. Here the Prince was received by Eyoub Pasha, Military Governor of the Dardanelles, Staff, and a guard of honour: after an interchange of compliments the Prince proceeded to the interior of the Castle.

A monster gun was got ready, and the Prince and suite took their places on the parapet to see the shot fired. One of the five guns which wrought such mischief on Sir J. Duckworth's squadron when he escaped down the Dardanelles after his inglorious exhibition off Constantinople was selected for the purpose. It has nine shot marks on it; so the gunners think it has given proof of its lasting properties. The charge was 44 lbs. of powder; the stone shot vary in density, but generally weigh about 610 lbs. At the word "fire" in Turkish, which sounded like our old Indian friend "ateesh," the projectile flew like a giant cricket-ball, touched the water 300 yards from the muzzle, drove up a vast column of spray, and then in 16 beautiful ricochets bounded over towards the European side, and at the end of 20 seconds, sank in a gulf of foam, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile away. The Pasha was resolved his Royal visitor should not go away dissatisfied. Rarely has the gun been fired twice run-

ning; but the spectacle appeared to please the Prince so much, that in a few seconds the Dardanelles once more re-echoed to a roar which could not have been exceeded by the report of Baron de Tott's great ordnance. This time the elevation was altered, and the shot only made 13 ricochets before it astonished the fishes by its downward rush to the bottom. In two minutes the gun was again loaded, and a third shot was hurled still farther than the others, and nearly landed on the shore far down below us, in 11 tremendous leaps, which it made in 19 seconds.

It was remarked that the Turkish Government is not at all indifferent to the risks of war, if one may judge from the activity in throwing up earthworks and batteries on both sides of the Dardanelles. The Turks have mounted one, and are about to mount another, of the large Armstrong guns lately presented to the Sultan by the Queen.

The Prince took leave of the Governor, and returned to the ship under the same honours—salutes from forts—as marked his landing, and in another hour the Ariadne, followed by the Psyche, Caradoc, and Pertif Piali, was stemming the current between Sestos and Abydos, and the flotilla anchored off Gallipoli at 6 P.M.

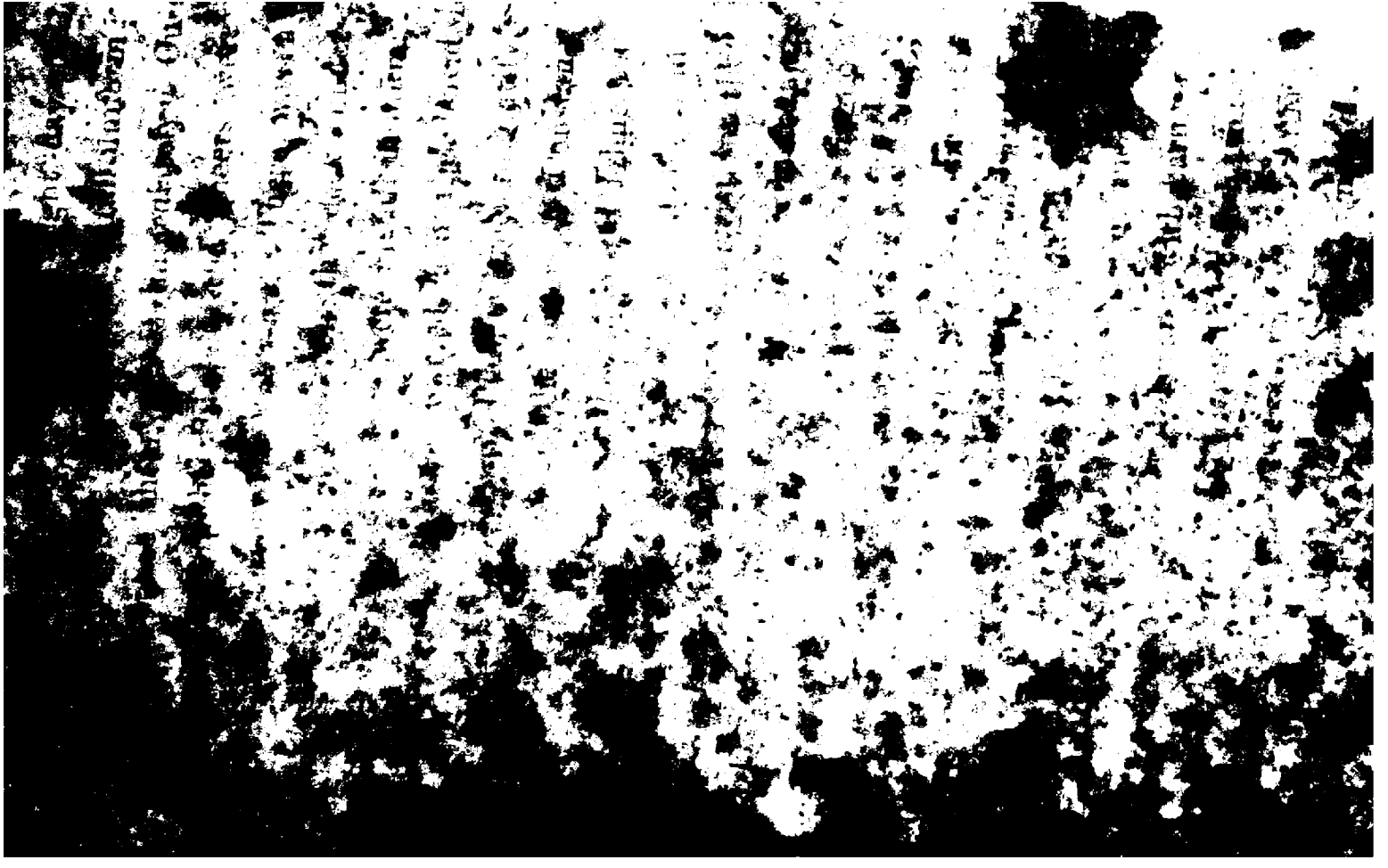
As the Ariadne was seen slowly steaming in

towards the old landing-place, the people flocked to the water's edge; and by the time her boats were in the water to take the Prince and his party ashore there was a large crowd at the quay. The Pasha sent down an officer, and the British Vice-Consul was in attendance, to receive His Royal Highness, who set off at once, through the narrow streets, to visit the burial-grounds, followed by a multitude of timid-looking Christians. The cavasses kept them back; but a few contrived with bated breath to whisper that times had changed since the Allies had departed, and to declare that the present Governor was guilty of great oppression. They looked dejected and miserable enough. Though Gallipoli has been so purged by fire that I could scarcely recognize the street in which my dreary old quarters were situated, there is the impress of decay on the town. The British Cemetery is a moundy patch of weeds and thistles, surrounded by a stone wall. One tablet alone is standing, and it records the death of "Lance-Corporal Ball, 44th Regiment." It is a miserable place, and I sought in vain for some record of the men who died whilst our troops were encamped there, before the expedition was concentrated at Varna. The party, skirting the town and getting a view of the ridge over the old lines of Bulair, went next to the

French Cemetery. It is in better order than ours. The Prince spent some time in examining the inscriptions on the tombs. On a marble slab, at the end of which is a large cross, he read, "Ici repose Michel Louis Felix Ney, Duc d'Elchingen, Général de Brigade; né à Paris, 22 Avril, 1804; décédé à Gallipoli, 14 Juillet, 1854. Priez Dieu pour lui." A brave soldier, bearing a striking likeness to the great Marshal, much regretted by the whole army. Beside him rests another French general—Carabuccia. There are several other graves with tablets in tolerable preservation, mostly those of officers of "La Légion Etrangère." On returning to the landing-place, the Prince found the Pasha with a guard of honour to pay his respects. The Ariadne, under easy steam, with the other ships in company, crossed the Sea of Marmora in the course of the night.

Thursday, April 1st.—At 8 o'clock in the morning the minarets and mosques of Constantinople were visible about five miles ahead. Three tugs, with flags flying, came down laden with British residents, which were followed by some half-dozen others afterwards, filled with people whose curiosity or loyalty was not fastidious or delicate. They ran close to the windows of the sleeping saloons. "God save the Queen," cheers, and the voices of little children sing-

ing English hymns on board, greeted the Royal tourists. At 9 A.M. the Ariadne was three miles off the Golden Horn,—wind fresh, sun bright, day cold. The Prince and suite came on deck in full uniform; the Princess joined them almost immediately. On the appearance of the Princess, the cheers were renewed with fervour by the tugs. There was a guard of honour of Marines on the deck, under Captain Poore; all the officers were in full uniform. The barge and gig were lowered, and the Royal party went off to the Pertif Piali, in order to gratify the Sultan by arriving in the waters of Constantinople in his yacht. As their Royal Highnesses were piped over the side the barge put off, and the men on the yards cheered; presently, from the Turkish iron-clads, colours flying, yards manned, up the Bosphorus, and from the battery at Seraglio Point, rolled out a Royal salute, and on the dancing waters swarmed caiques and steam-boats. Some of the tugs were positively scandalous in their attentions, and the swell caused by their paddles nearly capsized the gig; and caused one to reflect on the fate which must await a Life Guardsman "with harness on his back," and any of his friends to whom he may attach himself in the water, in case of an upset. After the Pertif Piali, with the Royal Standard flying, fol-



OFF THE GOLDEN HORN

Vincent Brooks Day & Son London

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lowed by the Ariadne and Psyche, arrived abreast of the Palace of Saleh Bazaar, she brought up. The State caique of the Sultan, the most lovely of floating creations, with fourteen caiquejees in silk shirts, followed by three grand caiques, came alongside with the Grand Vizier Aali Pasha and Khamil Bey, Grand Master of the Ceremonies. They were in their state dresses, Quaker-cut frocks of blue cloth very richly embroidered, or rather crusted, with gold lace, and wore stars, ribands, and crosses of orders, and but for the fez, might pass for diplomatical Christians anywhere. Aali Pasha is a very small, slight, sallow-faced man, with two very penetrating honest-looking eyes. He has a delicate air, and looks timorous and nervous; and his standing attitude is one of rather imbecile deference to everybody, but in the presence of the Sultan this becomes almost prostration. Yet, he is courageous, bold, enlightened, honest, and just; full of zeal for the interests of his country, and unceasing in his efforts for its improvement. Khamil Bey, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, who came to do the agreeable, is a pleasant little man of the roly-poly order of human architecture, with a flow of colloquial French, and ideas to match; very inquisitive and "spry," as an American would say; fond of his cigarette, his chat, his beads. He is highly connected,

and is excellently qualified for his place; although his face always wore an expression of agonized anxiety at every function, as though he expected an order for execution every instant. In addition to Raouf Pasha, the Grand Ecuyer—tall, limber, and rather solemn—a most excellent and obliging officer, always ready, at a moment's notice, to oblige us with a mount on any number of unmanageable horses, there were attached to their Royal Highnesses, Muzafer Bey, Ecuyer of the Sultan, a very agreeable and amiable Pole, and two officiers d'ordonnance in waiting, Spiridon Trad Bey and Talib Bey, the most gorgeous persons of the suite—Maronites, handsome, fat, not very spiritual, the sight of whom in full uniform—turbans of white, scarlet-backed jackets, scarlet vests, more gold than anything else, cloth-of-gold belts, jewelled scimitars, blue trousers knickerbocker-like, and tunics twice as baggy, falling over wrinkled bright patent leather boots—"is a joy for ever." The careless nomenclators called them Spiridian and Meridian. The Royal party, embarking amid tremendous cheers from tugs and boats and ships, were rowed in the caiques to the landing-place of the Palace of Saleh Bazaar, where the band of a regiment of Imperial Guards playing "God save the Queen," a guard of honour, a crowd of officers, and

a gorgeous staff received them. Their Royal Highnesses were met at the steps of the Palace by the Sultan in full uniform. The Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, acted as interpreter. His Majesty, after many gracious speeches, led them up the grand staircase, and showed them the rooms prepared for them, which were not only very rich, but very comfortable. Then he took leave, and the Royal party had time to look about them, and rest for a while.

After a short period devoted to settling down, the Prince and the gentlemen of the suite were driven in the Sultan's carriages to the Dolmabakshi Palace, higher up the Bosphorus, where they were received by troops and a band of the Guard. On alighting the Prince was met by the Sultan at the entrance, and led into one of the splendid apartments of the Palace, the approaches to which were lined by the servants of the Imperial household. The Prince presented the gentlemen and Captain Campbell and Sir F. Blackwood to the Sultan. The Prince took leave after a short conversation, and was accompanied by the Sultan to the threshold of the Palace, and returned with the party to Saleh Bazaar. After luncheon His Royal Highness and the Princess, Mrs. Grey, and suite, drove to the British Embassy, where they were

received by the Ambassador and Mrs. Elliot and the members of the Embassy. The visit of the Prince and Princess lasted till nearly 6 o'clock. As they returned, in the Sultan's carriages, a large number of people assembled along the route, and saluted in silence; but they were not at all enthusiastic according to our ideas, though they were very respectful according to their own.

There is a great change in the matériel and personnel of Constantinople. After the great fire of '64, orders were given that no houses of wood should be erected in future, and there are great open spaces yet to be filled up in Stamboul. There is gas in all the main streets on both sides of the Golden Horn. The water supply is abundant. But the change in the aspect of the population is not so gratifying to the eye. The grand old turban is rarely seen. Moolahs and "fanatics"—i.e., men who believe—are the only people who wear them; and the fez, in all its ugliness, is the universal substitute. The women have discarded the great yellow papooshes or slippers, and toddle about in patent leather spring boots of the newest Frankish fashion; but they still retain the most charming of all dresses, though we hear that crinolines are not unknown beneath these flowing robes of silk. There is an

excellent and numerous police force. The "sick man," to the outward eye, has shaken off all signs of the incurable disease from which he was supposed to be suffering so dreadfully, and to-day the Turk could put 800,000 men into the field. The troops are well equipped, and armed with Sniders. The artillery are provided with steel muzzle-loading rifle guns, made in the Constantinople arsenals. Hobart Pasha is reorganizing the navy with energy, and there are now four heavy ironclads in the Bosphorus, which look fit for any work that may be demanded of them.

The dinner at Saleh Bazaar, served on gold and silver plate, was in all respects admirable. The Sultan's band, under Guatelli Pasha, in the saloon outside, quite astonished the company by its excellent rendering of operatic music; when the musicians, facing about, played "God save the Queen" and retired, every one was so tired, there was a general desire to follow their example.

Friday, April 2nd.—Our breakfast at Saleh Bazaar this morning was very good and well served. The servants speak French or Italian. Mr. Moore and the Sultan's Ecuyers were invited to table.

Comparisons, we are told, are always odious; sometimes they are not possible; occasionally they

may be impolitic. Nothing can be better in taste, substance, and spirit than the reception given by the Sultan to the Prince and Princess. After a short excursion through the streets in the suite of the Royal visitors, it made us shudder to think of Wimbledon. Saleh Bazaar is beautifully situated on the edge of the Bosphorus, above Tophaneh and below the Imperial residence at Dolmabakshi. There are guards of honour, carriages, saddle-horses, caiques, and an immense staff of servants for ever on duty. The band of eighty-four admirable musicians, all Turks taught by an Italian, play charmingly every evening at dinner; Signor Guatelli, the band-master, is a Pasha, and there are no less than twenty officers of different ranks, from that of lieutenant-colonel down to lieutenant, in the band. The table is covered with gold and silver plate. Every morning there come presents from the Sultan of the most exquisite flowers, and trays laden with the finest fruit. The valetaille, in liveries of green and gold, with white cuffs and collars, throng the passages and corridors, and black-coated chibouquejees are ready at a clap of the hands to bring in pipes, with amber mouth-pieces of fabulous value, crested with hundreds of diamonds and rubies, and coffee in tiny cups, which fit into stands blazing with similar

jewels. The cuisine cannot be surpassed, and the wines are of most celebrated vintages. All the persons attached to the palace speak French or English. There are Turkish baths inside, ready at a moment's notice. Equerries, aides-de-camp, officers of the Body Guard, radiant in gold lace and scarlet, in blue and in silver lace, flit about the saloons and corridors. Human nature can scarce sustain the load of obligations imposed on it by such attention. If the Prince's caique is seen on the water, guards are turned out along all the batteries, and the strains of music are borne on every breeze that blows. Yards are manned, and crews turned out on the slightest provocation. The least wish is an order. It appears that the Sultan retains lively recollections of his own reception in England, and desires to express his sense of it; and his subjects are, we hear, equally anxious that the guests of His Majesty should feel they are conscious of the honours that were paid to him, and of the friendly offices of Great Britain in their time of trouble.

The Sultan went in state to the Mosque in honour of his guests to-day. In fine weather he generally goes by water. Visitors to Constantinople know how pretty it is to see the Imperial caique, all gold and white, with its attendant flotilla, flying

against the stream of the Bosphorus, amid the salutes of the forts and shipping, and the low reverences of the people who line the banks. There was a land procession on this occasion, and an unusual display of state and of troops to do honour to the Prince and Princess. At 12.30 the Royal party were driven in three of the Imperial carriages, preceded by outriders, and with two officers of the Sultan's Body Guard in attendance, to Beshik Jool, one of the palaces on the Bosphorus, which looks out on the street or thoroughfare through which the Sultan had to pass. There was a line of infantry on each side of the way, and a body of Circassian cavalry, in front of which a military band was stationed, near the palace. The Prince, Princess, and suite were conducted to a beautiful room, exquisitely furnished and decorated by French artists. Panels in a vaulted roof of fretted gold contained very good paintings of lions, tigers, and deer. Off this rich apartment there was a conservatory—with a marble fountain in the midst playing softly into a reservoir filled with gold-fish—the windows of which also looked down on the street. Pipes and coffee were served, and a buffet in the corner, covered with plate, wine, fruit, and confectionary, was dressed for those who needed refreshment of a more solid or liquid

character. Drinks of sherbet, delicate confections of orange-juice and violets, were handed to Her Royal Highness and Mrs. Grey. The sloping ground at the other side of the road, broken into small patches of grass divided by low walls, was filled by groups of women in the wonderful hues which Orientals know how to arrange in the most exquisite combinations by some instinctive operation of taste, so that the fields were like beds of animated flowers of the most beautiful colours. It is easy to perceive that reform, if change be entitled always to the name, has been at work in the capital of Turkey since the allied armies were here. The yashmaks or veils are now made of the finest muslin, like "the woven wind of Dacca," which, when the contour is good and the complexion wanting in tone or brilliancy, more often lends to than detracts from the beauty of the face. Over this milk-white foil the black but rather bead-like eyes flash from under the straight painted eyebrows with no doubtful lustre or expression. Will fashion ever import this delicate lure into Europe? There can be no question of its efficacy in many cases which cannot be cured by the ordinary Paris modistes. But the barrier to what we call civilization, opposed by religion and by custom in all that concerns the social life of women, is

as strong as ever, notwithstanding the fineness of the yashmak. The hour of noon was fixed upon for the function, but it was near 1 o'clock before the Sultan, in whom all interest centred, made his appearance. First, a body of Circassian horse, in black sheepskin caps with scarlet tops, dark green caftans, and long boots, armed with carbine, sword, and pistol (officers with white sheepskin caps), riding hard-bitted unruly horses. Then officers in full uniform on foot, two-and-two, and persons attached to the person of Prince Izzedin—then the young gentleman himself. His little Highness carried a naked sword in his hand, and wore the star on his breast, and over his uniform of blue and gold, the green riband, of the Osmanieh Order. The Turks are becoming quite civilized in some of their practices. He is colonel of a regiment, this little Prince, and he was walking on foot to take up his place and salute his father as he passed in front of it. Officers bearing cushions and carpets followed the Prince; then there was another pause, during which nothing in particular occurred, though there was plenty to observe in the crowd below. A blast of a trumpet, repeated along the ranks, gave notice of the approach of the Sultan. The appearance of the great man himself was grand indeed. Grave—almost melancholy, he bears him-

self with a severe dignity, which his portliness of person does not impair. His Majesty wore a very splendid military uniform, and his jewelled orders and sabre-hilt shone highly in the sun. His horse was a marvel of beauty in its way, and all admitted they had never seen such a coat and colour; it looked like grey burnished steel with a multitude of speckles on it, perhaps it resembled more nearly a sheet of polished granite. His Majesty was preceded by the Ministers of State, and by a crowd of officers, splendidly mounted, conspicuous among whom was Omar Pasha, wearing the riband and star of the Bath, and resplendent with jewelled decorations. Cries of "Long live the Sultan" in Turkish, greeted His Majesty, and the troops presented arms, and the music played, and the trumpets and drums flourished and rolled. The pageant passed, and the Royal party waited some time for the return of the Sultan from the mosque. In the interval, however, the little Prince Izzedin, accompanied by the Seraskier, came to visit the Prince and Princess. He is an intelligent but delicate-looking lad. They do not care much to burden his early years with learning, for His Highness has not yet learnt—perhaps he is not to learn—French, or any European language. Omar Pasha stationed himsel

opposite the Palace, and a defile of the troops was executed. About 3,500 men went past, led by the Circassian cavalry of the Guard, whose trot was very irregular indeed. The men are not as large as the Egyptian troops, but their marching was very good, and if the officers were equal to the rank and file, the Turks could give to-day a good account of any enemy not much superior in number. On returning to the Palace of Saleh Bazaar, a deputation of British residents was presented, headed by Mr. Hanson, who read a loyal address, to which the Prince made a suitable reply. Like most deputations, they were bald-headed, immensely respectable, and very tedious men, in evening clothes and white ties, and full of professions of loyalty. After luncheon we went to the Sweet Waters in the Sultan's caique, but were rather late. At the Kiosk, alighting for pipes and coffee, the party divided, and made a turn through the Sweet-Water Gardens and Park, the Princess, Mrs. Grey, and others getting into open landaus, the Prince and some of the gentlemen taking the saddle-horses in readiness. The day was not bright nor warm. It needs sun to light up the animated garden, where every flower is supposed to be a beauty. It strikes me the flowers are more animated than they used to be, that the black beard-

less gentlemen in attendance are less strict, and that propriety of demeanour is not so much cultivated as it was in the time of Plancus the Consul. In the evening there was a grand representation at the Theatre Naoum, where an Italian company was retained specially by the Sultan for this occasion. The "Prophète" was "executed" before a very full house; the spectators did not stare as much at the Sultan's box and its distinguished occupants as most European audiences would have done.

April 3rd.—The climate of Constantinople is not to be trusted even in summer. In April it is "varium et mutabile semper." The morning was sunless and cold, and the wind brought down souvenirs of Black Sea storms and fog on chilly wings, which swept over the Bosphorus, and changed the dancing blue sea into slaty gray. Early in the forenoon the British Ambassador, assisted by Mr. Moore, introduced and presented to the Prince M. Bourée (France), General Ignatieff (Russia), Baron Prokesch Osten (Austria), Ambassadors, the resident Ministers, and Roumanian and Servian Agents. At half-past 11 o'clock the Prince and Princess embarked with their suite, and proceeded in three caiques to the quay at Seraglio Point, where a guard of honour was drawn up, and all along the course of the

water-way, they were treated with the same respect at every point where guards are stationed.

The Stamboul of fourteen years ago is clean gone the way of many great cities. Fire has searched it out, so that in a few years, perhaps, all that was Oriental in the external aspect of the city, saving the mosques and minarets, will be improved off the face of the earth; but it will be long, if ever, before the dwellers therein can be so changed. There have been several fires in the city lately, and there is an uneasy suspicion that these incendiary outbreaks are Governmental measures to encourage architecture; but on some accounts it is to be feared that a movement to produce such a result will do more harm than good.

A few years ago, the Palace of the Byzantine Emperors went, and with it that worm-eaten-looking labyrinth of intensely picturesque tumble-down bazaars and ramshackle houses, which rendered the ancient quarter of Stamboul so delightful to look at and so horrible to live in. Some of the old buildings, enclosed by wall and sea, still exist at Seraglio Point. The party set out to visit the Kiosk and the other buildings which lie close together, the Prince and Princess in a carriage, the others on foot, as it was worth

while to endure the steep ascent from the Water Gate for the sake of the prospect. The Bagdad Kiosk, the Treasury, the Library, everything except the Holy Place where rests the Standard of the Prophet, never to be seen by Christian eye, unless it be unfurled against him in battle, were laid open to the visitors. The view from the Kiosk, looking out on the Golden Horn towards the Sweet Waters on one side, up the Bosphorus, and across to Scutari on the eastern face, and then up the Sea of Marmora and its islands on the south, may fairly be called one of the most beautiful in the world. There was a want of light and shadow to bring out the full charms of the scene; but still there was enough to be seen to justify the choice of Constantine, the tenacity of the Turk, the longing of the Oriental Christian. From the buildings at Seraglio Point we drove off in landaus-and-four to the Great Mosque of St. Sophia, and were shown the interior from the Sultan's "pew," which is screened by lattice-work from the vulgar eyes below. At the Seraskieriate, which was visited after the mosque, Hossein Pasha, Seraskier (fresh from Crete), and Omar Pasha, Generalissimo, were awaiting their Royal Highnesses. A march past of a couple of battalions and a steel battery of four guns took place, after which the party sat

down to lunch in the Hall, the Seraskier and Omar Pasha being seated at the side of the Prince and Princess. Omar Pasha gave "The Health of the Queen," which was drunk by all the company upstanding. The Prince proposed "The Health of the Sultan," which was duly honoured in the same way. Thence the Royal party went to visit the armoury and costumes of the Janizaries, the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, and proceeded homewards over the Bridge of Galata through the Bazaar, an immense gathering of people—said, indeed, to have constituted the largest "crowd" ever seen in Turkey — in the streets along their route. But the great event was yet to come—the State dinner of the Sultan at Dolmabakshi Palace. This was the first banquet ever given by the Sultan to Christians. It was remarkable, also, as being the first occasion on which any Minister, except a Grand Vizier, ever sat down in a Sultan's presence.

The Prince and Princess reached the Palace shortly before 7 P.M., and were received by Aali Pasha, who conducted them into the grand drawing-room where the Ministers of the Sublime Porte were presented. The Turkish functionaries present were Aali Pasha, Mehemet Kiprisily, Mustapha Kiritly, Kiamil, Omar, Rushdi Mehemet (Interior), Djevded,

Hussein Avni, Mahmoud, and Halil, Pashas. The Sultan entered shortly afterwards, and, giving his arm to the Princess, led the way to the dining-room, the Prince following with Madame Ignatieff, succeeded by the Russian Ambassador and Mrs. Elliot, M. Bourée with the Hon. Mrs. Grey, and the other guests in order. The Princess wore a dress of blue satin, with a coiffure of pearls and diamonds. The table was an oblong, and at the rounded upper end—without a vis-à-vis—sat the Sultan, with the Princess on his right and the Prince on his left, the Grand-Vizier on the right of the Princess, Mrs. Elliot next, then General Ignatieff, Mr. Elliot on his left, and below him the Turkish Ministers. On the left of the table Madame Ignatieff sat next the Prince, then M. Bourée, with the Hon. Mrs. Grey on his left, and below her the other Ministers. The table was laid for twenty-four, and was glorious with plate and flowers. The dinner-room is renowned for its exquisite decorations, and, above all, for its candelabra and lustres in rock crystal.

The ménu of the Imperial dinner was sufficiently curious. It will be seen the dishes were of two kinds—Turkish and French:—

Potage Sévigné, Croquettes et Beurek, Poisson (levrek) à l'Impériale, Filets de Bœuf à la Jardinière, Midia-ilé Yalandji Dolma, Filets de

Chevreuil, Zeytoun-Yaghli Enghinar, Turban de Volaille à la Princesse, Kiata-Barbunia, Foie Gras en Belle Vue, Asperges, Punch à la Romaine, Faisans et Bécassines, Pilav, Ananas à la Victoria, Kuïkmakly, Tel Cadaïf, Timbales à la Sicilienne, Tauk Gueuk-su, Fromage glacé. Vins—Xéres, Sauterne, Bordeaux, Lafitte, Vin du Rhin (avec les plats froids), et Champagne frappé.

During dinner His Majesty chatted with the Princess — Aali Pasha serving as interpreter — and with the Prince, through Aarifi Bey, the first dragoman, who stood near the Sultan's chair for the purpose. His Majesty's private band played throughout in an adjoining chamber. On rising from table the Sultan gave his arm to the Princess, and conducted her and the other ladies to the Imperial Harem, where they were received by the Validé Sultana and the first kadin, Madame Mihran Bey acting as interpreter. The Prince and the other gentlemen withdrew to a smoking-room. His Majesty rejoined the Prince later in a smaller drawing-room, and conversed till the Princess and the other ladies had finished their causerie in the Harem. Their Royal Highnesses took leave of His Majesty about 10.30 P.M.; and thus ended a banquet which must be regarded as an "event" in the social history of the country.

Sunday, April 4th.—The Royal party attended Divine service in the church of the British Embassy. They were driven there in three open carriages, four

horses each, ridden by postilions, and preceded by outriders, officers of the Body Guard and aides-de-camp of the Sultan. The windows and streets were filled with people. The Prince and Princess were received by the Ambassador and Mrs. Elliot at the porch, and were led to the church, which was crowded. At the conclusion of the service by the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Gribble, the Royal party sat down to luncheon at the Embassy, and then returned to the Palace. At 3.30 the Prince and Princess and suite embarked in the Sultan's state caique and in three other caiques, and were rowed across the Bosphorus to inspect the Cemetery at Scutari. The clouds which had been sailing down from the Black Sea in the afternoon gave promise of rain, which was fulfilled soon after the visitors entered the enclosure. A crowd, for the most part European, received them at the little pier, and groups of ladies and gentlemen were in waiting inside the wall. Sergeant Lyne, who is in charge of the Cemetery, seems intelligent and active, but he has only two men to help him. Some monuments there are certainly which need cleansing, and it would seem as if the men employed did not work very hard. There is no niggardly treatment of the superintendent, if the sum mentioned as his annual stipend were correctly stated;

but the object for which he is placed at Scutari is that the monuments may be kept in order, and if the home authorities do not pay attention to representations on that point, the public money is thrown away. In spite of the rain, which began to fall rather heavily, the Prince and Princess went over the Cemetery with attention, and examined the brief records of the lives and services of those who sleep so quietly beneath their marble slabs on the green slope which overhangs the sea near to that terrible charnel-house—the barrack hospital of Scutari. The most remarkable object in the Cemetery is the monument to the dead who fell "fighting for their country in the war against Russia in 1854, 1855, and 1856," as the tablets ought to record on each face of the quadrilateral plinth. The gilding of the incised letters of the inscription was so ill done, however, that the words are almost illegible, except that in French, which is on the western face. Admirers of the works of Marochetti will point to the fine expression and beauty of the four female figures at the angles of the quadrilateral which supports the simple obelisk above—a copy in petto of the Luxor Column; but it must be admitted that the general effect of the work as a whole is rather paltry. The total cost, including transport, &c., was, we learn with

wonder, £17,500, which is assuredly a good deal of money. There are eighty-six graves marked by tombstones or tablets, but the nameless dead lie in solemn rank and file under the sward from end to end of the place, with not a line to mark their resting-places quia carent vate sacro.*

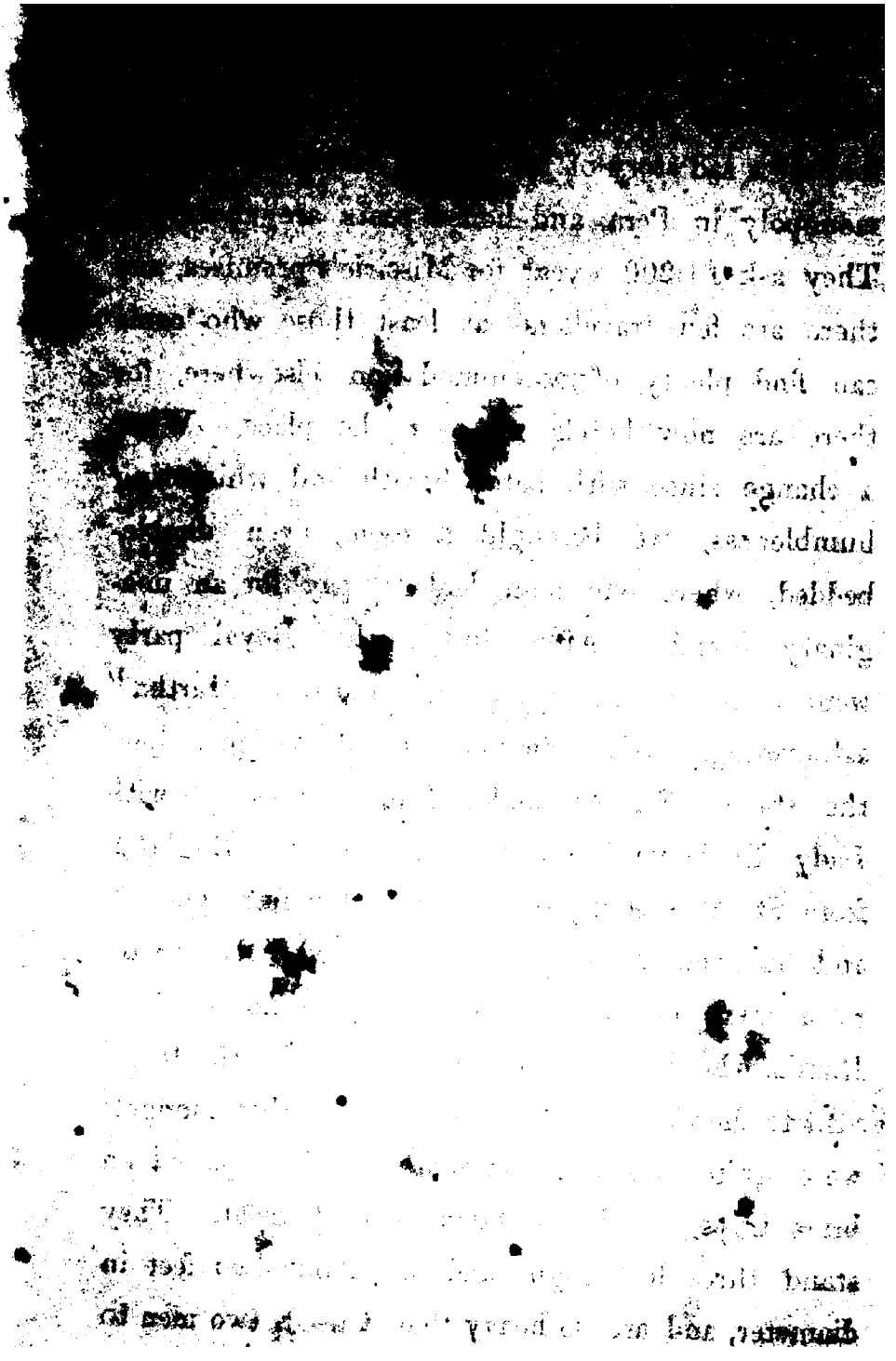
April 5th.—Perhaps this day week some clever old merchant will have a dim perception that he has been tremendously duped, and the Bazaars will resound with lamentations. Who could that Mr. and Mrs. Williams have been? he asked himself at the time. He thought the young man must have been and was evidently a chelebee of importance. And as for Mrs. Williams! Assuredly she is a very gracious lady. The things they bought! And how pleasantly they bargained and laughed with the shopkeepers! How Mr. Williams enjoyed his pipe, and how Mrs. Williams fascinated the hardest bargainer in all Stamboul! Perhaps, in fact, the truth leaked out that very day—that some of the demure merchants were sufficiently alive to their own interests to charge Mr. and Mrs. Williams as if they were the Prince and Princess of Wales! Anyway, it was a very pleasant expedition, and it gave the

* In the Appendix will be found a list of the names and inscriptions on the tombs in the cemetery.

Prince and Princess considerable amusement. The Prince put on the most humble dress prince could wear, and the Princess and Mrs. Grey equally contributed to the innocent imposture, which went so far as to arrange that any gentlemen of the suite who might be in the bazaar, was to say, "How do you do, Mrs. Williams?" if they met the party on their rounds. A hack carriage was engaged for the occasion, and one of the grand domestics of the Sultan himself was compelled to enter into the pleasant deception, and into the clothes of a hackney coachman. They were attended by Mr. Moore. On arriving at the Bazaar it was necessary to alight. It was not easy to walk, as the rain had converted the dust in the streets into mud, which lay like a conche of grease on the round slippery stones of the pavement; but "Mrs. Williams" persevered, and strode along bravely over the unequal surface, now and then ankle-deep in the gutter. The visitors enjoyed all the Bazaar entertainments; tasted haraklakoum and mahalabee; sipped sherbets and sweet drinks, and treated themselves to a dish of genuine "kibobs," which were highly approved of. The Prince, on his return, went out with Mr. Moore, and paid visits to Aali Pasha, the Grand Vizier, Mustapha Fazil Pasha, and Halil Pasha, re-

Vincent Brooks Day & Son London.

"Mr & Mrs WILLIAMS IN THE BAZAAR"



turning to the Palace on foot. I sallied forth and paid a visit to "Missirie." He is a broken man, and his brave wife, now white-haired and much worn, told me a sad story of his losses. There is no hotel monopoly in Pera, and house rents are enormous. They ask £1,200 a-year for Missirie's premises, and there are few travellers—at least those who come can find plenty of accommodation elsewhere, for there are now hotels all over the place. What a change since, with bated breath and whispering humbleness, we besought a room, even double-bedded, where one man had to pay for an imaginary friend! After dinner the Royal party went to the Naoum Opera-house, and saw "Martha" astonishingly well sung and played and put upon the stage. Sir Alexander Buchanan—who, with Lady Buchanan, was on his way to England, from St. Petersburg — arrived to-day from Odessa, and in the evening he presented Mr. Hite-rowa, civil aide-de-camp to the Governor of New Russia, who has been sent to arrange for the Royal visit to the Crimea. It was so chilly that mongols were quite welcome—immense braziers placed on brass trays, which are filled with charcoal. They stand three feet high, and are about two feet in diameter, and are so heavy that it needs two men to

lift them. The heat diffused after an hour or so is very pleasant, but the mongol ought to be turned out at night.

April 6th.—The early part of the day was devoted to the Arms Bazaar, inspecting old armour and Turkish curiosities. There was also a function to be performed, of leaving cards on ambassadors, ministers, and the diplomatic body, which is always of the utmost rigour on such occasions. At half-past twelve the party started in fourteen-oared and ten-oared caiques, and proceeded up the Bosphorus, to the palace of Beyler Bey, which may be safely and shortly described as the most beautiful palace in the most beautiful situation in the world.

The wind was cold and strong, and to avoid the force of the stream, the flotilla kept close to the European side. Guards of honour were visible in all directions, and the Ariadne, Psyche, and the four Turkish iron-clads, manned yards and sides as the Royal Standard came in sight. The Turks did not mind us much, and some old fellows, as they went by in their caiques, did not even take the trouble of turning their heads to look at the Sultan's guests.

In our progress we could not fail to observe

that there was more than one palace on the edge of the Bosphorus, in addition to those of Dolma-

bakshi and Saleh Bazaar, belonging to the Sultan —in fact, there is now rapidly approaching completion on the western bank, only a couple of miles above the former Imperial residences, an edifice which promises to perform the very difficult feat of exceeding in splendour, costliness, and elegance any of these wonderful fabrics. Gorgeous and ample as is the Palace of Beyler Bey, it is to be far excelled by the new Palace, which will have the advantage of a beautiful garden, menagerie and aviaries full of wild beasts, game, ostriches, birds, and thus furnish the Sultan with a favourite resort, of which his present abode at Dolmabakshi is destitute. It will not afford such a fine view as Beyler Bey, standing as that does on a curve of the Bosphorus, which washes its esplanade with a beau-

tiful force, to which "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhine" is almost stagnancy. Nothing can surpass the interior in richness and, let it be added, taste. The Prince and Princess could not refrain from expressing well-justified admiration at the luxury and elegance of the furniture, and the fine proportions of the noble apartments. This Palace was to have been the residence of the Royal travellers, and it was with much regret the Sultan received the intelligence of their wise resolve to put up with the more accessible and convenient Palace of Saleh Bazaar, at the European side. Beyler Bey is sometimes difficult of access. Having examined with something like sorrow the suites of rooms they might have occupied, the Royal party, in eight open landaus, attended by outriders, were driven to Tchamlidja, the summer residence of Mustapha Fazil Pasha, brother of the Viceroy of Egypt, where they were entertained at a "luncheon," at which Mr. Elliot, Halil Bey and others, were present. As to the feast, it is enough to say that it rendered dinner a wantonness. Lucullian in cookery and in wines—as soon as Mustapha Fazil Pasha (who is an old acquaintance of the Prince) was assured that he would be honoured by receiving him, he telegraphed to Paris for the choicest fruit, and there it was in

piles on the table—pine-apples, melons, apples, pears, the best Chevet could provide, all untouched.

Mustapha Fazil is only a Turk in virtue of his fez. He is a very clever, bold, and subtle man, disguising his finesse under a brusque address, accentuated by exuberance of animal spirits, which breaks into the loudest laughter; but he is not to my mind either a conspirator or the inspirer of conspiracies, although he would in any pursuit throw immense energy and will into the attainment of his object. Although his "manners are" not "mild," to "make a wash he would" not "boil a child;" but, if the child were boiled, he would not object to the wash if he wanted it. What is more to the purpose, he is an ardent politician; and, strange to say, he is, in his political convictions, a very advanced Radical. To his eye, there is a rising wave on the horizon, which is coming on, slowly but surely, to swamp thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers under a democratic deluge. Strangest of all, he maintains that Mahometans have less to fear than Christian states, because the faith founded by Mahomet is, he says, essentially republican, and the head of the Church and of the people was elective, and chosen by universal suffrage. His brother exile is a man of very different aspect, bearing, and manner. Externally there is no resemblance between them;

and the mental power of Halil is said to be very considerable and to be more acute than that of Mustapha, to whom he is, we hear, far inferior in the knowledge of finance, as his chief principle in money matters is to spend as much of it as possible.

The Princess and Mrs. Grey paid a visit to the ladies of the Harem when the banquet was over, and pipes, the best we had yet smoked, and exquisite coffee and cigars were brought in. About 5 o'clock the Prince, Princess, and suite were driven in eight landaus, belonging to Mustapha Fazil, to the little bay near old Chalcedon (Kadi-koi), east of Scutari, and embarked in the Sultan's steam-yacht, Pertif Piali, in which they crossed the Bosphorus, and landed in safety, after a delightful day. But our work was not yet done. A State ball was given at the British Embassy, at which, to complete the measure of Imperial favour, the Padishah was to come. All the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers were present; 600 invitations were issued for the entertainment, and the gentlemen wore full uniform. The Prince and Princess arrived at the Embassy shortly after 9 o'clock, and were received by the Ambassador and Mrs. Elliot. Inside the gate, in the Court of the Embassy, was drawn up a body of the seamen of the Ariadne, who burnt red and blue

lights, on the arrival of the Royal guests and of the Sultan. In the hall, which was draped with flags, a guard of honour of the Royal Marines was stationed, and the pavement of Pera resounded, for the first time since the Crimean war, to the tramp of British infantry. A profusion of beautiful flowers, exotics, and shrubs were displayed in the corridors, on the escalier, and in the rooms.

The Sultan came late. A great train of Ministers and officers of State followed him. His Majesty was met at the threshold of the Embassy, which is of course British ground, by the Prince and his suite and by the Ambassador; the Princess of Wales and Mrs. Elliot stood at the first landing to welcome him. As soon as the Sultan had taken his place on the daïs, with the Prince and Princess by his side, there was a general movement to the scene of such an unusual apparition as that of the Padishah at a ball. The Prince and Princess, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, General and Madame Ignatieff, M. Bourrée, &c., took part in the first dance, at which the Sultan gazed with serenity. He went away soon after midnight; there was a continual supper served from 12 o'clock till any hour. It was daylight before the Royal party retired and the ball was brought to a close.

April 7th.—Each day has its labours of ceremonial, sight-seeing, feasting, visiting, and receptions, so that night comes on with a burden of sleep that cannot be denied, and the eyelids are scarcely well open in the morning before the duties of life begin imperiously again. Both the Prince and Princess are in excellent health, but the sudden change from the torrid sun and hot winds of Egypt to the cold and damp which now prevail is rather trying, and the Black Sea mists are charged with memories of the land lying north. Mr. Elliot went to the Palace this morning to thank the Sultan for honouring the ball with his presence. His Majesty said he was quite delighted with it, and regretted that he could not offer similar entertainments. It was the first ball he had ever attended in his own country, and he was glad, he said, that it was at the British Embassy; but then he suffered from the inconvenience of speaking no language but his own. "And whenever I wanted most to talk," said his Majesty, "my interpreter" (Aali Pasha, the Grand Vizier,) "was generally absent." In the afternoon the Prince went to the Tophaneh (Arsenal), where he was received by Ali Pasha, the Master-General of the Ordnance,—who has had the advantage of a practical education at Woolwich, and has the art of getting

work done by Turkish, and of gaining the respect of English, artificers,—and spent more than an hour in examining the factories. The size of the buildings, the plant, and the work performed, came upon us by surprise. Spandau, in the opinion of officers who have recently inspected the Prussian establishment, is not to compare with this Turkish arsenal. There they were, Turks from all parts of Moslem land, engaged all hands forging guns, making cartridges, and preparing Snider ammunition, as if in the height of war; but perhaps this was to show what could be done in case of need. The system of gun adopted is that known as the "Woolwich pattern," and the cartridges and shell fuses are after Boxer's recently improved patterns. The cheapness and excellence of the native iron and wood and labour give the Government great advantages. Ali Pasha presented the Prince with a most exquisite bronze gun, of old Venetain manufacture; and, in addition to this weighty memento, two of the great stone shot from the Dardanelles have been sent on board the Ariadne. Horses were in readiness outside the Arsenal, and the Prince and his party, when the inspection was over, mounted and rode to the British Memorial Church, where they were received by the chaplain, the Rev. J. Curtis. This pretty edifice was built after designs

by Mr. Street, and cost £19,000. Still another fête in the evening—a grand entertainment at the Theatre Naoum, which had occupied the thoughts of all Pera for days before—a theatre paré—such as the Turkish capital had never seen. This life of functions, however, becomes rather trying, although there is an excitement all its own about it. After dinner at the palace, the Sultan's carriages came round with an escort in state uniform—Raouf Pasha, Muzafer Bey, Spiridon, and Talib in the butterfly stage. The streets were so crowded that it was difficult to make way for the cortége at times, and the windows presented a mass of faces. The Princess was beautifully dressed; the Prince and suite were in full uniform. On their entering the state box, in the centre of the tier, all the audience rose, and it needed an effort to believe we were in Constantinople, so brilliant and Europeanized was the spectacle. There were no Moslem women, but Syrians, and Levantines, and Perotes, Greeks, and, above all, Armenian ladies shone in jewels and costly dresses. The Sultan, who looked very solemn and stately in his gilt clothing bepatched with diamond stars and orders, sat between the Prince and Princess, and the Grand Vizier stood behind his chair. Mustapha Fazil Pasha, Halil Pasha, in grande tenue, and Mrs. Grey,

occupied seats in the Imperial box. The piece selected was "L'Africaine," and the ambition which led the company to the choice was not justified by their performance. The face of the Father of the Faithful was a study as he gave his attention to the march of events on the stage, applying to Aali Pasha for explanations from time to time, and now and then joining in conversation with his guests. It is an intricate opera, and to get at the plot is not very easy. To the Sultan it must have been a prodigious mystery, and at times the Imperial countenance was clouded by uncertainties, and his air was not at all free from ennui. His Majesty at last retired, and was followed by their Royal Highnesses ere the opera was over. Mustapha Fazil, who is very amusing, and whose laugh makes a table roar, came with his brother to the Saleh Bazaar Palace, and had pipes—and such pipes as they are!—with the Prince.

April 8th.—A quiet morning. The Princess went with Mrs. Grey, incognita, wandering through the bazaars, under the guidance of Mr. Sandeson, interpreter to the Embassy. The Prince, accompanied by Captain Ellis, visited Abdullah's photographic studio, and Preziosi's charming little rooms, full of knick-knacks and sketches. Then, after luncheon, the Royal party paid a visit to the Sultan's stables,

where the magnificent old charger, twenty-nine years of age, with a pedigree of 400 years, which His Majesty rides to the mosque, and some 200 horses of different races, were exhibited by Raouf Pasha.

The stables were not remarkable. The ventilation and paving might be improved; but in the saddle-room there was a display of embroidered covers, shabracques, and trappings set with precious stones, some very curious, many very valuable, and a few beautiful. There is a magnificent Russian bear, splendidly stuffed, in one of the rooms. It was shot by the Czar, and was sent as a present to the Sultan. His Majesty would doubtless be glad if all Russian bears were in the same condition.

The Prince mounted and rode with Mr. Elliot and others, notwithstanding the bitter cold wind, to an outlying cricket-ground in the suburbs, and saw the poor Ariadnes out-bowled and out-batted in one innings by the English inhabitants of Constantinople.

There was another magnificent banquet this evening—a state entertainment, at the British Embassy, of 42 covers, to which the Royal party went in full uniform. The Ambassadors of France, of Austria, and of Russia, the Ministers of all the great Powers, the Grand Vizier, Lord and Lady Hobart, Sir

Adolphus Slade, Omar Pasha, Captain Campbell, Sir Francis Blackwood, the principal diplomatists and Members of the Embassy were invited; and the table presented a splendid appearance, laid out in the noble room, which contains a fine portrait of the Queen. There was a reception of the principal personages in Constantinople afterwards, at which presentations were made to the Prince and Princess. General Ignatieff does not seem at all affected by the revelations respecting Greece and Crete, which have not rendered him tres bien vu at the Sublime Porte. He is quite young for his post—not more than 40 years of age, I think—seems confident and clever, and has seen an immense deal of the world, having served in China, and travelled extensively. He takes great interest in the approaching visit to the Crimea. There have been messages exchanged between the Czar and the Prince, and an aide-de-camp of the Governor of Bessarabia has arrived from Odessa to wait on the Prince. There are considerable obstacles in the way of our own programme, which was to land at the Old Fort, and take the route followed by the Allies to the Alma, and thence to Sebastopol.

April 9th.—The day was cold and grey. It made one shiver to look out of the window and see the caiquejees in their silk shirts waiting patiently on

the Bosphorus alongside the Palace stairs. At noon, the Prince with his suite went off in the Sultan's yacht to the iron-clad Mahmoodieh, Captain Osman Bey—Hobart Pasha's flag-ship—and inspected her. She was built by the Thames Iron Company in 1866, is covered with 5½ inch plates, armed with fourteen 50-pounders and two 300-pounders, has engines of 900 horse power working up to 4,000. The crew were exercised at the guns on the main deck, and seemed exceedingly smart, strong, and quiet. They returned on board the Sultan's yacht, under manned yards and a salute from the whole of the iron-clad squadron. The Pertif Piali proceeded up the Bosphorus to Beybek, and we went off in caiques to the charming house of the Grand Vizier, Aali Pasha, where a déjeûner, which turned out to be an immense dinner of 22 dishes, was laid out in a beautiful conservatory filled with flowers. Mustapha Fazil Pasha, Halim Pasha, the Seraskier, Omar Pasha, and a number of ministers and great notables were assembled to meet their Royal Highnesses. This was a most agreeable réunion. Aali Pasha is an admirable host, and did the honours of his house perfectly. The Grand Turks are more at their ease when the Grand Turk of all is not present. Omar Pasha, to whose recollec-

tion the Prince was good enough to recall me at the Seraskieriate, was particularly anxious to correct an impression that he is not on good terms with the Seraskier. The latter is a handsome, heavy-looking, short man, about 45 years of age, and is not much credited with the possession of ability by the military world. How the times have changed since the news, "The Seraskier is before Vienna," made Europe tremble! Omar is old, but is still "beau garçon," and seems quite content with his post as Commander of the Imperial Guard and of the Third Army Corps. Some of the Turks, speaking to Mrs. Grey, deplored the restrictions which are placed on the admission of women into society. "The result is," said one, "we have no home. The idea of home and family are unknown to us." The Grand Vizier's daughter, son, and grandson were introduced. The young lady is twelve years of age. It is probably the first instance in which a Turkish girl of such high rank has ever been presented with uncovered face to infidels.

It had been intended to make an excursion up the Bosphorus, as far as Therapia after luncheon, but the sky clouded over, and the drizzling rain gradually increased to a continuous fall. At 5 o'clock the party and suite embarked on board the Sultan's yacht, and returned to Saleh Bazaar. Mr.

and Mrs. Elliot, Sir A. and Lady Buchanan, Spiridon and Talib Beys, dined with the Royal party. After the usual performance of the military band, the Sultan's stringed band was introduced, and played in the drawing-room after dinner; and I must say, if he prefers their music to that of his Italian master, His Majesty's ear has been cultivated in a school of which the doctrines and practice are novel to most Europeans. Mr. Ketten, a young pianist, also performed, and charmed the whole company by his exquisite taste and brilliant execution.

April 10th. — Our last day in Constantinople. Farewell pleasures and palaces! Gold and diamond, and amber! "Packing up" is on us in all its horrors once more. And yet it is done with perfect order and smoothness. Abdullah attended early, photographed the Royal party, and took some cabinet photographs of the Princess, which were very good. Achmet, the Arab boy, who has been growing more intractable every day, was condemned to a return to his native land, and was consigned to Colonel Stanton at Cairo, where no doubt he will become an excellent donkey-boy — being "to the manner born." The departure of the Royal party this afternoon was stately and imposing. There was a déjeûner given by the Sultan in his Palace of Dolmabakshi,

at which the Prince and Princess, attended by Mrs. Grey, Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, and Captain Ellis, were present, and to which the British Ambassador and Mrs. Elliot, and Sir A. and Lady Buchanan, were invited. The members of the British Embassy lunched with the rest of the Royal suite at the Palace of Saleh Bazaar; and then, dressed in black and white ties, we were rowed in caiques to Dolmabakshi, where we arrived at 3.30 P.M., and were introduced to the State apartments. After a short delay, the Sultan appeared with the Prince, and stood in the doorway, and his Royal Highness suggested to Aali Pacha that the suite who stood before the great man should be introduced again on taking leave, but the Vizier did not seem inclined to run the risk. The Sultan led the Princess down the grand staircase to the Great Hall, which is one of the —if, indeed, it be not the—noblest of rooms in the world. It is not possible to describe such a wonder of size and colour; but if you will fancy St. Paul's, with the interior of its dome bright with metallic lustre, and decorated with the richest arabesques, you may come near it. A group, in which the Sultan stood prominent, was formed at one side of the vast circumference. In two lines, far apart, were eight officers of the Body Guard in Arnaout uniforms

They stood, with heads downcast and arms folded across the breast, as if fixed to the earth, their eyes turned towards the ground. As the Sultan passed towards the great porch, these mutes turned slowly, like so many automatons, keeping their heads in the direction to which he moved; and when His Majesty strode back through the hall, and vanished through the pillared entrance, the satellites revolved on their heels slowly as he went. It recalled the old-world time of Caliphs and Grand Viziers, when the Father of the Faithful was an abstraction to most of the world—the days when he looked from his bed of State, through a latticed window in the court of his Palace, at the Ambassadors of the Giaour outside, and ordered the envoys of the greatest monarchs to be treated like felons. The Sultan accompanied the Prince and Princess to the door which leads to the water front of the Palace, and on the top of the three steps which descend to the marble quay, by the side of which the state caiques were lying, he halted, and there took leave of the Prince and Princess, who expressed their sense of his hospitality. Their Royal Highnesses then embarked in their boats, under salutes from the shipping. On our return to the Ariadne, Aali Pasha, Mustapha Fazil Pasha, Halim Pasha, Omar Pasha, the Turkish

officers attached to the Prince and Princess, and others came off to bid farewell. The parting of Turk and Christian was very sympathetic. The Ariadne, dressed out in her best, got under weigh at 5 P.M. and stood close in to the Sultan's Palace, her band playing the Turkish National Anthem, and the crew gave three thundering cheers. As the frigate steamed past the four Turkish iron-clads, the Royal Standard was saluted by each, and the guns thundered like a broadside across the Bosphorus and through the quivering air, as echo answered echo from the hillsides above: guards, with presented arms, turned out on parapets and forts, bands playing, colours flying. At Beyukdereh Mr. Elliot took leave, his place being taken by Sir Andrew Buchanan. At 10 minutes past 8 o'clock, as night was falling, the vessel passed into the Black Sea, which, after all the brightness we had left behind, seemed worthy of the name.

The Prince has exercised an influence on relations in which there are, or have been, some elements of trouble; but the direct effect of his presence in producing good feeling between two persons in whose harmonious action Great Britain is deeply interested has been less, perhaps, than might have been hoped. No allusions have been

made to Egypt, but it is easy to learn that the great man is jealous of his vassal; and those who are best acquainted with Eastern politics are of opinion that it was a great mistake for the Viceroy to fall into the practice of going to Constantinople to pay court to His Majesty. The Sultan is at the head, politically and religiously, of nearly 40,000,000 people, and the prestige of his name extends farther than the broad lands in which he dwells. He is at once a great European sovereign and an Asiatic potentate. He is important by what he has to lose, as well as by what he holds. If our traditions, our past policy, and our sacrifices be worth anything, it is important to us that his empire should be contented, united, and civilized, but it would be in the last degree unwise to encourage the Porte in its efforts to assume direct control over the land of Egypt. The Sultan's visit, and the voyage of the Prince to Constantinople, which may be regarded as the return made on the part of Great Britain, should be estimated as political and social incidents with very large bearings, but it is certain that consequences are likely to follow in the East, from the movements of the Sultan and of the Viceroy, which were not anticipated from them, and that the question of Egyptian dependence, among others, will be seriously raised

some fine day when it will be least welcome. Some say it is not wise for the Sultan to make himself too common. It is too late. The day of his mystic sacredness passed when he left his Palace and set foot in the land of the Franks.

The mere appearance of a Sultan at a dinner-table at which infidel Franks are seated, is an omen of awful import to true believers. We cannot understand, but we must not because of our ignorance depreciate, the weight of such prejudices. It is said that the very matter of His Majesty's taking a Christian Princess on his arm, has offended susceptibilities outside his Palace, and has created inside some of those gentle émeutes which the weaker sex know how to lead to such grand results. But if there be a step made towards the improvement of the status of the Mahometan woman by this agitation, it will be an event to be noted in the history of Islam. The old Turks must learn the lesson which the age is setting them, or die out in their obstinate faith, as many men have died before them.

On the whole I am inclined to think that, to the Royal party generally, the Egyptian tour was more attractive than their stay in Constantinople.

The bazaars and the scenes in the streets of Cairo

had so completely orientalized the ladies of the party, that Stamboul, seen to some disadvantage in cold or dull weather, did not produce as much effect as might have been expected. The Princess and Mrs. Grey were, it may be surmised, just in the least degree disappointed. Cairo, with all its wealth of Eastern sights and Mahometan usages, is more civilized than Constantinople. There was less state ceremonial there. The people are accustomed to the noisy, odd, capricious stream of tourists and travellers which runs for ever backwards and forwards through the alleys of their city. There are no ambassadors or great diplomatists to attend to, and life is more free from ceremonial.

Somehow or other, great Egyptian personages do not give you the idea that they are Mahometans. They seem Christians in disguise. The Government is so cosmopolitan, that every sort of man can enter its service without a thought of his religion. The Viceroy's physician is a clever Frenchman; so is Linant Bey, Minister of Public Works. M. Bravet, a gentleman who is in high favour at Court, is of the same nation; and there are Poles, Germans, Turks, and Armenians in State employment. General Maclean, tutor to one of the Viceroy's sons, is an officer of the Indian army. The chiefs of

the railway and of the telegraph systems, Betts Bey and Mr. George, are Englishmen. The Sublime Porte does not permit infidels to cross its threshold, and rather disapproves of the liberality of its vassal; and, as a general rule, if Christians enter the Ottoman service they must apostatize.

The Khedive's Court, with quite enough of the East to flavour it, was as amusing as society can be in which the women of the country are not permitted to appear. On occasions, a great crowd of ladies can be assembled at Cairo, but they are all Christians or Jews; and, as it so happened, the Princess was away when the great ball at the Palace was given in honour of the Royal visit. The Sultan could not give a ball; and that which Mrs. Elliot had such good reason to be proud of, at the Embassy, was attended chiefly by the wives and daughters of the diplomatists and of the chief Christian families in Pera.

The mode of life of the Royal visitors was pretty much the same in both cities, and in each everything was done which lay in the power of the hosts to make their Royal guests pass their time agreeably. The cuisine at both was French a little Italianized. The Prince generally honoured one or two persons with invitations to breakfast, and

a greater number to the dinner-table; and the Egyptian and Turkish officers attached to his suite were considered in all respects members of it for the time being. A breakfast of many courses at 9.30 or 10 o'clock—in Turkey furnished with a greater proportion of national dishes; afterwards pipes and coffee—the Sultan's pipes being the better of the two, perhaps, as they certainly were the more gorgeous and costly. Lunch at 2 o'clock—pipes and coffee once more; and dinner at 7.30 or 8 o'clock, with pipes and coffee again. At Constantinople the Sultan's band was always in attendance; and a military band played outside the palace at guard-mounting in the morning.

The Egyptian music is still in a caliphic condition, and the less one hears of it the better; but the Sultan is really in his own way a musical talent, and composes marches and airs, in which there is a melancholy pathos suited to his character, which is said to be sad, if not sombre and warlike. The machinery of all civilized appliances in these lands is worked by Europeans, and the surroundings of Christian princes were naturally selected from the least Oriental of the persons at Court. There is one feature common to both. In Europe, a Prince on his travels, who has no orders to bestow when about to leave a Court,

must dissolve, as he passes the threshold, into a light shower of snuff-boxes set in diamonds—no one takes snuff, but any one will take a snuff-box—and pins, and rings, to refresh the spirits of splendid personages in waiting, in the moment of grief at the departure of their master's guests, and to keep their memories green. But in the faerie land of Baksheeshia, though there are no daughters of the horse-leech to be seen, there are plenty of his sons; and though they do not cry "Give!" they look very like it indeed. Noblesse oblige—far more does Royalty and the custom of the country; and not only jewellery must be presented, but hard cash counted out to all around—and they are many. And so we bow ourselves out, and proceed towards the dominions of the Czar.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BLACK SEA.—THE CRIMEA.—SEBASTOPOL.—THE ALMA.—THE REDAN.—CATHCART'S HILL.—INKERMAN.—THE MALAKHOFF.—BALACLAVA.—LIVADIA.—ALUPKA.

April 11th.—Sunday. The Black Sea behaved itself very well, and there was almost a calm as we were diminishing the distance towards the Crimea, with just an easy roll here and there, when the wind now and then came in breaths puffing from the southward, and ruffling the glassy surface. All day the Ariadne kept her course, gliding peacefully onward at half-speed, in order not to reach Sebastopol too soon. At noon we were 137 miles, or about half way to it. Service read by Mr. Onslow, and on the even deck the young gentlemen amused themselves afterwards with mimic combats, to the amusement of the travellers. There were great shoals of porpoises to keep us company at times.

April 12th.—There was a strong easterly current encountered during the night. Early in the morn-

ing the look-out reported "land," and soon there came in sight a towering peak, which was made out to be Cape Aia, the grand promontory which marks unmistakably the approach to Balaclava with its awful cliffs. The ship's course was altered to the W. She passed Balaclava, and stood at an angle to the coast for Cherson. I was roused out early on deck, and Teesdale, Ellis, Alison came up. It was a tolerably clear morning. Soon afterwards the Prince, with Sir A. Buchanan, joined us, and surveyed the scenery of the famous Peninsula with the utmost interest, as the frigate steamed along the coast below the Monastery of St. George. We drew in view of the Lighthouse at Point Chersonese. We went past Kamiesh, and Kazatch, once black with masts and hulls and alive with men, now blank sea and bleak shore, deserted and left to the wild duck and the sea-gull—not a trace left of the busy towns to which war gave a vigorous commerce that vanished like the pall of white smoke that once hung over the city beyond. The officers on the bridge had still the same old charts to guide them which served our fleet in 1854. As the entrance to the roadstead opened out there came on the little group on deck a feeling too deep for words. The eyes of some eagerly sought out through the glass the familiar land-

marks, and found them; but objects came in sight which were new—a statue on the south, a church and cemetery on the north side.

The exclamation, "There is Sebastopol at last!" from one of the party, caused us to start. It broke the silence. There *it* was, indeed! the dim contour of Fort Constantine dancing in the mirage—nearer at hand, the plateau, seamed with trenches, crowned by the Flagstaff Bastion, the Redan, the Malakhof, the Mamelon, Cathcart's Hill!

There was a coarse but accurate engraving of the appearance of the entrance in the charts issued by the Admiralty during the war; but on the bluffs, where Fort Nicholas, Fort Alexander, and Fort Paul then presented their casemated fronts, there is now nothing but heaps of broken stone.

The effect of Sebastopol on strangers in its present state is to surprise them. The town is so much smaller than they expected it to be. The Princess and Mrs. Grey were, I think, somewhat disappointed when they came up and saw the famous place of which they had heard so much, and I am not sure that the Prince did not participate in their feeling. It is difficult to understand how the genius of an engineer and the bravery of an army could have cast a wall so strong around those ruined

heaps, that the legions and fleets of two great Powers and two potent auxiliaries were held at bay for eleven long months and more. The Forts on the North Side appeared to be just as they were when the Allies evacuated the Crimea. As we ran past Fort Constantine there were visible three men on the parapet, and eight or ten on the rock below. There was no flagstaff on the Fort, nor, as far as I could make out, any gun in the casemates. Nowhere the sign of a Russian flag. The Ariadne came to her moorings, half-way between the ruins of Fort Paul and the North landing-place, where a buoy had been placed for her, about 8.30 a.m. The Psyche was already at anchor inside, close to the Russian Hospital. A few "Ruskies" could be made out in the groups of people who watched us on shore. There they were! —the flat caps, long grey coats, and boots to the knee—as we had seen them, mite-like, swarming on the long line of their defences day after day! Soon after 9 o'clock there was a bustle at the landing-place, two boats laden with officers put off, and presently Aide-de-Camp General de Kotzebue, Governor of New Russia and Bessarabia, and Commander of the Forces of the Military District of Odessa, came on board and had an audience of the Prince. His Excellency was

in full uniform, his breast covered with well-won honours. He was Chief of the Staff to Prince Gortschakoff while that energetic soldier commanded at Sebastopol, and remained with the army till the close of the war. No one—save, perhaps, Todleben himself, who was in ill-health at St. Petersburg—could be a more competent or accomplished guide, certainly no one could execute a task of delicacy and difficulty with more perfect courtesy and feeling. He was accompanied by General Jukovsky, Governor of Simferopol, by Admiral of the Port Kislinsky, M. Hiterowa, Baron Osten Sacken, A.D.C., and by Mr. Stevens, Consul at Odessa. The General had a programme for the four days, which, unfortunately, was all the Prince could give to the Crimea, and, in a little conference below-stairs, it was approved by His Royal Highness, who gave up his intention of landing at Old Fort. It was as follows:—

1re *journée* (12 Avril).

Inspection du monument Russe sur le côté du Nord (Sévernaia) et du champ de bataille de l'Alma. Temps nécessaire pour cette course—huit heures, en passant le trajet par terre.

2me *journée* (13 Avril).

Première course du matin pour demi-heures:—

Inspection de la ville et d'une partie de la ligne

de défense (Flagstaff-Battery—Bastion du Mât) et retour à la frégate.

Seconde course depuis midi :—

Départ en barques et débarqument dans le fond de la vallée. De là par terre, en passant devant le "Rédant" et les loqualités occupées par l'armée Anglaise, jusqú' à la hauteur de Cathcart Hill. Puis, en passant devant plusieurs cimetières et la rédoute Victoria, jusqu'au champ de bataille d'Inkerman. Depuis le monument d'Inkerman, à cheval (sans équipages), par les ouvrages Français et Russes, jusqu'à Malachoff, et embarquement. Temps necessaire, six heures.

3me *journée* (14 Avril).

Départ de Sévastopol par terre, pas plus tard qu' à neuf heures du matin. Inspection de l'emplacement du quartier-général de l'armée Anglaise, de plusieurs cimetières, de l'ussuaire Français, de la baie de Balaclava et du champ de bataille près de cet endroit. Voyage de Balaclava, par la vallée de Baydar, à la côte méridionale. Arrivée pour la nuit à Livadia. Temps nécessaire, dix heures.

4me *journée* (15 Avril).

Inspection de Livadia, Orianda et Alupka, et retour à Livadia. Temps nécessaire, de sept à huit heures.

After breakfast hour, the General and his staff

returned in undress uniform from the town, where he had gone as soon as the programme had been approved of, to make arrangements for the excursion to the Alma; and the Prince and Princess, attended by their suite, were rowed to the landing-place on the North side, where they were received by a crowd of men and women, who evinced great curiosity to see the Royal travellers. The Russians we saw outside the Cemetery and in the suburbs, as well as those in the town, in garb, aspect, and dwelling, were poor and miserable enough. Captain Skariatine, agent of the Russian Navigation Company, who served in the Marines at the Alma, and who is the only survivor of twenty officers of a battalion of the corps which, for four months, held one of the "White Works," was attached to the party. We first proceeded in droshkies, drawn by six horses, to inspect the Memorial Chapel. It is situated on the plateau of a ridge which rises from the sea with a steep ascent, and henceforth it will be a prominent feature of the landscape. No better site could be chosen. The dead are close at hand, and, if they are ever permitted to revisit scenes above, they will look across the waters on ground which their devotion has hallowed. The Russians may boast that no

enemy's foot has trod the soil in which their soldiers' bones are resting. Sebastopol, indeed, is gone, but if the prestige of an empire was lessened by its fall, it can scarcely be doubted that the Russian character was nobly illustrated, and an example of courage and patriotism set, by its defence, which cannot but produce a lasting effect on the national history. A truncated quadrilateral steeple, rising from the body of the Chapel, serves as a vast cenotaph. Inscribed on each side are the names of the regiments which took part in the siege, with the losses of each.* An exquisite mosaic of Our Saviour is placed over the entrance. The inside is not yet finished. It will be decorated with rich frescoes, in which Russian artists are more happy than some of their brethren whose works are to be seen on the walls of certain public buildings in London.

From the Monumental Chapel we went to the Great Cemetery. Trees are planted by paths lined by vaults, marked with cenotaphs, containing forty, sixty, or eighty bodies: officers are favoured by separate tombs, as if rank followed them to the grave. The gentle Princess, very probably, as she mused in this City of the Dead, and read how such

* A copy of the inscriptions will be found in the Appendix.

an one led such a sortie, and how many fell on such a day, felt like "little Wilhelmine" in Southey's ballad, and thought it "was a very wicked thing." The Prince, who unfortunately was suffering from a severe cold, took deep interest in what he saw; and the Princess was much impressed by the melancholy character of the scene. The bust of Gortschakoff—a very excellent likeness—placed under a marble canopy, is the principal object. The veteran died at Warsaw, but in compliance with his last wishes, his remains were carried hither, and repose amid those of his faithful soldiery. He, too, looks on the scene of his great exploit. Beneath is the roadstead, across which—leaving his enemy only piles of ruins on which to celebrate their victory—covered by tremendous explosions, he led his army, lighted by a burning city.

The vehicles provided by the authorities were waiting outside the Cemetery walls. The Prince and Princess, General de Kotzebue, and Sir A. Buchanan occupied one; and, as the General did not come to the Crimea till March, 1855, I was asked to take a place on the box to describe the positions as we passed. The cortége whirled at a tremendous rate over the hill to the right of the North or Star Fort,

which is in good order, passing a mountain of pressed hay, which the Russians found after we left

the Crimea, and transported from Balaclava. An escort of Tartars, irregular and unarmed, rode by the side of the carriages and kicked up a thick dust. We plunged into the valley of the Belbek, passing the remains of a paltry earthwork looking over the beach, which Mr. Kinglake affirms to have frightened the whole French army, and determined the Allies to undertake the flank march, that was proposed by Sir John Burgoyne, three days before the Allies saw the Belbek at all. The direction of the reconnaissance before that measure was pointed out to the Prince. It is difficult to believe that the bare hillocky ground was once covered with dense foliage, in which an army was steered by compass;

but the demands of the siege for gabions and fuel exhausted the brushwood to the very roots. The horses flew over the hard ground, up the ascents, and came dashing down the declivities at the rate of fourteen miles an hour at times. At the village of Mamishai, a knot of Tartars received the Royal visitors with loud cheers, and made an offering of bread and salt to the Prince and Princess. When Lord Raglan entered Balaclava, the Greeks, borrowing the custom from their Tartar neighbours, went through the same ceremony. The remains of General Bibikoff's villa, which was so charming when I halted there in our march in 1854, and rested for an hour in the shade of the vines, are converted into a poor farmhouse. The pretty places which lined the banks of the Katcha, between Mamishai and Eskel, are gone; but the vineyards have not been quite obliterated. After a drive of about an hour and a half from the North side, we dipped at last into the track which leads from the plateau towards the Alma. I looked in vain for the White Telegraph Tower, which formed so remarkable a point on the ridge over the river near the sea, and on which the French left a record of their victory. It has been thrown down. Passing through the position (where the Minsky and Volinsky Regi-

ments were posted when Pennefather's Brigade were struggling up the slope), the cortége went to the front of the Russian line, leaving the 18-gun épaulement on the right, and "Lord Raglan's Knoll" away on the left. Almost on the spot where Lord Raglan's tent was pitched on the evening of the victory, the carriages halted, among a gathering of Tartars, of Germans and Russians from the villages. The Prince talked for some moments to an old German, who was wounded and made prisoner at the battle. Horses were waiting for all the party. The Prince and his suite mounted. We first galloped to the épaulement, which was carried by the Light Division, retaken and abandoned by the enemy on the advance of the Guards and the defeat of their left. Every embrasure can still be traced, and the traverses counted. The Prince, dismounting, examined the position with care, and inspected the names on the memorial stone in front of the battery, which marks where many of the Light Division fell. It needs cleaning and restoration badly. The Princess and Mrs. Grey came up in a pony-carriage, and the visitors went slowly over the ground which was held by the Russian right, and carried by our army. The field of battle is unchanged. The bridge over the river is much as it

was then, and in a year there will be vineyards full of grapes; but of those who breasted that gently murderous slope, who joined in the wild cry of victory, and swelled the cheers which rose from the ridge as the Guards threw up their bearskins, how many have since gone to join their comrades? Captain Skariatine pointed out the position of the Russian corps, and related how he saw the Allies advancing, very slowly, but in magnificent array, from their bivouac on the Boulganak; how his Marines, posted in the rear of the épaulement, who did not fire a shot, lost nearly fifty men from our rifle-bullets. We saw where Gortschakoff's tent stood before the battle—where Menschikoff's Head-quarters were, and where the two generals and rivals were stationed from time to time throughout the day. Mounting once more, and crossing over the insignificant stream of the Alma by the bridge and by the ford, we rode rapidly through Bourliouk, where the Brigades of the Second Division were divided by the flames of the village, which has not recovered the ruin of war, halting for a moment that the Tartars might present their usual peace-offering. The Prince was shown where Lord Raglan crossed the rivulet, where Prince Napoleon's division was held in check by the gathering masses of the

enemy above, and the crag-like and precipitous banks near the sea, where Bosquet, covered by the fire of the fleet, passed his corps over the ford, and, spoking up his guns, turned the Russian left. The party returned to Tarkanlar, near Bourliouk, and lunch was prepared in a large and comfortable farmhouse, which looked very like that in which our field-hospital was established. A loud cheer greeted the Prince and Princess, as they drove up, from a large crowd of Russians and Tartars, and bread and salt were again offered and accepted. In the room in which lunch was served, there was a fine engraving representing the "Duke of Osnaburg" as a boy, with one of his brothers by his side. We had Crimean wines and good fare, and sounds of mirth and the music of cheerful voices came from the building the walls of which had echoed to such awful sounds on that memorable September eve. The Royal party were regarded with much interest by the villagers, who behaved admirably, and cheered only when the strangers were getting into their carriages. The way is long, and we returned late to the North side, passing through the old lines which the Russians prepared to resist the advance of the Allies, after they abandoned the South side, or Sebastopol proper. It was a raw evening, and we had a cold,

dusty drive. General de Kotzebue, Admiral Kislinsky, Baron Osten Sacken, M. Hiterowa, General Jukofsky, and Mr. Stevens dined on board with the Royal party. The Ariadne's band played "God preserve the Emperor," the Russian national hymn, on the arrival of the General, and at dinner the Prince proposed "His Majesty's health," to which the General replied, giving that of the Queen in return. The conversation principally turned on the war, which the Russians treated as a matter of history, quite removed from passion or feeling of any kind.

April 13th.—It rained during the night. The Prince had an opportunity of seeing the extraordinary change which a few hours' wet can produce in the soil of the Crimea; for when General Kotzebue came on board at 9.30 A.M., he declared it would not be possible to drive or ride, as the horses could not keep their feet. There was a short delay in landing in consequence, but the weather cleared towards 11 o'clock, the strong wind soon dried the ground, and the Prince, Princess, and suite embarked in the barge and gig and landed at the "Count's Stairs." The people assembled at the landing-place burst into a loud cheer as they stepped on shore. They bear no malice to England,

it would seem, and the Russians can cheer well. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the General (who presented Madame and Mademoiselle de Kotzebue), surrounded by his staff, and by the officers of the regiment quartered in the town. Here bread and salt were offered and accepted as before; and the band played "God save the Queen." Followed by a close-pressing throng, the party passed under the White Portico, so familiar during the siege, where a guard of honour was drawn up. The Prince inspected a fine company of the regiment in garrison, and received the report of the day, as is the custom in continental armies on similar occasions. Horses, an escort of Tartars under Mufti Zadi, and pony-carriages were provided for all the suite and the Russian officers attached to the party. About 10.30 we started along the street marked in the maps, which is a continuation of the Woronzow road, and runs above Dockyard Creek, as we erroneously called the Harbour. The Club House, the Church, the Theatre, the Library, are in ruins. The mass of streets and houses which lay between Artillery Bay and the Flagstaff Battery are tottering walls blackened with smoke. One Church has been restored; the cupola has been renovated—there is a new bell put therein. A few houses

have been patched up here and there in the main street; two inns offer wine and food and beds to the traveller; the remainder is a Tadmor or Palmyra. It was hard to believe that the shapeless heaps once constituted the Queen of the Euxine—a city of 50,000 souls; they are now reduced to some 5,000, most of them apparently in penury. Of the former inhabitants there are not many left —few or none, indeed, except the obstinate old "salts," who cling to the port as they would to a sinking ship in battle—such as would be found wandering about the Hard, if Portsea were no more. The Government gave the people a certain sum to rebuild their houses; but the majority preferred to spend it elsewhere. Heaps of guns and shot and shell still lie by the water's edge of the Creek. We wound under the Garden Batteries, the Crow's Nest Battery, and Flagstaff Bastion, and crossing by the Creek Battery, got on the Woronzow road, crossed it, ascended the steep side of the Karabelnaia suburb behind the Barrack Battery, and so got in rear of the Redan, entered it at the gorge, passing out to the front by a track on its proper left face. The side of the ravine was once a mass of houses; there remain now only lines of stone walls, like those in a Scottish or Irish clearing. The Redan

can be traced very clearly, but no idea can be formed of the depth of the ditch, the thicknesses of the traverses of the fortress of gabionnade from its present aspect. The Prince rode outside to the salient, and there dismounted and surveyed the scene of the two assaults and of such desperate combats. The head of our last sap was shown to him, and the trench from which our poor fellows had to run the gauntlet for 300 yards—the place where they got in—the ground which they held so long unsupported. Little children came up to offer bullets and shell splinters for sale, and diligent research rewarded private explorers, among whom the Prince was most sedulous, by old musket-locks and similar relics; but the marvel is, how all the iron and lead mines which were so abundantly furnished here could have been so soon exhausted. From the Redan we went to the Fifth Parallel, and so passed into the Quarries, from which the Prince could see how our fire on the enemy's reserves helped the French in holding the Malakhoff, and follow the course of the zig-zags and parallels of our Left Attack; and then, passing by "Egerton's Pit," we rode by the old mortar batteries, descended into the ravine, crossed the Woronzow road, mounted to the other side, and cantered briskly over the rising

ground up to the Cemetery on Cathcart's Hill. The gate of the Cemetery was closed, but the Princess ascended the steps and entered the enclosure, and there, in company with her husband, she walked slowly through the noiseless streets, reading the names inscribed on the stones, and stopping now and then to pick a flower or a weed from the side of the grave of one whose friends she knew. Here was Seymour, there Neville; here Strangways, there Newman, or some other of the long array of those who fell before the Redan or at Inkerman. There were few of the party who had not a friend or relative lying there. The Prince often called the Princess's attention to some name known far away, and with his wonderful memory could tell how such a one was related at home. He surveyed a sorry sight.

The fine slab and tablet over poor Newman has been chipped and broken at the base. The star on the Coldstream Monument has been smashed; stones are chipped and split; weeds and rank grass grow up all over the stones. There is a good wall round Cathcart's Hill, but it was put up in the time of the occupation; those round the others are of rude masonry, and £13,000 was paid by Government for the job. If steps be not taken to preserve this Cemetery from decay and from wanton

Vincent Brooks Day & Son Lith.

CATHCART'S HILL.

dilapidation, it will, in common with every monument and memorial in the Crimea, become a national disgrace—a sort of moral Redan. What a scandal this is we could appreciate after our visit to the Russian Cemetery. But it was not until we had seen the French that we quite understood its enormity. The Russians are as anxious as we ought to be on the subject. The Czar has purchased the fee-simple of the land occupied by numberless graveyards, and the Russian Government can scarcely be called on to take care of the graveyards themselves. The economical plan would be to collect the remains which now lie broadcast, preserving the identity as far as possible, all memorial stones, and place them in some eligible spot. None is more suitable than Cathcart's Hill.

Nearly an hour was spent inside the enclosure before the anxiety of the Russian officers led the way to the horses again.

Leaving the burial-place, we crossed by the low ground, close to my old quarters, towards the Head-quarters of the Second Division, over the Woronzow road, past the Head-quarters of the Light Division, and went on to the Right Siege Train Depôt. The Prince was anxious to see the camp of the Guards, but there was no time to do more than point out the

position it had occupied. And, indeed, all that now remain of our camps generally are the lines of the paved drainage ways, stones which show the site of huts, broken bottles, and old camp tins. Fragments of broken glass give evidences of Christian and civilized occupation which promise to be immortal. It was easy to mark the site of the Light Division and of the Second Division camps, but it is not possible to indicate the position of individual huts. One of the party, who galloped over to the Cemeteries of the Royal Artillery and of the Second Division, over the Woronzow road, found them in a dilapidated condition. There was no time to visit the camp of the Third Division or of the Naval Brigade. Flocks of sheep and herds of cattle dot the brownish-green waste which was once the home of 150,000 men in arms, and through the air so convulsed with the roar of guns and the rattle of musketry, there now reach the ear the lowing of the kine, and the song of the crested lark. "The pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has vanished. "The earth has bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them."

In a small room in a farmhouse, close to the famous Windmill which was on the day of Inkerman almost a centre of battle, as it certainly was on November 14, 1856, of a tremendous conflagration,

there was lunch spread. The woman in possession of the house—a dilapidated place, very probably the old Engineer Park Head-quarters — seemed to be a squatter. There were our old boardings incorporated in the mansion, and iron scabbards, shot, bayonets, leather scabbards, pieces of shell, and camp rubbish, stowed away in the courtyard.

When the repast was over the Prince and some of the gentlemen galloped to the Inkerman ridge, and the Princess and Mrs. Grey, and others, drove over the plateau to it in carriages. It was not possible for the pony-carriage to get over all the rough ground, but the ladies could see the scene of the action very well. We looked down from the edge on the Tchernaya, the Traktir bridge, the scene of the Light Cavalry charge, and General Kotzebue explained to the Prince the general scope of the Russian attack on the French and Sardinians down below on the 16th of August, 1855, which ended so disastrously for them. Skirting Inkerman, as we improperly styled it — the real name being the Sapouné Heights, the former name being that of the ridges and ruins on the opposite side of the valley of the Tchernaya—we came to the Schlacht-Feld. The Inkerman Monument, like most of our memorials, will not last long unless we look after

it. The ground is fast resuming its original aspect; and brushwood is growing on the side of the hills with astonishing rapidity. The Prince rode slowly along the ridge, examined the fatal glen into which General Cathcart, with desperate strategy, led his men, and fell with Seymour by his side—the hillocks, where for a time some of our guns were taken by a surging rush—and passed by the head of the Careening Creek ravine, in which Soïmonoff made his saving blunder. Turning to his left instead of his right, the Russian General debouched in rear and flank of Pavloff's Division, instead of deploying on the ridge between the middle ravine and Careening Creek. The object of the Russians on that day was simply to occupy the Sapouné Heights, and, aided by an attack from Balaclava Valley, which Liprandi never made, establish themselves there, and besiege the Allies on the plateau. When the Allies evacuated the plateau, the Russians found several small works cast up by the French after the 5th of November, 1854, to strengthen their right flank, and assumed that these works existed before the battle. It was a striking illustration of the difficulty of getting at facts, to find that the Russians supposed the first redoubt we came to was the Sandbag Battery, and the scene of

the combat of the Guards with Pavloff's men. So stiff was Captain Skariatine on the point, that he almost made us think our memory had failed in the lapse of years.

The scene of "Little Inkerman" of October 26th, 1854, where De Lacy Evans so "handsomely" repulsed a fierce attack of the enemy with his own Division alone—an attack which was the precursor of the coming heavy blow foreseen by the veteran, and of which he so vehemently represented the danger, was skirted on our left. The success of Liprandi the previous day in capturing our guns from the Turks roused the garrison to great enthusiasm, and the sortie was made with much confidence. The guns taken by the Russians on the 25th of October out of the redoubts, by the bye, are lying in a row beside the wall of the Memorial Chapel, on the north side; they are certainly much more fittingly placed there than the guns which have been stuck up in so many places at home, as if they had been taken in the field. We rode to the extreme right of the French attack, and passed into the Volinsky Selinghinsky and Zabalkansky Redoubts (the White Works), the policy of making which General de Kotzebue seemed to doubt, though such a forward movement probably produced a moral effect on both

sides. Thence we went down Careening Creek, and General Kotzebue pointed out the spot where Soïmonoff turned aside; the ground over which Todleben in person directed the retreat of the Russian guns, which, horses and men destroyed by Dickson's two heavy guns, had been almost abandoned; and where the great engineer took a regiment of infantry, which was retreating, and employed it to carry off the artillery. Passing the Aqueduct, which is still broken, we climbed to the flank of the Little Redan, near No. 1 Bastion, and skirting the ditches in which 4,000 French soldiers lost their lives, we entered the Malakhoff itself. Here we found the Princess and Mrs. Grey, and those of the party who had not mounted the Tartar horses provided for them. The base and stone galleries of the famous "White Tower" have been cleared out and swept clean. The Malakhoff is evidently the "show place of Sebastopol." The visitors passed through the loop-holed corridor at the base, examined the magazine, were shown the place where Korniloff received his death wound, mounted to the summit of the Tower, whence they could see how the French had delved and mined, and fought up the slope from the Mamelon, foot by foot, till they had got within a few yards of the edge of the ditch. One of the Russian officers

asked me if I had seen the French picture, "La Prise du Malakhoff." "It is absurd to suppose it represents what occurred." He added, "There were 25 or 30 of our men shut up in one of the case-mates of the tower, who kept firing out of the loop-holes long after the French got in, and who did not surrender till late in the day." It was, indeed, not till late in the day, when the reserves of the Russians from the Karabelnaia came up, that the French were called on to fight in earnest for the Malakhoff. General Kotzebue pointed out how they were aided, by the Malakhoff having a closed instead of an open gorge. The Redan, and all the other defensive works, had open gorges. Inside the Malakhoff, in an enclosure, there is a marble monument, "to the memory of those who fell," including French and Russians, and a house for the guardian. Numbers of poor children came to us with bullets and pieces of shell to sell. The Malakhoff, as it now appears, gives little notion of the tremendous earthworks, or of the great mound from which smoke, fire, and projectiles had been vomited, volcano-like, over the plain from month to month—little except its natural command to show that it was—as Sir John Burgoyne said it was, from the first day of the siege—"the key of the position," which we had at one time in our breeches-pocket,

and would not take out. There was no time to visit the Kamschatka Redoubt (Mamelon), or the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The day was waning, and we passed down to the Dockyard wall, which stands as the Allies left it—a riddled screen of white stone. Dockyards and Barracks and Hospital all ruin! ruin! ruin! As we looked at the gulfs, which are all that remain of the Great Docks, the old General's feelings for once gave way, and he could not help saying, that the destruction of the docks was "an act which could not be qualified otherwise than as one of barbarism." The forges and workshops of the Russian Steam Navigation Company were at work, and gave some life to the place, over which otherwise "the abomination of desolation" might have been written. The Psyche in the harbour, the Imperial yacht Tiger near at hand, and a small steamer and two sailing ships alongside the quay, represented the fleet and commerce of the port of Sebastopol. We rode to the front of the Marine Barrack to the colossal statue of Lazareff. That rough, vigorous, and sagacious-looking head and powerful form, which the designer has rendered so well in bronze, placed on a granite pedestal, forms a prominent feature in the landscape. It represents the man who is venerated by Russian

sailors as the father of the Black Sea fleet. Lazareff died before the war, and those who knew him say he never would have survived the catastrophe of his fleet. He stands looking on the deserted roads, beneath the waters of which lie rotting away the results of his energetic conception. Admirals and ships alike are gone—Korniloff, Istomine, Nachimoff. Turkey may breathe freely through the open Bosphorus, which was once but a waterway to her very heart. Will the traditions of Lazareff's time and policy ever be revived? Who can tell? Russia has, at all events, accepted the situation for the present, and has adhered to her treaty stipulations.

The party returned at a gallop by the Creek Battery to the landing-place, where a crowd of Russians welcomed them. General, Madame, and Mdlle. de Kotzebue, Baron Osten Sacken, Captain Skariatine, several Russian officers, and Mr. Stevens were invited to dinner. Toasts were proposed to the health of the Emperor, and of the Prince and Princess.

April 14th.—After breakfast all the party landed at the Count's Stairs, where they were received with the usual honours. A very venerable old man, in a picturesque dress—the Patriarch of the Karaite Jews, whose quaint dwelling in the defile of Tchufut Kaleh I visited many years ago—presented the Prince with

an address; and I sincerely hope he was rewarded for his long journey. As soon as the Prince and Princess left the harbour the Ariadne and Psyche proceeded to Yalta, to land the luggage at the Palace of Livadiá. We got into open carriages, and were driven rapidly out of the town by the Creek Road. The sun was bright, but there was a fierce wind blowing, which did the Prince's cold no good. No time could be spared to visit the Flagstaff Battery, the Central Bastion, or the Quarantine Bastion, and the French trenches, galleries, and batteries which stretch to the sea, on the right. Still, the Prince could see and judge of the nature of the attacking and defensive works at this side, and the mounds of the mortar batteries, and the parallels and trenches can yet be traced very clearly. On this part of the plateau the owners are beginning to cultivate the fields again. We passed Upton's house—went by the "Maison Brûlée" on the left, and the porch where General Pelissier might be seen of a morning in his kepi, shirt sleeves, and bountiful red pantaloons, giving orders to his Staff, on our right, and the old "Clochetour," and drove direct to the French Cemetery. There is a neat house at the gateway for the superintendent, but he was absent, and the official who represented him spoke only Russian.

A square of about one hundred yards is surrounded by a high wall, and lined on three sides by sixteen large stone buildings. In the centre is a mausoleum devoted to officers of high rank—Etat Major, Divisional and Brigade-Generals. On the outside are the names. Each of the mortuary houses has a narrow entrance or doorway by which you reach an inner chamber, where the coffins are placed in rows in recesses of masonry, with the names of the officers cut on stone slabs at the end, the nameless ones and the rank and file below. It is all very orderly, and very neat looking, but somehow it is not very impressive. It gives the impression that the poor fellows were killed and buried according to order, and the uniformity is like that of herrings in a barrel. But it is decent. From the Cemetery we went across country, cutting the head of the ravine which separated the two camps, to the British Head-quarters. The out-houses, offices, and stables which afforded such welcome shelter to the Head-quarters staff and their dependents, remain exactly in situ, but traces of their occupants have nearly vanished. The house has been done up and renovated. Perhaps there is no spot on the plateau so familiar to English readers—or rather,

there was none when news and sketches from the Crimea constituted the staple food of the nation. On that humble abode the hopes and fears of the empire were at one time concentrated. Although General Simpson and Sir W. Codrington lived in it whilst they commanded the British Army in the Crimea, their names are not associated with the place. It always bears the name of "Lord Raglan's Head-quarters." To me the spot was full of interest, and the sight of it recalled the long dark nights when, candleless, I sat in my tent looking at the bright lights in the windows, and listening to the rolling of musketry which came up the ravine, and sounded close at hand; the weary journeys through the mud to Balaclava and back; the trials I endured each mail-day when my letters came out; and the great storm which blew tent and all it contained to parts unknown, and forced me to seek shelter in a dreadful den in Balaclava, which was subsequently demanded from me "for Her Majesty's service."

The Prince of Wales approached the place, it need not be said, with different feelings, but with interest of very intense depth; for although he was a boy when the contest was waging, he is familiar with the

events of the war, and he can recollect perfectly the emotions which were excited in those nearest and dearest to him by the varying fortunes of the time.

The cortége galloped into the court-yard, and halted at the porch. At the door stood a Russian officer in uniform, whose name, I think, is Bracher; he led the way to the rooms inside, and presented his wife to the Prince and Princess. Nothing could be more admirable than the cleanliness, neatness, and good taste of the interior. Flowers and shrubs perfumed the apartments, and two cypress trees were placed, growing in tubs, by the slab on the wall of one of the rooms which marks where "Lord Raglan died." The Prince was shown where Lord Raglan's personal staff — Steele, Burghersh, Somerset, Calthorpe "hung out;" where Estcourt and De Morel, Romaine, Pakenham, Chetwode, Smith, Cookesley, and others, had their quarters; the Post Office, Dacre's and Campbell's huts. It is likely the present proprietor may have to sell his little estate; if so, there is a good opportunity for the Government to purchase and make it the principal Cemetery. After a deeply interesting inspection, the Prince and Princess and suite took leave of the proprietor and his wife, mounted their carriages, and drove over to the Monastery of St. George,

where holy men prayed without molestation for the success of the Czar through all the thunders of the siege—a bleak and cold journey of some three miles and more. There are only four priests now left; they received us at the gate —portly, well-to-do, elderly men, whose black caftans were decorated with military crosses and medals for services to the Church Militant of Russia, in the Crimea, and the Caucasus. The situation of this lovely retreat is one of the finest in the world. The view from the parapet walls which bound the precipitous cliffs over the sea, is very grand, and as the party reached it there was the Ariadne below in full sail steering for Yalta, looking like a yacht. The travellers visited the chapel, returned to the carriages, and drove to the Col de Balaclava, passing near the site of "Mother Seacole's," and so getting into Doynes' Road, which is still in perfect order. The stone which was put up to commemorate the making of the road has been destroyed. The railway track by the roadside can still be followed. But little remains of the great lines, or of the trenches held by the Turks till they were buried or withdrawn to Eupatoria. From the ridge where the road rises above the old mud-way to the front, the Prince could discern the scene of the Heavy Cavalry charge,

and, farther on, the place on the plateau where Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, and the Staff were stationed during the actions of the 25th of October. Kadikoi is peopled once more; the Church is restored, but the pretty villas, orchards, and vineyards are gone. When Balaclava came in sight, an involuntary exclamation broke from those who remembered it so full of great ships that a man could pass across it from deck to deck. The Psyche lay there in simple possession. Not even a fishing-boat else. All the men, women, and children in the place gathered at the landing-pier, which is all that is left of the splendid jetties we made. The planking has been torn up, and the piles on which they rested stick up snag-like along the beach, having bid defiance to the means of the destroyers. The population is reduced compared to what it was when Lord Raglan entered it; many of the Greeks whom he sent away never returned. We went on board the Psyche, which stood out to sea past Castle Bay and Cossack Bay and Point Powell, to enable the party to see the fatal rocks on which so many vessels were wrecked in the disastrous gale of the 14th of November, 1854, when the "Prince" was cast away. The Psyche returned after a short run, just enough to permit the Prince and Princess to judge of the

nature of the entrance to the harbour and of the coast scenery, and the travellers, landing at the pier, visited the house of a Greek, which was, as well as I remember, our old Stationery Office, where they partook of Crimean wine and cake, and where Major Stamati, of the Greek Battalion which defended the place, who had hastened over from Karanyi, was introduced to the Prince. It was now getting late in the day, and there was still a drive of more than twenty-five miles before us. The Russian officers were anxious, so we left Balaclava, and passing out on the plain not far from the knoll where Sir Colin Campbell drew up the 93rd Highlanders, drove rapidly towards Canrobert's Hill, below which Tartar horses were waiting for the gentlemen. A Greek, with two crosses of St. George, and other orders on his breast, a fine-looking soldier, who had served as orderly to Liprandi the day of the action, led us to the scene of the Light Cavalry charge. The Prince reined up his horse on the very ground occupied by the Russian guns. General Kotzebue and the Greek officer gave their accounts of that brilliant feat of arms, in the main features of which we all agreed, and the Prince put many questions respecting the charge. The Greek declared that some of our horsemen went as far as the aqueduct over the Tchernaya,

where they were shot down or taken. We returned at a gallop to the carriages, after a halt of half an hour on the ground, and had a delightful but cold drive to the valley. At Baidar, whilst we were changing horses, there appeared a strange face in the little crowd of Tartars which surrounded the carriages. It belonged to a dapper, shrewd, active old fellow, who held a huge jug of milk in his hands to refresh the Royal travellers. Nor were we long before we knew that it was the face of M. Plumet, Frenchman, resident in Russia forty years, married three times, whose nephew is an officer in the Artillery of the Guard, and who gabbled cheerfully about his wives and his nephew till the carriages were off again. Then by the zigzag road we climbed to the Gateway and Arch at the top of the Phoros Pass, where on one side you look down on the sea, and on the other on the valley. The carriages halted before the Gateway. Here a surprise awaited us. On a small plateau over the sea, at the other side of the arch, an awning was placed, under trellis-work, and at tables beneath were spread a zakouska and a lunch. Where the cookery and services of plate, and servants in livery came from who can tell? Madame de Kotzebue and her daughter, who had come all the way from Sebastopol

to meet the Prince and Princess, and do the honours of the feast, made their adieux, and after a gracious expression of thanks, set out on their return at 4 o'clock, and soon afterwards resuming their seats, the party continued their journey towards Yalta.

The drive from Sebastopol or Balaclava, through the Valley of Baidar, by the Phoros Pass, to the south coast, can scarcely be equalled. We were a little too soon, indeed, for the foliage in the valley was not out in all its glory; but on the south coast the vines were beginning to put forth their green shoots, and flowers bloomed in all the lovely gardens of the villas, though the tops of the mountain ridges above them were covered with snow. The peculiarity of the scenery lies in the contrast between the savage mountain and cliff and the most soft and tender paysage, running in folding curves downwards to the sea. From the Phoros Pass to Alushta the road keeps near the foot of an indented chain of beetling cliffs and rocks of the most fantastic form, and of great variety of colour; and on the other side there is a tumbling slope of verdure—vineyards, fields, forest, wooded glens, ravines, and with gigantic rocks and boulders, amid which now and then there is some princely castle, with gardens, towers, and battlemented walls, like Alupka; or some

Imperial palace, like Livadia; or some charming country seat, like Orianda. From the sea below, the view is almost equally lovely. The scenery along the road to Livadia presents some of the most exquisite combinations of rock, wood, and water in the world.

To-night, as the peaks and walls of rock which tower above the road were warmed by the sun into marvellous colours, it was confessed by the most travelled that the views could not be surpassed. At 9.30 P.M. the cortége reached the Imperial Palace of Livadia, where the Master of the Ceremonies of the Imperial Court, Count Jules Stenbock, was waiting to receive the Prince and Princess. The lights in the windows were visible for miles, as we descended the road in easy sweeps and zigzags towards the shore; but few were prepared for chamberlains in green and gold Court dresses, the keys of office, silk stockings and buckles; for a mass of servants from St. Petersburg, and for a very ceremonious yet cheerful reception. The Ariadne and Psyche were at anchor off Yalta down below, and our luggage was already landed and carried off to the rooms told off for each of the Royal suite, under the superintendence of Mr. Kanné; but we were some time getting into order, and it was late when dinner was served.

General Kotzebue, General Jukofsky, M. Hiterowa, Mr. Stevens, Sir A. Buchanan, and the rest of the suite, were lodged in dependencies of the Palace, which can boast of very great comfort and luxury in addition to the natural beauties of situation.

To pass from the bleak plateau of Sebastopol, its graves, and its sad if glorious memories, to the refined elegance of Livadia, and find high officers of Court in grande tenue, waiting for us, Imperial liveries, brilliant rooms, and a banquet set out with rich plate, fruit, and flowers, was startling. The saloon in which we dined was tinted a greyish white, and was rather cold in effect; but the apartments of the Imperial family, which were as when last occupied, are furnished with simple elegance. The china and glass are marked ληβαδια. Among the pictures on the walls one possessed peculiar interest. It represented the Czar and Prince Gortschakoff in the Pass of Mangup Kaleh, which was defended principally by Greek volunteers, after the evacuation of the South side, reviewing the troops at the time when the Allies were inactive on the plateau. In the centre of the picture, General Kotzebue, the Chief of the Staff, is riding behind the Emperor and the General, with an escort of Cossacks, and behind them are the white-kirtled Greeks in open column,

the sides being filled up by the awful crags of the pass. To most of us it was news that the Czar had visited the seat of war in the autumn of 1855, and had reconnoitred in person the position held by the Highlanders, Sardinians, and French in the front of Balaclava.

April 15th.—What do you suppose happened at 7 o'clock this morning? Why, Count Stenbock—a most agreeable personage—and General Kotzebue, from whom we parted on the best of terms last night, came round, and although they were living under the same roof, and we would meet them at breakfast, left cards on us in our bedrooms. And we all had to go round and leave cards on, or pay visits to, Count Stenbock and General Kotzebue, and other Russians in the Palace. This is high etiquette indeed!

The morning was exceedingly beautiful; but towards 10 o'clock the sky became overcast and obscure, and the wind turned very cold. Still, glints of sunshine came through the clouds, which in the afternoon were floated off altogether by a strong breeze. Every one was delighted with the scenery, and with the comfort of the Palace. The grounds are charming. Terraced gardens and paths through the native woodlands lead you to the sea, and the most

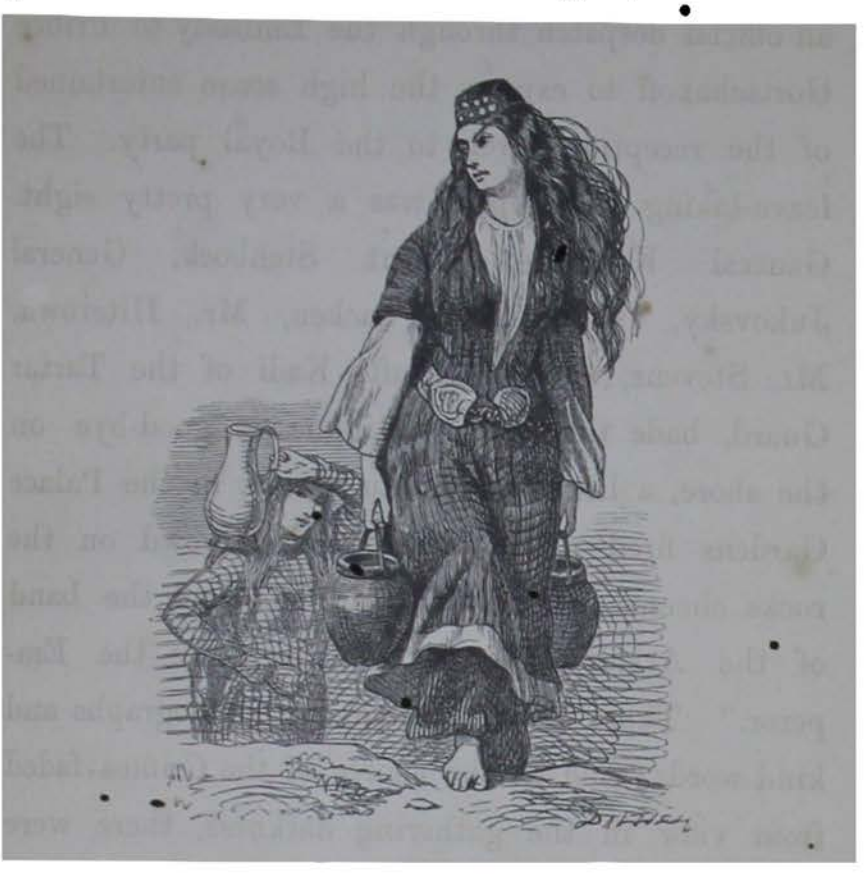
brilliant flower-beds are in full bloom, although the crests of the crags above are whitened with snow. Thrushes and blackbirds fill the brakes with their song, but Reaumur, out of the sun, marks 6° 10′.

The Princess could not but feel pleased with the Russian Imperial villa, and was in excellent health and spirits, and the Prince had nearly got rid of his cold. Breakfast was not so formal as dinner. Count Stenbock was out of uniform, and high ceremony was discarded somewhat for the day. There was tea fit for—well, the Czarina—and trout from the stream which flows from Tchatir Dagh.

After breakfast their Royal Highnesses visited the various detached châlets around the central Palace, which belong to members of the Imperial family. There was a beautiful little chapel, which was, I think, as I remember it on my visit thirteen years ago, arranged for Roman Catholic worship, and was built by Count Potoksi. It is now adapted for the Greek rite. The gentlemen were admitted inside the altar railing, but the Princess was not allowed to pass the barrier. It was gently intimated to her that the Eastern Church—somewhat Mahometanized by its proximity to Mussulman states, perhaps—had an inflexible rule that women were not to set foot inside. On that point no

concession could be made to any rank, and Her Royal Highness was compelled to submit to the genius loci. Among other things to be seen was an ex voto of the ladies of Simpheropol, on the escape of the Czar from assassination during his visit to Paris. Subsequently the Royal party, in light basket-carriages, attended by Tartar outriders, visited the Palace of Orianda, a few miles west of Livadia, which belongs to the Grand Duke Constantine. It was built by the late Empress, and given to her sons, and it was won by the eldest in a throw of dice; but the Grand Duke does not live there. There are charming rooms, gardens, and views. The Swiss intendant received the Prince and Princess, who were led through the rooms by Count Stenbock. They inspected with interest the registry of visitors, in which were the names of many officers who came here after the peace in 1856. From Orianda the party proceeded to Alupka, the Palace of Prince Woronzow. It is not possible to give an idea of the charm of these peaceful nooks, where Heaven has provided for the Russian great absolute repose and far niente. The Woronzow family have cast their shield over a section of these once powerful and now helpless people, the Krim Tartars. Inside the walls of their grand domain there is a Tartar village, with its new deco-

rated mosque and flat-roofed houses; and it was pleasant to see the women and girls, with their



golden diadems and frontlets of coins, gathered on the house-tops to greet the Prince and Princess of Wales. At 3.30 the party sat down to a hot lunch in the noble dining saloon of the Palace, the honours being done by Prince Troubetsko, in the absence of Prince Woronzow.

The Royal visitors returned to Livadia, and having exchanged telegrams with the Czar prepared to go on board the frigate.

Sir A. Buchanan, in addition to the personal messages of the Prince to the Emperor, forwarded an official despatch through the Embassy to Prince Gortschakoff to express the high sense entertained of the reception given to the Royal party. The leave-taking at Alupka was a very pretty sight. General Kotzebue, Count Stenbock, General Jukovsky, Baron Osten Sacken, Mr. Hiterowa, Mr. Stevens, and the Mufti Kadi of the Tartar Guard, bade their Royal Highnesses good-bye on the shore, a little impromptu battery in the Palace Gardens fired a Royal salute, the crowd on the rocks cheered and waved their hats, and the band of the Ariadne played "God preserve the Emperor." There was an exchange of photographs and kind words; and as the shores of the Crimea faded from view in the gathering darkness, there were pleasanter memories to be stored up of our brief visit than those who remember the feelings with which so many thousands left it some years ago can easily imagine.

It was 6.30 P.M.—a bitter cold wind, a cloudless sky—when the Ariadne signalled to the Psyche to proceed, hoisted up boats, weighed anchor, and steered for the Bosphorus, the Prince and Princess remaining on deck till the lovely panorama, with

tints fast fading into the universal neutral tint of sea and sky, began to recede and melt into a rugged coast line.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that the beauties of the south coast of the Crimea, quite unrivalled in their way, do not tempt more of our yachting and travelling world. Sebastopol is an admirable port, and, in addition to it and Balaclava, there are harbours at Kaffa, or Theodosia, and Kertch. The Black Sea, notwithstanding the bad name it bears and the character given to it by Byron, is no worse than its neighbours. The battle-fields of Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava, and the scene of the great struggles on the plateau, must be deeply interesting. To military men and engineers they present much to study, although the art of attack and defence has been so much modified that the old trenches and batteries may be considered to belong to a system as obsolete as that of the Greeks or Romans. But to all, the scenery must be ever attractive and delightful. The best plan would be to leave the yacht at Sebastopol, hire horses from the Tartars, who can be caught in the villages or engaged through the medium of the hotel-keepers, and with an interpreter ride along the coast as far as Aloushta, turn and cross the Tchatir Dagh or

Tent mountain, 6,000 feet high, a beautiful ride to Simferopol or Bakshi-Serai, the latter most interesting, and so round to Sebastopol; a very easy week's work. At Yalta there is a fair inn, kept by a Frenchwoman, who flourished in the time of the war, and can tell of a mishap which befell a certain colonel of police one night after the peace, when a party of English officers from the army in front of Sebastopol passed. There is delicious wine, good beef, mutton, bread, and milk to be had. The stranger is permitted to view the Woronzow Palace, the rides and drives through the grounds of which cannot be surpassed; and he need not fear disturbing the Princess or her son, as they are very rarely at the Palace. Orianda will also be open to him, and permission can be had, I believe, at all times to view the Imperial Palace and cottages—for there are three—at the Imperial residence of Livadia. The great change which has occurred since the war is in the population. The Tartars have almost disappeared, and their villages are pulled down or have fallen to ruin. This was the result of the mistaken policy, as I and as others who are better judges think, which caused some 60,000 or 70,000 of these Nogays to be sent away from the Crimea on account of their sympathy with

the Allies, or rather for their hostility to the Russians. It is averred that they plundered villas and houses, and gave help to us; but it would have been wiser to let bygones be bygones. One consequence is that the traveller, who could have found shelter in any of the villages, and who would have seen a most interesting life, is now obliged to make longer journeys, and to trust to chance for quarters if he halts short of certain stages. The more Englishmen and Englishwomen who go to the Crimea, the greater will be the amount of popular feeling brought to bear on the question of our cemeteries; for no one can witness their present condition without shame and indignation—all the more when it is considered we are the most wealthy nation in the world, and that it is inferred our neglect proceeds from sordid parsimony.

In these days, a man who talks of ten or fifteen years ago is a nuisance. In America they have almost forgotten all about the civil war.

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

The Crimea is a bore to the present generation. The hero who was the dearest object of popular affection at the time, is as obsolete as Marlborough or the Marquis of Granby. But those who saw Sebastopol must admit that there was a result which, for the present,

at all events, is as effective and conclusive as was that of Waterloo. "The first and last of fields, king-making victory," was, among other things, intended to keep a Bourbon on, and to keep a Bonaparte off, the throne. We need not ask ourselves in 1869 how far that policy was successful in its largest scope. The Russian officers who were in waiting on the Prince of Wales took no pains to affect indifference to the consequences of the war. More candid and outspoken men it would not be possible for any country to send on such an errand as lay before them. They took a pride in pointing out the vastness of the destruction we had wrought. They "were in love with ruin." Sebastopol is at once a monument of their defensive power and a proof of their respect for those treaties, which, they aver, have not been respected by others. General Ignatieff said to me, "It must be admitted that none but a Russian or an English army could have so long held that narrow belt, into which a storm of iron and lead was hurled for so many months." But Russia could not drive the Allies from the Crimea nor sweep the invader from her soil. To the extent of that inability she lost power and prestige, and had Kars been relieved a considerable shock would have been given to her renown in the

East, though it might not have been possible to have averted the conquest and civilization of Circassia, to which the close of the war gave her time to devote her legions. Russia is now well aware that, though Sebastopol is gone, she could, in case of war, assemble the 53 or 54 vessels of her Navigation Company, and throw on the shore of Turkey, a corps which, with aid from the side of the Danube, would render all the defences of the Bosphorus valueless.

April 16th.—The sea played the courtier once more, and though the wind was ahead it was very light, and finally died away at noon, leaving the surface as smooth as glass. Great shoals of porpoises and skipjacks played about the ship. The Prince, who certainly cannot be accused of "nursing" a cold, or of "coddling" himself up, has almost fought through his attack, but he did not come in to breakfast, and remained in his room till midday. At 3 o'clock "land" was reported. The Turkish chibouquejees, who have been in a condition of suspended animation, brightened up immensely. They are excellent fellows. When the Prince and Princess left for the Crimea, in addition to presents of sheep, lambs roasted whole, flowers, sweetmeats, three chibouquejees were embarked, to instruct the black page in the art of making coffee and cigarettes—grave

men in black frock-coats with Quaker collars, and white ties and gloves, and black trousers and patent-leather boots, who glided about like shadows. With great decorum and submission to fate they resigned themselves to life on the main deck during the voyage, and their only luggage, clean and neat as they always were, appeared to be a curious block of wood, like a solid pudding-dish, which I found every morning in the "equerry's room," where I write. This resolved itself eventually into a shape for dressing the fez upon. Where they slept was a mystery; I suspect a bath-room on the main deck, at the door of which I generally saw one standing of a morning, watching with great interest the proceedings of the Rev. Mr. Onslow and his "young friends," the cadets, with rulers, compasses, and books at a table outside my cabin-door. The excellent rector of Sandringham was always at his post, and if his young friends were as willing to learn as he was to teach, they had every chance of becoming excellent navigators and accomplished seamen. His yoke was easy, and he did not at all interfere with an institution called, as well as I can make out, "up-firkin," which was much in vogue amongst the youngsters, although they would have strongly objected to it on the part of a dominie. It was a sort of Busbeian exercitation, practiced pro-

miscuously on the person of any youth who offended against an unwritten code of caprice, and was supposed to be a corrective of excessive animal spirits, "cheek," and general want of obedience to the "big boys." There is an idea that this and "cutting down" at night conduce to form character, and are indispensable to the naval aspirant's career.

In the evening we made the entrance to the Bosphorus. Captain Campbell intended to anchor off Buyukdereh for the night; but as it was desired by the Prince that he should run closer to Constantinople, the steamers continued their course. As we were passing down the Bosphorus, blue lights were burnt, and on every fort and parapet guards turned out, and bands were heard playing on shore. We brought up off the Palace of Dolmabakshi after dusk, in 18 fathoms of water. In swinging round to her anchor the Ariadne was carried by the current against two vessels at anchor, one after the other, and there was a great crashing of glass, spars, and boats. Her Royal Highness, amid all the noise, never evinced any alarm or perturbation. We had an escape of fouling an ironclad, in which we must have had the worst of it. A cry of "Man overboard" was raised; over went the lifebuoy, and in a most creditably short space of

time the life-boat after it. But it was fortunately a false alarm. Little chance for him in the Bosphorus at night. The Psyche was equally unfortunate. She fouled a vessel, and lost her pet gig. The Sultan, who was at one of the windows of his Palace, saw the collision; and in a few moments an officer came off to know if any assistance was needed. It was lucky for somebody, at all events, for the owners of the vessels at once gathered themselves up on the question of damages, and Sir P. Francis was called into play, and so was the Imperial dockyard, and a "little bill" was sent in to the Admiralty. Raouf Pasha came on board at 9.30, as we were dining, to ascertain the Prince's wishes, and receive orders.

April 17th.—This morning Mr. Moore came on board to breakfast, and was followed by Mr. Elliot. The Prince had to administer baksheesh, and it was with something like alarm we heard that the handsome sedate person who used to hand our coffee was a Bey or major, that he was much esteemed, selon chibouquejee, by the Sultan, and that it would be impossible to offer him money. Therefore the Bey had a present instead, and more power to him. Mustapha Fazil Pasha bustled on board also, and I had the honour of giving him shelter from the storm of sailors who were doing all sorts of things on deck,

in my cabin, where he smoked and talked for an hour. Note by the way—that wherever you go on board ship you are in the way, and some one wants to pull at a rope in that exact place one minute after you have settled down. For a Pasha, it was gruesome to hear him. No large constituency in England or Scotland could refuse to elect him, but he was disrespectful about the Pope, and would have no chance in Ireland. He is a genuine progress, peace, reform, retrenchment, and majesty of the people—man, and believes in inevitable democracy, but he has great common sense, and his remarks on the future of Turkey were full of ability, although his apprehensions of danger from the development of Hungary appeared rather extravagant. General Ignatieff boarded us early, and later in the day returned with Madame Ignatieff. About noon the Prince, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Teesdale and Captain Ellis, went off in the barge, and paid a visit to the Sultan at the Dolmabakshi Palace. It was not judged expedient to take the rest of the suite. The fact is, that great Turks go about with a crowd of pipe-bearers and the like, and are apt to consider that the retinue of a British Prince is constituted in the same way. When His Imperial Majesty was in Buckingham Palace, the only difficulty which occurred was caused by the

natural supposition that the gentlemen of his suite were of equal rank, and would or could dine together. A pipe-bearer may be more influential than a minister, but that does not affect his social rank. In the Turk's eyes there is scarcely such a thing as abstract gentility or noblesse, and he estimates every man as his office gives him position only. The expression on the Sultan's face, when the Prince presented us at the first formal reception in the Palace was, it seemed to us, supercilious ennui.

Whilst the Prince was away the young gentlemen amused themselves by "lorgnetting" the windows of the Harem of the Palace, in which indistinct visions of light dresses appeared at intervals, but at last a black face and a coat intervened, and the visions vanished, and did not return. The Princess, escaping from the ship, which was crowded with visitors, attended by Mrs. Grey and Mr. Moore, had a last fond look at the Bazaars, and enjoyed a quiet excursion through the streets of Stamboul.

The Sultan came from the Palace in his grand caique shortly after the return of the Prince, and was received on board with yards manned, cheering, band and marines, officers on deck, the Prince and Princess, Ambassadors, and suite in a row at the gangway. The Prince led His Imperial Majesty

down to the main-deck, and to the Royal apartments—simplex munditiis, certainly. On his return, after a short visit, to the upper deck, where he took cordial leave of the Prince and Princess, His Majesty bowed to the suite, who made their reverence, and said a few words to each, which the Grand Vizier translated into an expression of his satisfaction at seeing us. It is to be hoped no one told a fib on the occasion. He departed in great state to his Palace. Then the Ambassadors, Mrs. Elliot, Lady Buchanan, Madame Ignatieff, Aali Pasha, Mustafa Fazil, Halim Pasha, Halil Pasha, and many others, were entertained at lunch below, and an hour later took leave, and were piped over the side. Taher Bey went away in very good spirits, for the Prince has said a good word for him—a Turk of Scutari, who speaks no end of languages, was in the Crimea as interpreter, strayed away to India, became Kotwal of Shahjehanpore in Rohilkund during the mutiny, and who now finds himself Superintendent of Police in Constantinople. Mr. Elliot and his wife received the expression of the Prince and Princess's cordial acknowledgments of their attention, to which the suite would certainly contribute if it were of any value. Mr. Moore departed, bearing with him the best wishes of the

Prince and Princess; and it is to be hoped their wishes will turn to good account, although our own poor aspirations cannot have much effect on the flinty walls of Spring Gardens.

It was black night (7.30) when the Ariadne, followed by the Psyche and Caradoc, the latter with Sir A. and Lady Buchanan on board, weighed and stood down the Bosphorus. Hobart Pasha prepared his fleet, augmented by two iron turret ships bought in France, and a fine frigate, to give a parting to the Royal guests, in a very charming display of bouquets of rockets, coloured lanterns, and blue lights, in which the Turks excel; the Ariadne replied with blue fires at the yard-arms. And so we bade a second and last good-bye to Constantinople and to the dwelling of the man who was once sick, and who is now well—at least as far as those who cannot feel his pulse may judge.

CHAPTER XXI.

A BREEZE OF WIND.—THE DARDANELLES.—THE PIRÆUS.—MODERN ATHENS.—THE ACROPOLIS.—STATE BANQUET.—THEATRE OF BACCHUS.—ISTHMUS OF CORINTH.—CORFU.—THE KING OF THE HELLENES.—ST. SPIRIDION.—GOVINO AND VIDO.—BENIZZE.

April 18th.—We sped on through the night across the Sea of Marmora; at 8 A.M. ran by Gallipoli with a freshening breeze, and a few miles further down the Dardanelles met the full force of a "regular snorter," which sent northern-bound vessels flying, under bare poles or shreds of stay-sails and jibs, towards the Golden Horn, and forced all "outward-bounds" to bring up on the Asiatic side of the Straits, near Chanak. At 10.30 A.M. Captain Campbell judged it right to anchor, north of the Castle of Asia, and soon after the Psyche let go her anchors astern of us. No one who witnessed the downright ferocity of the gale all day,

and who knew what are the usual amenities of the sea outside in such weather, could hesitate to approve of the course. There was the Austrian Lloyd's steamer obliged to bring up. A great Turkish steamer, full of troops, had to follow her example. All around us, with two anchors down, were brigs and polaccas and barks, rising and falling on the seas, taking in spray and green water over the bow; smaller vessels running for shelter or dragging their anchors; and an ever-passing flotilla of craft scudding to the north before the furious blast. At noon the Ariadne let go a second anchor, and rode like a duck on a pond.

The chaplain had service at 11 o'clock. There is a harmonium, played by one of the officers, and the men and boys sing very nicely. After church we watched the ships and the sea. A Turkish boat broke adrift—a small craft with three men—and was in great danger, but the fellows were thorough sailors, and as cool as any Jack Tar who ever anchored in Plymouth Sound. They got up a shred of sail and ran for it, and weathering a point very neatly brought up inside in the smooth water to leeward. A day like this enables one to bring up arrears of writing, which is difficult to accomplish when he is always en route, but my room offers great attractions to the idlers, and they are too pleasant to be sent away.

April 19th.—At 7.30 my marine, Boxall, coming in with a cup of coffee, reported "no sign of clearing, strong wind, black all round, sir!" And it did rain with a vengeance. Captain Campbell resolved to stick to his anchors, as there was no use in driving the Ariadne through head seas and causing the Princess discomfort, and doing no good to anybody. The Prince rather likes a breeze, by the way, and but for the Princess would go on, as his time is getting very short. At 10 o'clock the Caradoc anchored near us with Sir A. and Lady Buchanan on board, and the Ambassador came off in a water-spout, and so did Vice-Consul Wrench. At noon the wind moderated, but the rain if possible fell more heavily than ever. At 3 o'clock weighed, and under salute from the forts of Europe and Asia, and an Egyptian steam yacht, the vessel stood out of the Dardanelles. There was a little jumble of a sea off the coast of the Trond, but we did not feel it much, and managed ἰφι ἀνάσσειν Τενέδοιο. It became so smooth that the Prince and Princess were enabled to gratify the ship's company by attending a performance which was, alas! and of course, of the inevitable "Ethiopian Serenader" sort. Their Royal Highnesses had seats placed on the main deck, outside the dining saloon. Mrs. Grey, the suite, and the Captain, Chaplain,

&c., sat at the sides, and in front the "minstrels," with blackened faces, portentous shirt collars, and the usual attire of the vocal African of the streets, were arranged in a semicircle, with the banjo, bones, and other instruments of torture, enclosed in a frame of hairy bronzed faces—marines and sailors. The whole scene, illuminated by the ship's lanterns, very pretty and characteristic. More amusing than the singing, which was by no means bad, was the expression on the face of the black boy Selim, the Prince's page. There is another boy on board, belonging to —I was going to say deported by—Lord Carington, who is not quite so black as Selim, and he seemed not to care for the capers of the minstrels; but the other stood aghast, with his great eyes staring with an indescribable look, and when he was observed, hid himself in the saloon or crept out of sight. Why these men blacked their faces was to him a mystery of mysteries. And may we own to a similar stupendous wonder? After this entertainment the Prince visited the officers of the ward-room with some of his suite, and there was a good deal of youthful talent eliminated—one prodigy, not quite an infant, but not very old, executing an unknown Italian opera or part of one. There was a quantity of "up-firkin" administered after the Prince retired, and then the

cries of distress of several of our little friends who were cut down penetrated into my berth, prepared for the infliction as I was. In the morning they are all the better for it, but at night they must suffer acutely. One of the Crimean sheep died to-day, and the remaining gazelle goes about with its legs bandaged, as it has also suffered at sea. It is a most courageous little creature, fights with anything, loves the fire in the saloon, which is lighted at times, and lies as snug as though it were abed in the desert.

April 20th.—The Ariadne passed Cape Colonna and the Temple of Minerva at 9.30 A.M. The weather was then fine, but in half an hour gathering clouds obscured the coast and soon after the rain fell in torrents. Classically-minded people tried to comfort themselves by peering out of dim telescopes; and practically-minded people went below and sought solace and shelter in ward or gun-room. At 12.45 the Ariadne, attended by the Psyche and Caradoc, cast anchor in the port, in which the Royal Oak, Captain Hillyar, a French, a Russian, an Italian, and three Greek men-of-war, a few merchant vessels, and small craft were anchored. The ships were dressed in flags, but the rain washed them into drooping water-spouts. It was a full uniform day. All the suite turned out en grande

tenue. The awnings on the deck of the Ariadne could not avert the baptism of the lace-and-feathers finery which it was the order of the day to wear. There was a gathering of boats alongside as soon as we anchored, with cloaked officers, whose dresses had a sorry time of it. Admiral Boutakoff, brother of the famous officer of that name, who was employed against us at Sebastopol, and several representatives of Foreign powers, boarded the frigate, and waited on the deck till the King arrived to welcome the Prince and his sister

The deck gradually became thronged by Russian, French, and Italian officers and diplomatists, seeking dry places and rarely finding them. Sir A. Buchanan and Mr. Erskine arrived, accompanied by Mr. Herbert and Mr. Bowyer Smyjth, who were received with due honour. At 1.30 P.M. a rapid salute shorewards announced the arrival of the King; it was taken up by the Royal Oak and other men-of-war near at hand; yards were manned, and the sound of cheering came through humid vapours thickened by the smoke of gunpowder. The Prince and suite appeared on the main deck, where were the officers, headed by Captain Campbell, and a guard of honour of the Royal Marines drawn up. The King stepped on deck, was received by three cheers and one cheer

more from the men aloft, by the Greek National Hymn, and the full staff of the suite and ship with uncovered heads.

The Princess appeared on deck to welcome her brother, who was received at the gangway by the Prince of Wales. The whole party hastened below, where the Prince presented the members of his suite to the King, whose staff was also presented to the Prince in the saloon.

His Majesty wore the uniform of an admiral in the Danish navy, and seemed to feel no ordinary pleasure in meeting his sister and his brother-in-law. His uncle, Prince Frederick, in the uniform of a Knight of Malta, and a staff of half-a-dozen officers—Major Foncke, Major Sperling, P. M. Kolocotronis, Officier d'Ordonnance, Lieut.-Colonel Pappadiamantoupolos, A.D.C., Major Sachtouris, A.D.C., &c.—were in attendance on the King.

The King is gracious and frank, and a touch of his cordial sailor life oftentimes rises to the surface, when the buoyancy of youth allows him to forget the aliquid amari which lies over high office, and nowhere more heavily and constantly than in Greece. Lunch was served to the united Royal parties. The rain abated somewhat, and the Royal barges set out for shore at 2.30, under cheers and

salutes from the ships all around. The carpet on the landing-place was strewed with fresh flowers, and the windows of the houses were filled with people who saluted generally, but cheered not, as the visitors landed. There was a liberal display of flags, and the Piræus did its best under the circumstances. There was a very respectable crowd in the streets. The pitiless rain still drenched the gay dresses of the young ladies, the feathers of the Greek officers and of the Chevaux Légers of the Guard of Honour. "Eaten bread," they say, "is soon forgotten;" but whatever may be the passions and disappointments of the hour, the Greeks cannot but remember that Great Britain has ever been the steady friend of their cause—not the fosterer of vain ambition. On the eager, keen-eyed faces of the people there was an expression of unfeigned satisfaction and interest in the Royal visit. Orange-flowers, wreaths, and banners with inscriptions of welcome decorated the pier. A triumphal arch was erected before the Railway Station, where another guard of honour was on duty, with a band. The platform was very elegantly dressed with laurels, flags, and flowers, and inside and out the crowd saluted the King, Prince, and Princess most courteously and respectfully. A special train was in waiting, and the Royal party whisked through the

famous Olive Forest, by the course of the old walls, between Athens and the Piræus, to the King's Palace. As they entered the portals, the sky cleared, the sun shone out, and very speedily drove away the clouds seawards. Carriages, escorted by a detachment of very smart-looking cavalry, in a neat German-looking uniform, conveyed the party to the Palace.

The Palace stands in a fine position on a slope of Mount Lycabettus, and rears a broad front of marble, quarried from Pentelicus, towards the city, from which it is separated by a broad stretch of shrubbery and lawn, open to the public, prettily laid out and planted. Spacious roads and walks, like boulevards, lead from the space in front to a crescent of houses, several of them hotels, from which radiate some of the principal streets. The eastern side of the Palace abuts on a charming and extensive garden, also open to the people, and much frequented in the afternoon. All the walls and the internal courts are of fine marble, and the two magnificent state rooms, worthy of Imperial banquets, are supported on rich columns of the same material, with gilded capitals. The rooms are large, lofty, and well furnished; those of the King and Queen are elegant, rich, and comfortable. All the appointments are very good, and there is an excellent

library, where a learned and cosmopolitan Dane, Dr. Köppen, familiar with many lands and many languages, works away in old-world volumes, and shrouds himself in the dust of the Middle Ages. The views from the windows on all sides are extremely beautiful and interesting. On one side you can see the Piræus and the Bay of Salamis, and the road from the capital by the long walls, running like a white riband through the green fields and olive forests of the Attic plain. On another side you look out on the groves of Academus, and along the road to Phyle, by the folds of Mount Anchesmus. Look from another side, and the Acropolis rises before you, and down below trickles the Ilissus, as if seeking to bury its degradation in the friendly earth. At another side your eye rests on "purpureos colles florentis Hymetti," and the blue waters of the Phalerean Bay. In the city beneath, modern Athenians sit in coffee-shops and seek after new things, busy (but not always as honey-making) as the bees which hum through the flowery meads. There is a very good band, taken from the musicians of different battalions, which plays in the mornings and during dinner; and, although there is no theatre open now, there is quite enough at Athens to enable a visitor to pass his time, and find it short, without scenic representations.

The servants are dressed in the old Palikari garb —handsome laced jackets open at the sleeves, laced

vests, rich sashes, white fustanells of innumerable plaits, and embroidered cloth greaves from knee to shoe-sole—some such fiercely moustachioed, heroic-looking gentlemen that a stranger in a shooting-jacket can scarcely venture to ask for hot water, even if he knows the modern Greek for it. Some of them speak German, in remembrance of the Othonic era; a few speak French or Italian, and they are presided over by a chef, who would be remembered by those

familiar with the Embassy at Paris in Lord Cowley's time. Many Englishmen will know also the courteous M. Rodostomos, who is Maître de la Cour to the King. It was a comfort to get out of uniform, and to wander about the town.

Athens has certainly improved very much since the period of the "occupation" during the war with Russia. What the increase in the population may be I cannot say, but the city is enlarged and beautified. Nevertheless, like a mistletoe on a ruined oak, it clings to and grows from decay. Take away the Acropolis and the Temples, and what have you but glorious sites and the memories that haunt them? Cities, however, do not flourish on sites or memories either. I cannot but think it was a mistake to build up the new city round the grand old monuments of a civilization which is not dead, but lives every day of our lives. The present buildings hinder the reconstruction of the old, and forbid or impede explorations. Still, *there* they are, "with gas and water laid on"—shops of modistes, where the Aspasia of the hour may find the newest Paris fashions to charm her kid-gloved Pericles—needful magazines for necessity or luxury, in long array, crossing the outlet of the old Holy Road to Eleusis and Daphne's Wood, and creeping upwards towards

the feet of the storied crag where rest in immortal beauty the ruins which "enchant the world."

April 21st.—The King, Prince, Princess, and suite paid a visit to the Acropolis. It was a lovely forenoon. The air had all that transparent lightness which gives the landscape such wonderful charms. The Royal carriages, preceded by an outrider in light blue and silver on a white horse, passed from the portico with the usual honours of a guard, arms presented and a flourish of trumpets, and so through streets lined with people (who bowed and took off their hats very generally as the cortége went by), till they emerged on the open ground, and ascended to the arch before the Propylæa of the Acropolis. Here they got out, and there I must leave them. Another attempt to describe the glorious works among which they wandered would be intolerable, even if it were successful. The genius of the place cannot be wooed and won by any words that man can speak, or made visible to the eye by the alchemy of any colours his hand can mix. Dr. Köppen, charged with multitudinous information, and ready to let it off in any language, was ready to illustrate every stone with a story from the earliest period to the present time. Wandering from the Parthenon to the Erectheum, the tourists sauntered at their will

on the Pelasgic rocks, looked down on the spot where Demosthenes thundered against Philip, and where St. Paul preached of "the Unknown God," and admired all that the rage of heathen, Turk, and Christian has left of statuary and temples.

In the evening there was a State banquet, to which the diplomatic body, the Greek Ministers, the Patriarch, and the most distinguished men in Athens were invited. All the guests were in full uniform. The effect of the scene in the noble room was very striking, for nowhere could the eye rest on a greater variety of colour, set off by the picturesque liveries of the attendants, and by a mixture of Oriental and European finery. It was wonderful to see what a flock of gay-feathered diplomatic birds has settled down on this little capital, and one was forced to admit that their weight must bear heavily on the branches. Indeed, many of the dark-eyed gentlemen with high foreheads and lank cheeks, who were pointed out as contending Cymons or Cleons, would be very glad to get rid of these "Thirty Tyrants," and fight it out in their own cheerful, time-honoured fashion. Among the company was General Church —the first and last Field-Marshal of Greece—who is popularly said to be a century old. What truth there may be in the report I cannot say, but I am

credibly told that he rises at some dark hour every morning, and mounts his horse and canters gaily about the Piræic plains. He is but a C.B. Perhaps when he is 101 or so, he may be permitted to put a K. before these magic letters.

April 22nd.—The King, the Prince and Princess inspected the most interesting of all the monuments which Athens can boast—the Dionysion, or Theatre of Bacchus—now thoroughly restored to the light of day. It is in a state of wonderful preservation. One can drop into a stall and sit where Pericles sat, or take the private box of the Hierophant, much more readily than he can find a place in the new Opera-house. The pit and dress-circle are perfect; you can read the names of the occupants, or rather their offices, on the reserved chairs as plainly as you can Mrs. Veneering's or Lady Bendigo's on the door of their boxes in Covent Garden. In the afternoon the King and Prince walked to Phillipappos, and to the Temple of the Winds. After dinner we had a very beautiful illumination of a very fine pile of public buildings, and a display of fireworks for the city folk who could not get tickets of admission for the inner show. If the owls of Minerva, which flapped their way with many hootings out into the wilderness, forget it, they must be very oblivious

indeed. I am not quite sure that the Acropolis is a fair subject for blue-lights, red-lights, green-lights, fireworks, and dazzling displays à la Cremorne and Rosherville; but, at any rate, it was a very fine sight to see, and if the proprieties and unities were dishevelled, it was to some purpose that this, the most venerable and sacred locality in the classical world, was for once turned into a fairy transformation scene. "No one was hurt." Athens was pleased, and so must have been all who beheld, as we did, an exhibition of very great skill, turning to the best account in its way a most admirable collection of architectural beauties. M. Metaxa was, I think, the contriver of the effect, in which he was probably assisted by the King, whose artistic taste is well developed. The night was calm, the sky clear, and a moon in the third quarter cast from her high throne her own glorious light, when the fiery rockets and the devices of the pyrotechnists died out. The skill shown in the use of the coloured lights was the more plain to those who could contrast the result obtained by throwing great masses of red, green, blue, orange, and crimson on the pillars and interiors of the temples from unseen sources, with that which followed the use of visible machinery; in other words, the men who directed the lights at Athens were hidden behind

columns and stones, while the men who lighted up the temple at Thebes could be seen by the spectators. The arrangements were good, but the people were so very pressing, that now and then the party was broken up and divided. There was an immense throng on the Acropolis, and when some unearthly ray fell on the mass of faces, an "eldrich" creeping came over one as they flickered, ghost-like, in the ruins.

Friday, April 23rd. — Adieu to Athens! The King, Prince, Princess, and suite left the Palace at half-past 10 o'clock and drove to the Railway Station, where General Church and many officers of state were in waiting. In 10 minutes they arrived at the Piræus, and embarked on board the Greek gunboat Salamis, and steamed out of the harbour at 12 o'clock. We departed on a fine windy forenoon, the streets full of people, flags flying, bands playing, station crowded, taking the inner passage by Salamis to Kalamaki, on the eastern side of the Isthmus of Corinth. Dr. Köppen was full of fight, and illustrated the coast line by incessant flashes of classical knowledge, and handled Xerxes and Themistocles as though he were personally acquainted with them. At half-past 2 we were clear of Salamis, and arrived at Kalamaki at 4 o'clock. Here we left the Greek gunboat and were put on shore, where

carriages were in waiting to take us across the Isthmus. An escort of cavalry was in attendance, and along the rocky mountain road, for a distance of 6 miles, there were infantry patrols to guard the King and his guests from a sudden dash of his irrepressible brigands, just to make it quite safe. From the top of the mountain ridge New Corinth came in view; the Ariadne, the Psyche, the Caradoc, the Greek frigate Hellas, and the King's yacht Amphitrite were seen anchored at the head of the Bay at the other side. It was blowing still stiffly, and the departure from shore in boats, and arrival on board the Ariadne, was not unattended with difficulty. At 8 o'clock P.M. the Ariadne, followed by the little fleet, with the exception of the Hellas, weighed and stood down the straits of Corinth, which were to some of us very much what they were to my Uncle Toby, when Mr. Shandy read him the passage from one of Cicero's letters concerning the ancient glories of the place. After dinner the King and the Prince were entertained in the ward-room, where the officers celebrated the occasion by some excellent singing.

April 24th.—Calm sea. An unspotted cloudless sky. Passed Cephalonia at sunrise. At 10 A.M. Corfu in sight. Ὡς ὅτε ῥινὸν ἐν ἠεροειδεῖ πόντῳ At

2.50 P.M. the Ariadne anchored under the town, followed by the Amphitrite, Psyche, and Caradoc. The Greek blue and white instead of the red, white, and blue! Vido a ruined heap! What a change since I was here last—or since the Prince visited it a few years ago! No yachts moored in the little bay under the Citadel—no red coats on the parapets. The stately fortifications have gone, and left not a rack behind, save mounds of shattered masonry. No doubt it was right to give it all up, but it is a pang to him who remembers the past, and who felt the sentiment of the lines—

> "England! we love thee better than we know.
> This did I learn when, after wandering long
> Mid people of another race and tongue,
> I heard at length thy martial music blow,
> And saw thy warrior-children to and fro
> Pace, keeping ward ——— "

The Turks do not approve of the step, at all events. "You have set a precedent which you cannot resist in time to come, when it may do you as much mischief as it is now causing us," was the remark of one minister at Pera. "The Greeks believe they did all by force—there's not one of them who does not think he fought at Troy and beat Xerxes." We drew the teeth we put in at Corfu, at all events.

The old Flagstaff Battery fired a salute with the only guns left in the place. The King, Prince, Princess, Mrs. Grey, and suite, attended by Consul-General Saunders and Mr. Cohen, went on shore after lunch. They were received in state by the Artillery of the Municipal Guard, who made a very handsome show, volunteers as they are, the Heads of Universities, the Foreign Consuls, the British residents, and the citizens, through whose lines they passed to the Palace, meeting on all sides a very warm reception from the people.

As the Ariadne approached, a lady could be made out through the glass, waving a white kerchief in the balcony of the Palace. It was the Queen, who was awaiting the arrival of her husband and his guests at the Palace steps. She welcomed the Royal party with great warmth and grace, and her exquisite fairness excited universal admiration. The meeting between the Royal sisters-in-law was very warm and pleasant to see.

Prince William of Glücksberg, the King's uncle, better known to the Austrian army as the Prince of Holstein, who commanded the heavy cavalry reserve on the fatal day of Kœniggratz, was also present, but Prince Frederick was too unwell to leave Athens.

The King, Queen, Prince, and Princess drove to the Casino. Sir Frederick Adam, one of the British "Lord High's," built some 30 years ago a pretty little cottage, on a wooded bluff about a mile and a half outside the city walls, as a summer residence, and there the Royal pair live in Arcadian simplicity and comfort in their summer vacation. If one were to judge of the place by the size of the Duke of Sparta, it must be the healthiest spot in the world; for his Royal Highness, at the age of eight months, would carry away the prize at any baby-show in the world, and give a couple of pounds in to the next best boy or girl. But, in fact, there is a drawback to the delightful situation. The arrival of the Prince and Princess is rather awkward, for the Greeks are keeping Lent most strictly, and the men are cross, and the women look yellow, and amusements and gaiety are not permitted; but I doubt, nevertheless, if the Princess, at all events, enjoyed any part of her travels so much as the quiet week with her brother and his queen in this most beautiful island.

Dinner took place in the Casino at 7 o'clock, and the party was limited to the King and Queen, the Prince, Princess, and suite, and a few officers of the Court. The gentlemen were presented to the

Queen, who said a few kind words to each in English. Afterwards there was a réunion in the billiard-room, and illuminations from the ships in harbour, which produced a very brilliant effect.

The corvette Askiold, commanded by Admiral Boutakoff, bringing the Russian Minister from Athens, came in during the night.

The clouds which hung over the shores of Greece have not yet cleared away. They have risen to the mountain-tops, but they lie there, couched in darkness and charged with storm. The gloom, however, so far dispersed as to permit the Royal travellers to visit a land which, dear to all who feel that the Present is burdened with a debt of gratitude to the Past, offers to them personally attractions more powerful than sentimental memories. No one with the least feeling can understand the position in which the King of Greece now stands, without an earnest sympathy. The old tragedians were fond of depicting the struggles of Man with inevitable Destiny, and we are told that one of the noblest spectacles the moral world can afford is the sight of the brave and good contending with fate. The characters produced in fiction to illustrate the hopelessness of the conflict were aged Kings or Chiefs of Men. And yet their griefs touched the heart, and their fancied miseries wrung

every bosom. Surely, if it could be known how a young man, called to a throne at seventeen years of age, has had to fight against all the elements of evil which can afflict a King—faction within, intrigue without, a turbulent present, and a future which passion regards as desperate;—if it could be seen how, on the throne to which he was summoned by foreign policy, friendless, or with friends from whom it would be mercy to save him, he has stood, consumed by the love of his people, he has resisted the menaces of brawling Cleons, there would be a sentiment created in favour of the King of the Hellenes in which pity and respect would mingle largely with the desire to succour. We can imagine how the Princess, to whom these years of anxious toil were all familiar, felt when she was free to congratulate him on dangers past, and bid him be of good cheer. Into the hours of social and loving intercourse between two members of the family whose paths appear to lie so far apart we must not pry; but surely there was a gleam of warmer and purer sunshine in the sky for the young King when his sister, the wife of the Prince who is to rule the country that has had so much to do with his fortunes, clasped his hand with a smile which is all her own, and came to his side in the moment of his trial.

It would be out of place to enter on Greek politics. There is a very good precept which tells us to speak of things as we find them. If it holds in most cases, it is applicable especially to the casual traveller in a country who has no means of verifying the stories he hears of things which lie beyond his ken. Others, with more extended knowledge, may criticize his conclusions and deny the truth of his views if he goes a step over the line of what he knows; but if his description of what he sees be accurate, he can safely challenge the most adverse and the most experienced; nor is it unsafe to quote opinions and expound views so long as they are fairly given, and are not set forth as absolute and positive facts. If I were to repeat what I have heard here, it might well excite despair of Greece. It is not merely that "quot homines, tot sententiæ," is the rule, but that theories are so violent, so impracticable, or so erroneous as to fill the listener with mournful forebodings. There is one point on which all men agree —that things cannot go on as they are. The King cannot possibly continue in the throes of such mortal agony, and it will be for the Greece which is worthy of the name—for the men of patriotism, sense, and honesty—to consider in what way he may be enabled to rule a country of which he is in name the King.

The remedies suggested for existing evils vary according to the speaker. Some believe there is no chance for Greece so long as the present constitution remains as a nurse of faction and the fountain of intrigues. But how is it to be abrogated? Some think a loan would be convenient, though what they would do with it is a moot point; others would be content with Epirus and Thessaly, to which many add Crete, and most Rhodes and the Archipelagic Islands generally. There is a common resentment against the Great Powers, especially against Russia. But few who live in that ants' nest of intriguers, Athens, think of the King in any other light than that which their self-seeking ambition throws around his powers. In the intense lust of politicians for place and power, all love of country is burnt out. If the factions of Athens prevail over the real interests of the Hellenic race, the Constitution—never sound or healthy, and now undermined by corruption, and rotten from top to bottom—will fall, and crush them in a common ruin. Surely there is time, as there is occasion, to avert such a catastrophe? The Great Powers have said what shall not be. Let them now tell Greece what shall be, and for once and for all erect a barrier beyond which ambition and faction will not venture to look, and inside of which honest and honourable

men, working out necessary reforms in the representative and executive institutions of the kingdom, may hope to realize the anticipations of the world, and create a prosperous, united, and powerful Hellenic people, ruled by a King devoted to their interests, and surrounded, in the language of the poet, by "honour, obedience, love, and troops of friends." There is some complaint that Mr. Erskine, by his protest against an effort to put her financial affairs in order, and to pay the public creditors, has prevented Greece appearing in the market for a new loan; but in London, at least, it would not be easy to raise money, unless there was a guarantee that it would not be used for political agitation and warlike armaments.

The Chamber has been dissolved. It was a Bulgaresque chamber, and, without any particular affection for it, the King may have been unwilling to part with it. "Better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." Elections, mean intrigues, corruption, to produce riots, brigandage, and violence. M. Koumondouros is said to regard only the interest of his party; M. Bulgaresa is accused of looking only to the tyranny of a party.

Mrs. Grey and the suite resided in the Palace in Corfu, the rooms of which are lofty, airy, and

comfortable, commanding fine views of the harbour. I was lodged in a room over the door of which was written Ὁ γραμματεὺς τοῦ βασιλείου, the pronunciation of which would astonish one of our Erasmians. Every morning we breakfasted in the Palace at Corfu, and in the evening we had the honour of dining with the King and Queen, generally returning from the Casino about 11 o'clock.

The nomarch, M. Mavrocordato, is considered an able and upright man, and is not subject to delusions; but the Corfiotes are every whit as hostile to the Turks as if they had suffered under their rule like their fellow subjects on the mainland of Greece. The traditions of the time of old Schulenberg, whose statue stands so proudly in front of the Government House, still animate them. An article in one of the papers on the Royal visitors, draws a contrast between the receptions at Corfu and Constantinople, not at all flattering to the Sultan, unless "black slaves and diamonds be considered better than the respectful salutations of a free and generous people." The Corfiotes did not offer "pasticci" on plates of gold by the hands of dark persons, but did what the Turk could not do. White in face, as candid in manner, they offered cordial prayers for the Princess, and that the

Omnipotent may protect the liberal and generous British people.

April 25th.—Feast of Saint Spiridion. He died 1,500 years ago. What is said to be his body embalmed is carried in a sort of glass case, richly gilt, mounted on a sedan chair, so that the mahogany-hued face, with closed eyes and gaping mouth, twisted at one side, is visible to the crowd. Three times a year the Saint's body is carried through the streets, accompanied by the priests and clergy carrying tapers, in their richest vestments, escorted by the garrison and the municipal guard. The sick are brought up and laid down, that Saint Spiridion may cure them; and wicked men and women walk after his remains, with naked feet, to heal their sins. The country people flocked in for miles round, dressed in their best; and the Russian sailors from the corvette, each man carrying a taper lighted, lined the street and joined in the procession, the church bells ringing peals, and the guns saluting from the Flagstaff Battery.

In the early days of our rule our guns fired salutes for St. Spiridion's honour, and our officers of State followed in this procession, just as the soldiers of the Russian frigate are doing now. I shall not say a word about a ceremonial which had such a potent charm for

the souls and bodies of tens of thousands of Corfiotes, and which drew from remote parts of the island multitudes of women in their quaint holiday attire; but what can be done with this people if they follow what their Church enjoins? What hope is there of regenerating a nation if, in the 365 days of the year, it ought to keep some 120 days of feasting, and some 120 days of fasting? While we, feeling very much as if we were gazing on an Opera scene, were looking down at the procession passing through lines of soldiery, bands playing, bells tolling, cannon firing, mitred prelates, and richly-stoled clergy, all in honour of a dreadful-looking thing in a glass case, the crowd with uncovered heads, trembling lips, and awe-struck eyes, were filled with the holiest emotions.

The King stands fast in his Lutheran faith; the Queen abides by the Church of her people, and is a fervent Greek. There is always a link wanting in the chain between a Sovereign and his people when they are not of the same faith.

April 26th.—The Queen and Princess drove in the island, and the Prince and King rode out upon horseback. The Royal Oak arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Erskine from Athens; and the Caradoc left for Brindisi with Sir Alexander and Lady Buchanan.

April 27th.—The King, Queen, Prince, and Princess visited the Citadel. The Royal dinner party in the evening was joined by Mr. Valaority. After dinner the Prince, accompanied by most of his suite, Prince William, Mr. Czernowitz, and Mr. Kriesis, went on board the Psyche, to cross over in the morning to the coast of Albania, where the Consul-General Sanders had made preparations for a shooting party.

The Prince was very anxious that the King should accompany the party, but his Majesty had scruples, which appeared to be founded on prudence at any rate. Long before the troubles with Turkey, the King landed one day from Corfu with the Count of Albania, and spent a few hours there. On his return to Athens he was waited on by the Turkish Minister, who, whether in jest or earnest, represented to the King that it would have been proper to have made a communication to the Turkish authorities ere he set foot in their country. Now that there is a very sore feeling, it is needful to take every precaution to avoid offence, and above all things it would be unadvisable to run the risk of exciting the Albanian Christians just now by the descent of the King of Greece in company with the Heir Apparent of the throne of Great Britain.

Opinion was divided on the point, however. M. Valaority, who dined at the Casino, approved of the King's resolve not to go, but "young Greece" generally was for "having a go in" at the Albanian boars, although their classical memories might have taught them it was a dangerous pastime.

The Royal party visited the Citadel, and the Queen and the Princess actually mounted up to the summit. This is a tough ascent on a hot day, and Her Majesty's condition rendered it what the Americans would call "quite a feat," but we are too well accustomed now to the Princess's capacity for enduring fatigue to do more than wonder how she did it. There was also an excursion to Govino, and lunch was carried there in one of the boats; nor was Vido, which is now a quarry-like mass of stones which mark the site of the fortress we blew up at the evacuation, neglected. The Corfiotes are sore on that point. They declare that the islands paid nearly a million sterling to the military purposes of the protectorate, and that the forts and material were justly their property. I am not quite sure that the King himself does not consider we acted rather harshly and indefensibly in destroying all the works erected at so great a cost of money and labour.

April 28th.—The Psyche left at dawn; and at

8 A.M. the sportsmen landed, and proceeded to take their places in the covers, which were beaten by a number of natives. At the first drive a boar was seen, but missed by Mr. Czernowitz. In the next, Mr. Montagu killed a fine five-year-old boar, about 30 yards distant. The next drive was blank. Towards midday the heat of the sun became excessive, and luncheon and rest were indispensable. When sporting was resumed, Colonel Teesdale got a three-year-old boar, and Mr. Kriesis shot a doe; but the Prince had no good fortune, and never even saw a wild animal of any kind. It was 6.30 when they returned to the Psyche, and arrived in the roadstead below the Casino, and landed to dinner at 8 o'clock.

Whilst the sportsmen were away, I was led on a most agreeable excursion by M. Valaority, who induced La Grande Maîtresse, Mde. Theochari, and Mrs. Grey to give us the pleasure of their company. We started early (9.30) from the Palace in a heavy carriage, drawn by an indomitable pair of Corfiote horses, with servant and coachman on the box, and a basket of provisions, for Coropiskopous, which we reached at 1 o'clock. It is a lovely spot, and the road to it—a work of the British occupation—winds through enchanting scenery; but its winding will

soon come to an end, if "somebody" does not mend the culverts and fill up the ruts made by water-courses, and repair the walls, and clean out the waterways. M. Valaority would be offended if I called him an exceptional Greek, but he is a bold, prudent, sagacious, honest man, a lover of his country, but not a dreamer or an intriguer, full of scorn for the corruption and faction which revel on the Peninsula—devoted to the King, and still, if possible, more attached to the interests of his native land. It was worth the reading of many of the pseudo-Demosthenico orations of the orators of Athens to hear such a man speak of the evils which poison society, check prosperity, and nip the promise ere it has budded of the land. Such stories of brigands and brigandage as we were told! The Highland caterans were paltry pickpockets compared to these rabble robbers, who are the descendants of greater robbers, ever since it was easier to take than to make—to empty wallets which others had filled than to go to the trouble of providing the material for filling them. The Greek insurrection was fed by brigands, just as the raid to Derby of the Pretender was sustained by the clans, who were actuated by some loyalty to the Stuarts and by great devotion to plunder. There are no brigands on the islands.

They would have had a bad time of it with King Tom or Napier, or with Storks, tenth and last "Lord High:" and indeed the natives of the Septinsular State, with all their Hellenic aspirations, affect a contempt for the lawless mountaineers of the continent, which is encountered by a feeling quite as strong on the other side. Under a great tree, which I believe was a plateau, we sat by the side of a "source," which welled out of a rock, and our table was the face of a huge boulder, on which were spread out the treasures of our basket. It grieves me to say "botargo" was amongst them. There is a word like that in Burghersdicius his Logic, which always made me ill, and somehow or other botargo in the flesh, or rather in the fish, has a similar effect. It is dried fish roe, and Mde. Theochari was doomed at this season by religious observance to feed principally upon it; but nothing could abate the enjoyment of such a day in such scenery—sylvan enough for Pan himself, and had any satyr come, we would have fled and left him our botargo and our blessing, taking with us our ham, partridges, oranges, cheese, and "Pape Clement." We reached Corfu at 5.30, in time to dress for dinner. Just as the carriage was approaching the wall, there came by a funeral procession. A body of priests in front chanting, then

men and women with wreaths, and chapel boys singing and bearing crosses and crosses, then the bier on which lay the corpse, a woman dressed gaily in the open coffin, with flowers arranged round the head, which with their attendant leaves moved at every pace of the bearers, and fanned the chill cold cheeks as if in mockery. It was not a pleasant sight. Close to the city, we met great droves of lambs, and learned that they were all to be slain in the festival which will take place to-morrow.

April 29th.—A lovely morning, rendered hideous by the ringing of bells. Spiro explained that it was all a welcome to 'to-morrow,' which will be Good Friday, according to the Greek calendar. (He is a cheerful capital fellow, speaks English, and talks of the days of our good rule in Corfu, when he served Sir Henry Storks, with effusion.) No doubt, if we take the present season as a specimen of all the year round, Corfu must be much livelier as a place of residence than it was in our prosaic days, as far as noise is concerned. But, as for money-making, ask Mr. Taylor, or the first Greek in the streets, or the excellent monarch. But, except Mr. Taylor and some gross materialists, they would not lure us back again if they could. Bang! bang! bang! Clang! clang! clang!

What is this new outbreak? The Czar's birthday. The Queen is the Grand Duke Constantine's fair daughter, and so the Czar's birthday was observed by salutes from the Russian corvette and the Royal Oak, and the shipping and platform battery and the grand old citadel are gay with flags. To add to the excitement, Prince Napoleon arrived in his steam yacht this morning, and anchored in the harbour, but did not come on shore. As soon as the news was known at the Casino, Captain Ellis was sent, in full uniform, on board the yacht to welcome Prince Napoleon on the part of the Prince of Wales, and to arrange for a visit. He was received by an aide-de-camp, who took in his message to the Prince's cabin, waited some time for a reply, and finally received a message that the Prince Imperial would "find some way of seeing His Royal Highness in the course of the day." It struck us all that this was scarcely the most courteous or polished way of receiving a British officer attached to the Prince of Wales, but the Prince Imperial has one attribute of the great Napoleon, at all events, though, with all his great ability, he does not see that brusquerie is not a necessary proof of greatness, and that what must be borne from the victorious master of kings is not becoming from one who has neither an army nor a kingdom.

In the afternoon the King, Queen, Prince, and Princess drove into Corfu from the Casino, and went on board the Royal Oak, where they were received with all honours—a salute—manned yards—the Greek royal standard, and the Prince of Wales's flying. Captain Hillyer, whose breast, broad as it is, has scarcely room for the display of his medals and decorations, and his officers, met the Royal party at the gangway, whence he conducted them to the main deck, where they inspected the ship at quarters. The vessel was perfection; every gun and slide and metal burnished like jewellery, and "Heaven's first law" in full force. The men knocked about the big guns to the wonder of the landsmen, who, perhaps, did not quite understand how difficult it was, seeing how very easy it looked. Thence they rowed to the Russian frigate Askiold, a wooden ship, armed with old-fashioned smooth-bore guns, and not very striking to visitors fresh from the British iron-clad. But in one respect there was a marked difference — the captain's saloon and the cabins were decorated with handsome paintings and engravings. There was the usual portrait of the Czar, and one of the Grand Duke Constantine; there were vases of flowers on the table, and a piano and music in the officers' room. The crew were fine

stalwart fellows — square, blue-eyed, light-haired. Admiral Boutakoff did the honours of the ship, which included the usual toasts to Czar, and Queen, and King, and it could be seen that the Russians are very proud of the fair lady who has come to this little kingdom to share the fortunes of her husband, and has left so much state behind her. The Royal party once more embarked, and went finally to the Ariadne, which the King and Queen examined with much interest, returning in her barge, towing the marine velocipede which has been made a present to the King, to the Casino. The boats were aided by the steam launch, and the trip was very pleasant. The King left at half-past 4 to receive Prince Napoleon at the Palace, and they had a short interview, in which the latter asked after the Prince and Princess of Wales. Subsequently, His Imperial Highness went out driving through the island, and at half-past 6 came to the Casino, but the Prince and Princess were not at home. He left his cards at the Casino. As we were driving from Corfu to dinner, we met the Prince, who was returning to his yacht, and thought he seemed very unwell. There were several additions to the dinner party—Mr. Erskine, Captain Hillyer, and others—but it was by no means a

"state" banquet, although there was, as there is always, a strict observance of the Royal presence at table. There is a capital military band on the lawn outside, which plays during dinner, and afterwards, every evening, and in this climate it is delightful to saunter in the grounds, where every tree is illuminated by the fireflies, and listen to the music, not negligent of the protection afforded against fever by the uses of the much-persecuted weed of Havannah.

April 30th.—Prince Napoleon left for Venice this morning at daybreak, so there was no meeting between him and the Prince of Wales. We had an early breakfast at the Palace, and drove over to the Casino, where there was a grand cortége prepared. At 12 o'clock the Royal party and suite started in eight open carriages, with white horses, to the house of Count Flamburiari, at Benizze, where a luncheon was spread al fresco, under the shade of trellis-work covered with fruit. This route must have left pleasant memories to many a soldier who served in Corfu in days gone by. The drive was in all respects delightful, with the single exception of a bad bit of road here and there, which gave notice of the coming ruin of one of the most valuable results of our rule in the island. There seems to be no power to pre-

vent it, or to repair the aqueducts, for the King lamented the mischief as strongly as any one. The scenery, despite the ugliness of the universal olive-trees, which constitute the wealth of the island, is rich, tender, and various—a combination of sea-coast, wooded cliffs, deep vales, and smooth swelling hills covered with dense foliage. The Princess was charmed, and was in the best possible spirits, and her royal sister-in-law enjoyed the picnic with equal pleasure. The repast was excellent, and the young King and the Prince were quite as full of fun as the youngest of the party. And why should they not? For they were the youngest, with two exceptions. An orange grove, which stood temptingly close at hand, furnished abundance of missiles for a small military exercise, in which the gentlemen, divided into two rival armies, engaged, without danger to life or limb, but with some damaging effect to head-gear and clothes. A messenger was dispatched to the Ariadne, and her steam-launch and barge were sent round to the little bay, one thousand feet below us; and in them we returned to the Casino, after a day to be marked with the whitest of chalk.

May 1st.—If the evil one can be banished by a din, which, under the circumstances, cannot be called

infernal, he must be many miles from Corfu to-night. St. Spiridion was taken out for an airing this morning. It may be that these little walks in the Greek air do good to the mummy, for, without irreverence be it said, it is a mummy after all. There was a solemn procession of bishops, priests, and deacons, a grand performance of fine music by military bands, a display of Volunteers, National Guards, and Regulars, a great gathering of the multitude in the streets and in the square before the Palace. It can no longer be called "Government-house," as it was in the days when there *was* a Government. They gathered there around St. Spiro about 9 o'clock, and there was much singing and a good deal of praying and self-benediction going on for half-an-hour, and after a time St. Spiridion was carried off amid his guards and worshippers to rest till his next promenade, bands and military vanished, and there was a prospect of a quiet day, which the unwary were beginning to prepare for, when—lo! the clock struck eleven in many church towers! Before the first clang died away the guns on the platform began to fire, the Russian and the Greek frigates followed suite, and then, as if those in a very bad place had broken loose, there came from every steeple and street and window a tocsin of bells, a rattling of

pistols, muskets, crackers, a crash of pots, pans, and earthenware on the pavement, which fairly made us jump in our chairs. No wonder a newly arrived colonel in the old days turned out his men, and prepared to put down a revolution! It was perfectly stupendous, and the power of "lasting" and "staying" which the authors of the hubbub possessed was beyond all mortal endurance. In the midst of it the Hellas arrived, with Prince Frederick, from Athens, and cannon "thundering terribly swelled the gale." But it was only a forte in the concerted piece. The soldiers fired off their muskets promiscuously all day. Women and children flung crockery from the house fronts, and there uprose, and never ceased uprising, a cracking and banging and fizzing quite sufficient to make men of ordinary nerves desire they could go with the Evil Spirit, hurrying out of the island, off to some quieter resting-place. For all this tumult is made to exorcise the Devil. The row was protracted surely long after the object in view had been obtained, and the Corfioites had been left to their native perfection. While the charivari was going on thousands of lambs were put to death; the people have the Jewish rite of the Passover strong upon them; and as we drove to the Casino crosses of fresh blood were visible on the lintels of

the doors and over the windows wherever the owners had killed a lamb. In a lull, there was a grand turn out at the Palace; and on going to the window I saw the little Duke of Sparta, unconscious of his honours, driven by in the arms of his nurse; and in another moment all Corfu was at it again. What the child's impressions of the uproar were it was not possible to judge, but he was not crying, at all events. There was a large dinner this evening, and afterwards the King and Queen retired with the Prince and Princess, and conversed apart long and earnestly together. Then about 11 o'clock the carriages came to the door, and the Royal party drove to the St. Nicholas Landing-place. As the six carriages came to the descent to the sea it looked all afire, a long line of men in double row, holding up blue, green, and red lights, which illuminated the faces of the people, and brought out of the darkness a magic city of many-hued palaces. The bands played, the people shouted. The boats of the Ariadne and Royal Oak at the jetty were ablaze with lights, and in the placid water between Vido and the shore, the frigates—British, Russian, and Greek—lay in a mirror, which reflected every spar and every change in the perpetual eruption of rockets from their decks. As the Royal party

entered the barge a bouquet of seventy-five rockets rushed up from the Ariadne's bow, and spreading out over a quarter of the heavens, filled them for an instant with a myriad constellations. Then, amid the cheers of the people, the boats pushed off to the Ariadne, which decked herself in incessant robes of flame to welcome them, while all the craft in the harbour seemed intent on eclipsing her astonishing energies. It was a sight not to be described and never to be forgotten. The sea became like a gorgeous sky at sunset. Out burst along the bulwarks, on the yard-arms, and booms of the ships of war, globes of many-coloured fires, and as these died out, the fountain of flame welled out once more, till it was time to give the stars a chance. The Prince and Princess went below with the King, Queen, and Prince William of Holstein, and retired to the boudoir. Admiral Boutakoff came on board to pay his respects, and there was a general leave-taking among the suites of the King and of the Prince. For about an hour the parting was deferred by those who had spent such a quiet happy week together, but at last the moment came when the word that must be spoken could no longer be deferred. The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess, came up on deck, and walked slowly towards

the gangway where the barge was waiting. There was a touching farewell, and as the young King, whose emotion could not be restrained, stepped over the side, a grand cheer hurtled through the air, another flight of rockets rent a hundred fiery paths upwards, and illuminated, with thousands of unaccustomed stars, the pale arch through which the moon was slowly sailing. The sight elicited loud cheering from the shore and the ships; then, as the flickering sparks trailed downwards and died away, the Ariadne became wrapped in darkness, and steamed out of the glare into the outer waters, lighted only by the moon.

Thus we bade good-bye to Greece, to the King, who, even in Corfu, cannot escape from the cares which find their sources at Athens, and from the daring councils of men who believe that if they had an "iron-clad" or two, and a million of money, they could drive the Turk out of the Archipelago and the southern pashalics, and to the fair young Queen who has cast in her lot with that of the Royal Dane. The Princess retired below, but the Prince stopped on the poop and watched the lights on the receding shore. It was a night of exquisite beauty; the sea, like a sheet of glass, shone with amazing brilliancy. We were about three-quarters of an hour out from the harbour when an accident occurred, which pre-

sented a sad contrast to the scenes we had just left. A cloud had stole over the face of the moon, and the ship went on through the darkened sea with no sound audible save the throbbing of the screw and the gurgle of the water astern. Suddenly we heard a "smack," as if some flat substance had fallen into the sea. As the Prince called out, "What is that?" the terrible cry, "A man overboard!" came clear and strong above the stamp of feet on the deck. Away went a life-buoy at once, but it capsized as it touched the water, and the light went out. A second life-buoy was let go, and floated astern with its fuse blazing in the wake of the ship. The Prince rushed to the taffrail, and gazed anxiously into the darkness. Not a sound to be heard, not a speck to be seen. The Ariadne was speedily stopped: in a few seconds her life-boat, in charge of Lieutenant Murray, was pulling hard and fast towards the life-buoy. All peered into the night in silence, till at last one said, "The light is bobbing. Thank God! he's saved." And there was silence once more. Ten minutes passed.

"Can you see the boat?"

"Yes, sir. Here it comes. They have got the buoys."

"Nothing else?"

"I don't think so, sir!"

"Quartermaster, can't you see if there is any one with the crew in the boat?"

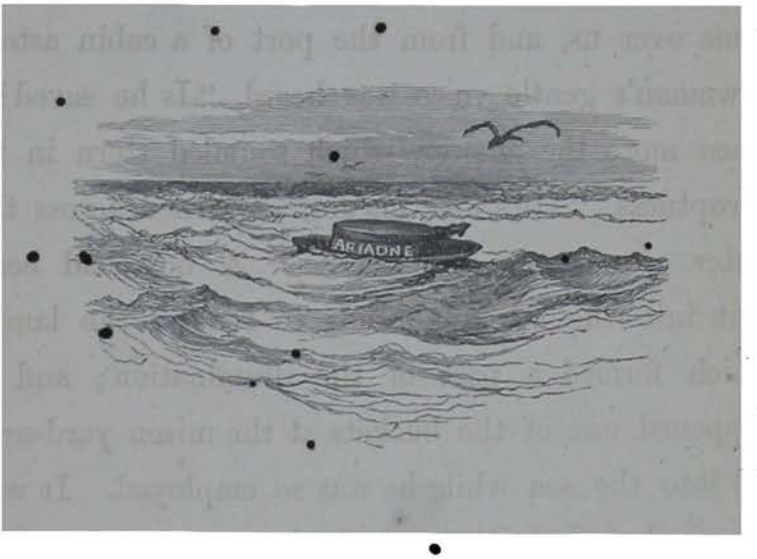
"I can't make out that there is, sir."

The cloud sailed away from the moon, and the boat approached over the silvery sea, towing something astern. Eyes were strained through every glass. You could hear your neighbour's heart beat. We almost leaped when the Captain sang out, "Have you got him?" There was a moment's suspense, ere the reply came back,—"He 's lost, sir!" A low murmur ran along the deck—a sickening feeling came over us, and from the port of a cabin astern a woman's gentle voice was heard, "Is he saved?" Once more the answer, which sounded stern in its abruptness, "He's lost, ma'am," returned across the water. . . . . A boy had been sent into the mizen shrouds to remove the lamps which formed a part of the illumination; and it happened one of the buckets at the mizen yard-arm fell into the sea while he was so employed. It was supposed at first it struck the boy and knocked him over, but a sailor, who was beside him on the ratline, said the bucket never touched him. Most probably the oar on which the "A" was fastened came adrift, and the boy fell overboard, striking his

head against the chains. He never uttered a cry. The indraft of the screw at the place where he touched the water is very strong. From the description, I fancy it was the fair-haired, blue-eyed, pleasant-looking lad I had noticed the previous Sunday leading the singing at service in the front row of the ship's boys.

"On ahead!" "Full speed!"

The gloom caused by the loss of the poor boy was not dissipated next day.



POSTSCRIPT.

The narrative of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the East has reached its legitimate conclusion, and those who have accompanied me so long in a journey, in which the tediousness of the guide was in some measure, I hope, forgotten and forgiven in consideration of the interest inspired by the travellers, are about to separate at the end of our journey. I could say much in praise of the qualities of our companions if it were not that I might lay myself open to the charge of presumption or of flattery. Many reflections occurred to one in the course of a visit to Courts so dissimilar as those of the Sultan and of the King of the Hellenes, and to scenes so different as those presented by the territory of the Czar, and the principality ruled by the Khedive, but they could scarcely find place in the account of the tour of a Prince of England, who received from all an equal and magnificent hospitality. Much of the

time, limited as it was by the necessities of State, was devoted to ceremony and functions, but the Prince and Princess saw nearly all that ordinary travellers can see, and a great deal which none of inferior rank can hope to behold.

In the morning we were off the coast of Italy, and at 12.30 the Ariadne cast anchor inside the old fortress in the harbour of Brindisi, where the Psyche had preceded her with the luggage in charge of Mr. Kanné.

The days of Haroun Alraschid are over. If that inquiring person were to try a little nocturnal ramble in these days, he would see a paragraph in the "Cairo Gazette" next morning—"The Caliph, attired as a dervish, and attended by the Grand Vizier, who was dressed as a water-carrier, honoured the one-eyed calender at the corner of the Ezhekiah with a visit last night, ate some sweets, and proceeded to take a long ramble through our ancient city." At the landing-place there were General Angelini, A.D.C., Baron di Montanaro, Master of the Ceremonies, Count Charbonneau, Officier d'Ordonnance, to represent the King of Italy; Winspeare, Duke of Salve, to represent the locality; Count Arrivabene, to represent the Chamber of Deputies; the prefetto and sotto prefetto, an escort of cavalry, a guard of honour, a deputation,

to represent themselves; an inevitable address, and a crowd of people. Farewell all hopes of the incognito. The King sent his own saloon carriage, and a famous cook was despatched from Naples to prepare creature comforts eundo. The Meridional of Italy insisted on offering a special train gratis to Turin, and guards of honour and deputations and addresses were in ambush or in the open all along the route, and had to be artfully evaded.

May 3rd.—The Royal train reached Bologna at 6 A.M., where the British Minister, Sir Augustus Paget, was waiting to accompany the travellers to the confines of Italy, and halted for a few seconds at Parma at 10 A.M., where a guard of honour, band, General of Division and Staff received them. We reached Piacenza at 12.45, where there was a crowd of officials and unofficials on the platform, and Turin, 2.40 P.M., where the Prince and Princess alighted. The Prince and Princess visited the Prince of Carignano, the King's uncle, and received the Italian officers, Sir A. Paget, and Mr. Mansell at dinner at the Hôtel de l'Europe.

May 4th.—At 8.30 A.M. left Turin by special train, the Prince of Carignano being in attendance to bid good-bye at the station. Arrived at Susa in fifty minutes, where Mr. Longridge, the Railway Man-

ager, was in waiting. Changed to the carriages of the Mont Cenis Railway. Narrow, but not uncomfortable. Began the ascent and got to the summit at La Grande Croix in two hours. Not much snow left. Sir Augustus Paget and Mr. Mansell took leave, and went back on foot to Susa. The descent commenced. At Lanslebourg, where there was a short halt (12.20), there is a buffet, and a very pretty lady in waiting. Not far from this is the entrance to the Great Tunnel. There is one great objection to the Mont Cenis route—the want of air in the numerous tunnels and covered ways, which are necessary to prevent the snow accumulating on the line. The blinding and blackening smoke from the locomotive would be driven into the carriages, if the windows and doors were not closed the moment the train enters these passages, and just as you are enjoying a bit of scenery, you are compelled to shut yourself up in darkness. The warning whistle for this operation is repeated on parts of the line every three or four minutes. We were late at Saint Michel, and had to hurry over dinner. Count Arrivabene and Chevalier Brambilla took leave here. The engines, made in France, have an unhappy facility in breaking down, and at one place we were detained nearly an

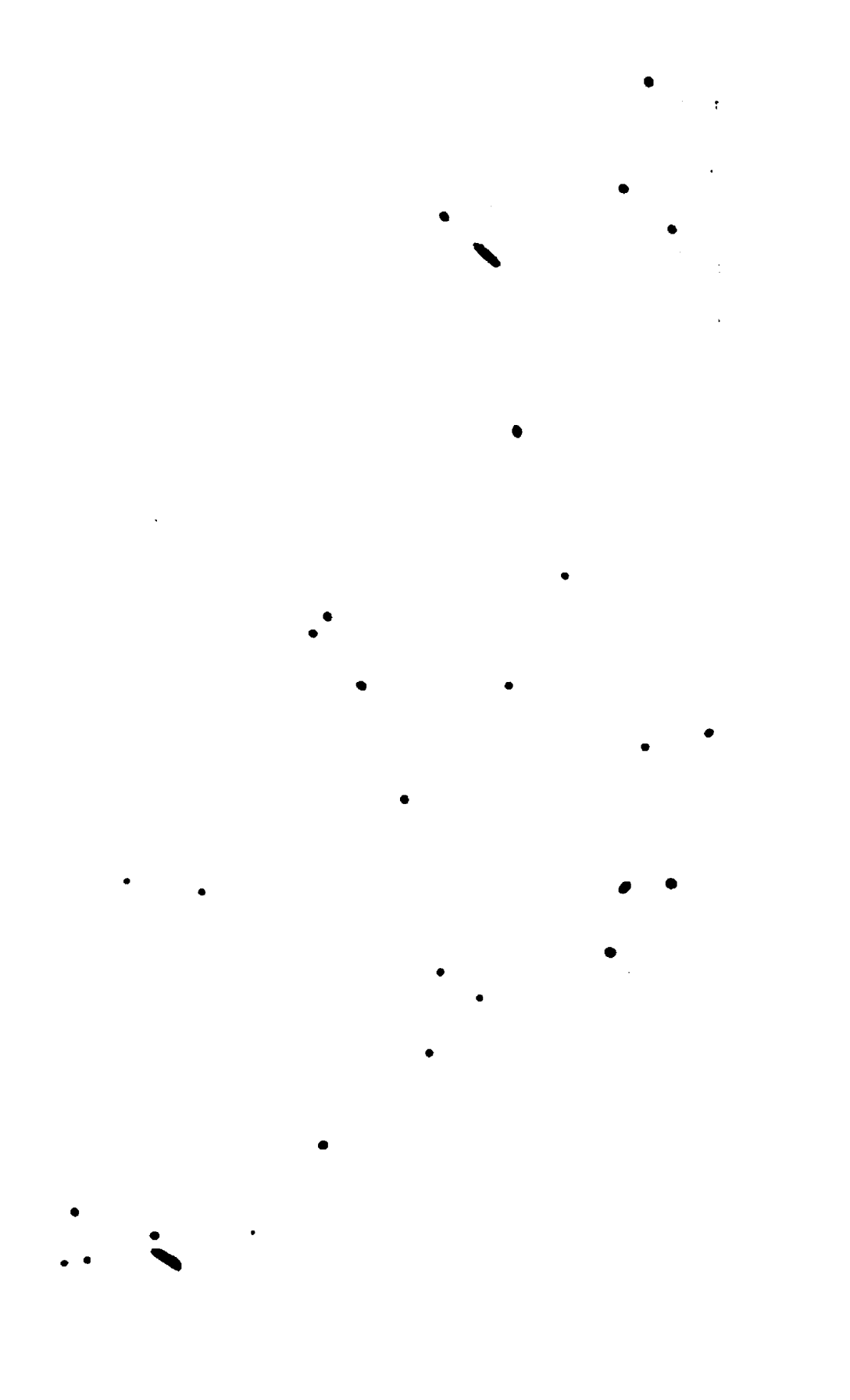
hour while the engineers were executing repairs; but the grandeur of the scenery, the novelty of snows and glaciers to those who were still brown with the suns of Egypt, made amends for the delay.

The Brindisi route will perhaps become a favourite with travellers between India and Western Europe. In three or four years, the tunnel will be completed, and it remains to be seen how the rail over the mountain will fare. For my own part, as I have not the least notion of what sea-sickness is like, I prefer the comfort and repose of a steamer —such, at least, they appear to me—to the heat, the cold, the noise, the dust, the rattle, the jar, and low fever of a long journey by railroad. Other things being equal, I would rather go to Marseilles and take the sea, than cross the Alps and travel to Brindisi, as the point of departure for Alexandria. But constitutions and tastes differ. When Brindisi offers tolerable accommodation to the traveller the route will certainly be selected by those who desire to shorten the journey by twenty-four hours, to avoid the sea, or to visit Italy.

The special arrived at Maçon, at 10.50 P.M., and was attached to the train which came in from the South, the Royal party arrived at Paris shortly

before 9 o'clock A.M., and proceeded to the Hôtel Bristol.

On the 12th of May, their Royal Highnesses arrived at Marlborough House at 6.30 P.M., after an absence of nearly six months from England.



Appendix A.

SCUTARI CEMETERY.

The following is a list of the graves in the cemetery, with a copy of the inscriptions on each tablet.

No. 1.]

Sacred
to the Memory of
Terence H. Wall,
Assistant Surgeon of
H.M.S. Leopard.
Died at Constantinople,
December 16th, 1855.

A Tribute of Friendship.

No. 2.]

In Memory of
Alexander McGregor, M.D.,
Deputy Inspector General of
British Army Hospitals.
Died at Scutari, 16th November, 1855.
Aged 45 years.

No. 3.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Edward Complin, Civil Assistant
Surgeon, attached to the British Army
in the Crimea, who died, deeply
lamented, October 29th, 1855.
Aged 25 years.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the
"Lord."

No. 4.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Charles Henry Beck,
Lieutenant 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers,
who died 29th September, 1855,
of wounds received 8th September,
1855, at the Assault on the Redan,
Sebastopol.
Aged 19 years.

This Stone is placed by his Brother
Officers.

No. 5.]

Mr. William Peake,
Ordnance Department.

No. 6.]

Lieut. Wm. Mendyth Somerville, R.E.
Died at Scutari,
3rd September, 1855. Aged 20.

His illness was contracted in the
Trenches before Sebastopol.

No. 7.]

Captain F. Belson, R.E.
Died 14th August, 1855.
Aged 28 years.

No. 8.]

The dead shall be raised.

Reverend Henry John Whitfeld.
June 18, 1855.

No. 9.]

To the Memory of
Nathaniel Evanson Harrison,
Lieut.-Col. Commanding R.A.,
4th Division of the British Army
before Sebastopol.
Died 12th August, 1855.
Aged 42 years.
Deeply regretted by all who knew his
manly and Christian character, and
by the Service to which he belonged.

"Fight the good fight."
—1st Tim., 6 ch., 12 v.

No. 10.]

Major Sorell,
81st Regiment.

No. 11.]

Dr. James A. Wishart,
Staff Surgeon.
Died 25th May, 1855. Aged 33.

"With Christ, which is far better."
—Phil. xii., 3.
"Thy brother shall arise again."
—John xi., 23.

Erected by his Sister.

No. 12.]

Sacred to the Memory of
R. Simons, age 22, Assistant Surgeon,
who died of Fever, at Scutari,
April 28th, 1855.

No. 13.]

Sophia Walford,
Matron, Barrack Hospital, Scutari.
Entered into rest 30th August, 1855.
Aged 46.

"She hath done what she could."

No. 14.]

Sophia Barnes,
Nurse.
4th April, 1855.

No. 15.]

Harvey Ludlow, F.R.C.S.
Died 4th April, 1855.
Aged 28.

No. 16.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Joseph Long,
4th Company Royal Sappers and Miners,
who died March 21st, 1855.
Aged [illegible] years.

"I am thine, save me."

Erected by a Comrade.

No. 17.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Thomas Matthew Hopki,
1st Officer of the Steam-ship Adelaide,
Died 18th March, 1855, of Fever,
taken whilst in discharge of his
duty on a Voyage from the Crimea,
with Invalids. Aged 35 years.

No. 18.]

Dr. Brown.

No. 19.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Lieutenant Hugh Charles Harriott,
41st Regiment,
who died at Scutari on the
8th December, 1854,
of a wound received while commanding
the Light Company of his Regiment
in the Action of the 26th October, 1854,
before Sebastopol.
Aged — years.

Erected by his Brother Officers.

No. 20.]

Sacred to the Memory of
George Henry Hughes,
Captain
23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers,
Who was compelled to retire from
the fatigue of the Siege of
Sebastopol by illness, of which
he died at Constantinople,
11th December, 1854.
Aged 28 years.

This Stone is erected by his
Brother Officers.

No. 21.]

Sacred
to the Memory of Lt.-Colonel
J. G. Champion, 95th Regiment,
who died at Scutari Hospital the
30th November, 1854, from a wound
received while gallantly commanding
his Regiment at the Battle of
Inkermann on the 5th inst.

He ever proved himself a thorough Gentleman and brave Soldier.

No. 22.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Thomas Kyd Morgan,
Lieutenant H. M.'s 63rd Regt.,
Second son of James Morgan
of the City of Edinburgh
in Scotland,
who died at Scutari 11th Dec., 1854,
of wounds received in the Battle of
Inkermann.
Aged 19.

Erected by an affectionate Mother in commemoration of a most dearly beloved Son.

No. 23.]

Sacred
to the Memory of
Staff Surgeon C. Hume Reade,
who departed this life
the 28th November, 1854.
Aged 61 years.

This Monument is erected by his afflicted Wife and Children.

No. 24.]

S. M.
R. H. Payne Crawford,
Captain H B. M. 90th Regt.
Died at Scutari
Feb. 24, 1855.

No. 25.]

In Memory of
Captain Arthur Thistlethwayte,
Scots Fusilier Guards,
who expired at
Scutari Barrack Hospital
the 26th November, 1854.

Beloved and Respected.

No. 26.]

Sacred
to the Memory of
David Anderson,
Staff Assistant Surgeon,
native of Dumfries,
who died at Scutari of Cholera
on the 4th November, 1854.
Aged — years.

No. 27.]

Sacred
to the Memory of
Toosey Williams,
Royal Scots Greys,
who died Nov. 23rd, 1854.
"I am thine, save me."
Psa. cxix. 94.

From his sincere Friend, C. H. Lindsay, Grnr. Guards.

No. 28.]

Itt nyugszik
Guyon
Richárd
Gróf,
Török Fő-Tábornok
Frankhon ivadéka
Angolhon Szülöttge
Magyarhon Vitézze
Meghalt October 11en, 1856.
Élete
44th Évében.

No. 29.]

Erected
As a mark of respect and esteem, by
his Brother Officers,
to the Memory of the
Lieutenant-Colonel GEORGE AINSLIE,
21st Royal British Fusiliers;
who died at Scutari,
on the 14th November, 1854,
aged 45 years,
from a wound received when leading
on the right wing of his regiment at
the battle of Inkerman, on the
5th November, 1854.

No. 30.]

Sacred
to the Memory of
Lieutenant-Colonel HARRY SMYTH,
68th Light Infantry,
who died at Scutari, on the
28th November, 1854, of a wound
received at the Battle of Inkermann.

No. 31.]

S.M. AUG. F. C. WEBB,
Capt. XVII. Lancers;
Wounded at Balaclava, October 25th,
Died at Scutari, November 6th, 1854.
Aged xxii.

No. 32.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Lt. and Adjt. ARTHUR DILLON MAULE,
88th Connaught Rangers;
who died at Scutari, 14th Nov., 1854,
from the effects of wounds received
in the Trenches before Sebastopol,
on the 26th October, 1854.

This Monument is erected by his Brother Officers, as a mark of their esteem and affection.

No. 33.]

To the Memory of
Lieutenant MONTAGU WIGLEY BELL,
Lieutenant JOSIAH HOLFORD, and
Quarter-Master SAMUEL SPENCE,
who died during the Campaigns of
1854 and 1855.

This cross is erected by their Brother Officers of H.B.M.'s Twenty-eighth Regiment. 1856.

Also to the Memory of the Non-commissioned Officers and Privates of H.B.M.'s Twenty-eighth Regiment who died during the Campaigns of 1854 and 1855, before Sebastopol.
May they rest in peace.
1856.

No. 34.]

Sacred to the Memory of
The Honorable GREY NEVILLE,
5th Dragoon Guards,
youngest son of Lord Braybrooke;
Died at Scutari, November, 1854,
of wounds received at Balaclava,
25th October, 1854.
Aged 24 years.
Surviving by only six days his Brother,
The Honorable HENRY NEVILLE,
Grenadier Guards,
Killed at Inkerman, 5th Nov., 1854.

To the dear Memory of those so loved, and early lost, their sorrowing Family inscribe this stone.

No. 35.]

HARRY GEORGE TEESDALE,
Lieutenant Royal Engineers; son of
Colonel H. G. Teesdale, R.H.A.
Wounded at Alma.
Died at Scutari,
October xxii., MDCCCLIV. Æ. xxiii.

No. 36.]
Sacred to the Memory of
MARY F. S. FINNERTY,
Daughter of
Lieutenant C. Finnerty,
47th Regiment;
who died at Scutari,
7th September, 1855,
Aged 6 months.

No. 37.]
Sacred
to the Memory of
WILLIAM FREDERICK Visc. CHEWTON,
Eldest son of the Earl Waldegrave,
Captain Scots Fusilier Guards,
who died at Scutari,
ye 8th of October, 1854,
Aged 38,
of wounds received in action,
whilst gallantly leading on his men
at the memorable
Battle of the Alma,
20th September, 1854

This Tablet is erected
by his sorrowing Widow.

No. 38.]
Sacred to the Memory of
Lieutenant T. W. WOOLLCOMBE,
47th Regiment,
who died at Scutari on the 7th Oct.,
1854, of wounds received at the
Battle of the Alma.

No. 39.]
Sacred to the Memory of
ANNE CLIFFORD,
died 29th Sept., 1854.
Aged 31 years.

The above is a tribute of esteem to a devoted Wife, from an affectionate Husband, of the 50th Queen's Own Regiment.

No. 40.]
Sacred to the Memory of
W. L. MACNISH,
Lieut. 93rd Highlanders,
who was drowned at Scutari,
May 19th, 1854.

This Tablet was erected by his
Brother Officers.

No. 41.]
Sacred to the Memory
of
HENRY CROFTON SINGER, Lieut. R.A.,
Aged 26 years,
who was killed in a collision at sea,
October 2nd, 1854,
on his return from the Crimea,
Invalided.

This Monument is erected by
his Father, Joseph Henderson Singer,
Bishop of Meath.

No. 42.]
Sacred
to the Memory of
SUSAN MC. DERMOTT.

No. 43.]
Sacred
to the Memory of
GEORGE COOMBES.

No. 44.]
A RUSSIAN OFFICER.

No. 45.]
Sacred
to the Memory of
Major J. B. SHARPE, 20th Regiment,
who died at Scutari,
28th Dec., 1854,
of wounds received at the
Battle of Inkermann.

No. 46.]

Major C. S. GLAZBROOK,
49th Regiment of Foot,
died at Scutari
the 18th December, 1854, of
wounds received before
Sebastopol on the 17th Nov., 1854.

No. 47.]

Sacred to the Memory of
LUCAS WARD, Esqre.
Purveyor to the Forces,
who died at Scutari, Jan. 1st, 1855,
after serving his country 46 years.
Also
to the Memory of
JANE WARD,
Wife of the above, who died at the
same place, Jan. 3rd, 1855.

This Monument was erected by the members of his Department as a tribute of esteem and respect for an old and faithful Public Officer.

No. 48.]

To the Memory of
Captain JOHN WARREN, 55th Regt.
Born 23rd June, 1831,
at Fort St. George, East India.
Died 22nd November, 1854,
on board the steamer Victoria,
off Constantinople.

He was present at the Battle of Alma, 20th Sept., 1854, where he was wounded; Inkermann on the 26th Oct., and again on the 5th Nov., 1854. On all these occasions he distinguished himself. His death was the result of fever, brought on by over-exertion after the last battle of Inkermann, when doing duty as adjutant of his regiment.

No. 49.]

Dedicated by his Brother Officers
to the Memory of
WILLIAM PITCAIRN CAMPBELL,
aged 30,
Major 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers,
wounded on the Alma.
He was appointed a Staff Officer
at Scutari, and died there of Fever,
March 22nd, 1855.

A Christian Soldier,
finding comfort in death from these
assuring words of the Saviour,
in whom he trusted:
"Come unto me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden, and I will give you
rest."—Matt. 11th ch., 28th v.

No. 50.]

Sacred to the Memory of
WILLIAM RICHARD NEWPORT CAMPBELL,
Captain 5th Dragoon Guards,
who died at Scutari on
the 23rd December, 1854.
Having served in the Actions of
Punniar, Chillianwallah, Goojerat, and
Balaclava,
he fell a victim to the hardships and
privations of the Crimean Campaign.

This Tablet is erected by his sorrowing Mother.

No. 51.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Major ROBERT WILLIAM COLVILL,
late of Her Majesty's 97th Regiment.
Yielding to the severity of a Winter
Campaign with the Allied Army
before Sebastopol,
he died on the passage from
Balaclava to the Hospital at Scutari,
on the 2nd January, 1855,
aged 42 years,
Cheerfully terminating his Life
in his Country's Service.

A bereaved and sorrowing Sister has erected this Tomb as a faint Memorial of his private worth and excellence.

No. 52.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Assistant-Surgeon
ALEXANDER STRUTHERS, M.D.
Died at Scutari, 20th January, 1855.

No. 53.]

Sacred to the Memory of
FREDERICK A. MACARTNEY,
Staff Assistant Surgeon,
who died at Scutari,
February 12th, 1855.
Aged 22 years.

"Jesus saith, I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

No. 54.]

In Memory of
JOHN GRABHAM,
Assistant-Surgeon 71st Regiment,
who died at Scutari,
February 16th, A.D. 1855.
Aged 24 years.

No. 55.]

S.M.
Rev. GEORGE HENRY PROCTOR,
Chaplain H.M.F.,
Son of George Proctor, D.D.,
Rector of Hadley,
who died at Scutari, March 10th, 1855.
Aged 34 years.

His Parents have placed this Stone.

No. 56.]

Sacred to the Memory of
V. MACKESY, Esq., 63rd Regiment,
Son of J. L. Mackesy, M.D.,
of Waterford,
who died on the 7th March, 1855.
Aged 24 years.

He was a zealous Soldier, and deeply regretted by the Officers and Men of his Corps.

No. 57.]

In Memory of
EDMUND SIDNEY WASON, Esq., M.D.,
Assistant-Surgeon 13th Regt. Light Infantry, only son of
Edmund Sidney Wason, Esq.,
late of Merton Hall, Wigtonshire,
who died in the Hospital at Scutari,
whilst actively and faithfully
discharging his too arduous
professional duties.
February 8th, 1855.

No. 58.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Private JOHN BRUCE,
13th Light Dragoons,
who departed this life, the
9th of March, 1855.
Aged 33 years.

Erected by his affectionate Wife.

No. 59.]

To the Memory of
The Honble. JOHN WILLIAM HELY HUTCHINSON,
Captain 13th Light Dragoons,
who died at Scutari, July 2nd, 1855.
Aged 25.

This Stone is erected by his Brother Officers.

"He that believeth in the Son, hath life everlasting."—
JOHN 3, 36.

No. 60.]

W. SAUNDERS,
Dept. Provt. Marsh.

No. 61.]

A CARPENTER.

No. 62.]

ARTHUR FERDINAND PLATT,
49th Regt.
11th August, 1855.
Aged 20.

No. 63.]

JOHN HERRING WHITWELL,
of Peterborough, England.
Born Mar. 15, 1832.
Died Sept. 2, 1855.

No. 64.]

Mr. BROWN,
Commt. Dept.

No. 65.]

In Memory of
HENRY ARTHUR WIGHT, Esq.,
Lieutenant 6th Dragoon Guards,
eldest Son of the late
Arthur Wight, Esq.,
Major 23rd Regt. B. N. I.,
of Brabœuf Manor, near Guildford, Surrey, on his passage to England, for the recovery of his health.
He was too ill to proceed, and he departed this life on the 23rd Sept., 1855, aged 19, in Scutari Hospital.

His loss is deeply lamented by his Family and Friends.

No. 66.]

Revd. J. LEE.

No. 67.]

To the Memory of
Staff Assist.-Surgeon
H. W. WOOD.

No. 68.]

Ensn. VON CISKA,
German Legion.

No. 69.]

Sacred to the Memory of
JAMES INGLIS COCHRAN,
of the Commissariat Staff,
who died on the
20th Dec., 1855.
Aged 23 years.

No. 70.]

Lieut. CUPLE,
German Legion.

No. 71.]

Doctor MAYNE.

No. 72.]

To the Memory of
MARY MARKS,
Nurse.
Died at the Palace Hospital,
Scutari,
Oct. 8th, 1855.
Aged 47.

No. 73.]

MARTHA CLOUGH.
Died
on board the Orinoco on her
passage from the Crimea to
Scutari.
September 24, 1855.

No. 74.]

Sacred
to the Memory of
Dispenser BEVERIDGE.

No. 75.]

Doctor KEITEL,
German Legion.

No. 76.]

CHARLOTTE MOORE.
Died at the Palace Hospital
Hyder Pasha,
22nd Nov., 1855.

No. 77.]

Sacred
to the Memory of
JAMES SMITH.

No. 78.]

FANNY A. M. BIRT.
Died Sept. 2nd, 1855.
Aged 3 years.

No. 79.]

Sacred to the Memory
of
P. MICHAEL WALSH.

No. 80.]

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN PATTISON,
late
Second Engineer of the steam-ship Andes,
in the Transport Service.
Born at Cathcart, Scotland, 12th
Oct., 1822.
Died at Scutari, 30th Dec., 1855.

This stone marks the place where poor
Pattison lies;
Near this, he resigned his last breath;
To heavy affliction he had to comply,
And yield to the arrow of Death.

This Stone was erected by his Ship-
mates, and others of the Cunard ser-
vice, as an appreciation of his worth
and ability.

No. 81.]

Sacred to the Memory of
ALFRED HENRY CHERRY, Esq.,
Vety. Surgeon, Royal Dragoons,
who died at Scutari,
on the 7th March, 1856.
Aged 30 years.

No. 82.]

In Memory of Surgeons MACAULAY and BOXALL, and Acting Assistant-Surgeons SIBBALD and COATES, of the Anglo-Turkish Contingent.

Erected by their Brother Medical Officers, 1856.

No. 83.]

Captain Hyde Parker,
H. B. M.'s Steam Frigate Firebrand,
8th July, 1854.
Removed to this spot
from Pera,
9th November, 1863.

No. 84.]

Sacred
to the Memory of
Alexander Hamilton, Sergt. R.A.,
who died of cholera on the 20th of
November, 1855. Aged 31 years.
Beloved by all who knew him.

This Stone was erected by his affectionate Wife, who is left to lament his loss.

No. 85.]

Sacred
To the Memory of Sergt. John Bailes,
33rd Regiment,
who died at the General Hospital,
16th Nov., 1855.
Aged 39 years.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

No. 86.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Pte. Frederick Litchfield, 49th Regt.,
who departed this life on
2nd April, 1855.
Aged 27 years.

This Tablet was erected by his beloved and affectionate Wife.

No. 87.]

Felim Patrick Byrne.
Born in the Connaught Rangers.
Died August 16th, 1855.
Aged 7 months.

Requiescat in pace.

No. 88.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Sergt. J. Cooper, 33rd Regiment,
who departed this life 19th July, 1855,
in the 26th year of his age.

Stay, people, as you pass by;
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so will you be—
Prepare for Death, and follow me.

This Tomb is erected by his brother Non-commissioned Officers, as a mark of esteem and respect towards him.
D. A. T.

No. 89.]

I N—R I
Sacred
to the Memory of
Henry Abernethey,
Native of Wexford, Ireland,
Stoker, Great Britain Steam-ship,
who departed this life 17 July, 1855.
Aged 50 years.

May he rest in peace.

His Shipmates' last token of Friendship.

No. 90.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Charles Platt,
late Steward of the Harem Hospital.
Died 22 May, 1855.
Aged 29 years.

"Prepare to meet thy God."

No. 91.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Captain H. E. SMITH,
of the ship "Chalmers,"
who departed this life 21st June, 1855.
Aged 51 years.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

No. 92.]

Sacred to the Memory of
Trumpet-Major FRANCIS JOHNSON,
12th Royal Lancers,
who departed this life on the
22nd December, 1855,
in the 35th year of his age.

This Stone was erected by the Non-commissioned Officers of the 13th Light Dragoons, as a mark of respect.

No. 93.]

I. H. S.

Sacred to the Memory of
The Soldiers of the 8th & 10th Hussars,
17th Lancers,
and
Land Transport Corps
of the British Army,
who died at Ismid,
during the Winter of 1855-6,
after the fall of Sebastopol.

Erected by their Comrades.

The National Monument bears the following inscription:—

To the Memory
of the
OFFICERS AND MEN
of the
BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY,
who in the War against Russia,
in 1854, 1855, and 1856,
Died for their Country.
This Monument
was raised by
QUEEN VICTORIA
and her People,
1857.

The same is in Turkish on the back panel; in French on the right; in Italian on the left.

Appendix B.

The following particulars concerning the Memorial Church erected on the north side of Sebastopol Bay, over the principal cemetery, sacred to the memory of the Russians who fell defending the city during the siege may be interesting.

Principal Dimensions of the Church.

Length of the Base	63 feet.
Height from the Base to the Cross	105 ,,
Height of the Grand Cross	23 ,,
Weight of the Cross	about 16 tons.

Designer and Architect of the Church:—A. A. Ardier.

Painter Artists:—T. A. Kabanof, A. E. Korneïr, M. N. Vasilïer, A. D. Litortchenko, Genevé.

Decorator:—Raphael Tselly.

The inscriptions on the black marble plates on the outside walls of the Church are translated as follows:—

Division, or Brigade.	Time in Garrison.	Loss in Men.
West (or entrance) Side, Left Plate.		
4th Infantry Division:—		
Belosersky Line Regiment	Aug. 5 to Aug. 27, 1855.	950
Olonetsky ,, ,, ...		1,604
Shlisselbourgsky Light Regiment...		919
Ladojsky ,, ,, ...		924
5th Infantry Division:—		
Arxhangelogorodsky H. T. H. Grand Duc Wladimir Alexandrowitch's Line Regiment.....	Aug. 24 to Aug. 27, 1855.	24
Vologodsky Line Regiment		54
Kostromskoy Light Regiment	Aug. 26 to Aug. 27, 1855.	273
Galitsky ,, ,, ...	Aug. 26 to Aug. 27, 1855.	307
6th Infantry Division:—		
Mouromsky Line Regiment	May 7 to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,371

Division, or Brigade.	Time in Garrison.	Loss in Men.
		7426
WEST SIDE, RIGHT PLATE.		
7th Infantry Division:—		
Smolensky Line Regiment	July 23 to Aug. 2, 1855.	34
Mohilersky ,, ,, ...		6
Vitebsky Light Regiment	July 22 to Aug. 1, 1855.	19
Polotsky ,, ,, ...		48
8th Infantry Division:—		
Tchernigorsky, Count Diebietch Zabalkansky's Line Regiment	April 9 to Aug. 27, 1855.	3,689
Poltarsky ,, ,, ...	April 7 to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,868
Alexopolsky Light Regiment	April 4 to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,608
Kremetchougsky ,, ,, ...	April 2 to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,816
9th Infantry Division:—		
Eletsky Line Regiment	June 3 to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,674
Sersky ,, ,, ...		2,819
Briansky G. A. Prince Gortchakof's Light Regiment	May 27 to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,640
Orlorsky, General Fieldmarshal Prince Warshavsky Count Paskiewitch Erivansky's Light Regiment	April 23 to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,412
10th Infantry Division:—		
Ekaterinbourgsky Line Regiment	Oct. 22, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	4,648
Tobolsky ,, ,, ...		4,521
Tomsky Light Regiment	Oct. 22, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	3,330
Koliransky ,, ,, ...		4,238
SOUTH SIDE, LEFT PLATE.		
11th Infantry Division:—		
Selenginsky Line Regiment	Nov. 5, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,811
Sakoutsky ,, ,, ...	Nov. 6, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	1,887
Okhotsky Light Regiment	Nov. 5, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	1,799
Kamtchatsky ,, ,, ...	Nov. 9, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,830
12th Infantry Division:—		
Azorsky Line Regiment	April 20 to Aug. 27,	418
Dneprovsky ,, ,, ...	April 6 to Aug. 27.	868
Oukrainsky Light Regiment	March 16 to Aug. 27.	900
Odessky ,, ,, ...	March 30 to Aug. 27.	601

Division or Brigade.	Time in Garrison.	Loss in Men.
SOUTH SIDE, RIGHT PLATE.		
14th Infantry Division:—		
Volinsky Line Regiment	Oct. 19, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	3,896
Minsky ,, ,,	Sept. 27, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	4,161
Podolsky Light Regiment	April 20 to Aug. 27, 1855.	2,878
Yitomirsky Line Regiment		2,047
16th Infantry Division:—		
Wladimirsky Line Regiment	March 25 to Aug. 27.	3,149
Susdalsky ,, ,,	March 13 to Aug. 27.	2,099
Ouglitsky Light Regiment	Oct. 5, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	1,864
Kazansky, H. T. H. Grand Duc Michel Nikolaewich's Light Regiment	March 9 to Aug. 27.	2,078
17th Infantry Division:—		
Moskorsky Line Regiment	Sept. 19, 1854, to Jan. 17, 1855.	29
Boutirsky ,, ,,	Sept. 23, 1854, to Jan. 17, 1855.	1,310
Borodinsky, H. T. Majesty's Light Regiment	Sept. 19, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	448
Toroutinsky Light Regiment	Sept. 17, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	375
EAST SIDE, LEFT PLATE.		
13th Infantry Division, Reserved Brigade:—		
5th and 6th Battalions, Bretsky's and Belostoksky's line, Litorsky's and Vilensky's Light Reserve Regiments	Sept. 13, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	5,511
4th Rifle Battalion	Nov. 5, 1854, to Aug. 27.	370
6th ,, ,,	Unknown.	Unknown.
3rd Battalion of Sappers	April 23 to Aug. 27.	298
4th ,, ,,	Oct. 24, 1854, to Aug. 27.	513
6th ,, ,,	Sept. 13, 1854, to Aug. 27.	756
RIGHT PLATE.		
1th Infantry Div. Reserve Brig.:—		
6th Battalions Volinskay's and Minsky's Line Reserve Regiments	Sept. 20, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	1,687

Division, or Brigade.	Time in Garrison.	Loss in Men.
15th Reserve Infantry Division:—		93,461
Modlinskay Reserve Line Regiment	June 17 to Aug. 27, 1855.	1,144
Dragsky ,, ,, ,,	June 17 to Aug. 27, 1855.	1,077
Lublinsky ,, Light ,,	June 20 to Aug. 27, 1855.	1,803
Zamostsky ,, ,, ,,	June 20 to Aug. 27, 1855.	1,468
4th Rifle Battalion	Nov. 5, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	370
6th ,, ,, ...	Not marked.	Not marked.
3rd Battalion Sappers	April 23 to Aug. 27, 1855.	298
4th ,, ,, ...	Oct. 24, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	513
6th ,, ...	Sept. 13, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	756
10th Artillery Brigade:—		
No. 1 Heavy Field Battery	Oct. 24 to Oct. 27, 1854.	94
No. 2 ,, ,, ,, ...	Oct. 2 to Oct. 26, 1854.	34
No. 1 Light Field Battery	April 27 to Aug. 27, 1855.	20
No. 2 ,, ,, ,, ...	Oct. 29, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	51
NORTH SIDE, LEFT PLATE.		
11th Artillery Brigade:—		
No. 3 Light Field Battery	April 1 to Aug. 27, 1855.	30
No. 4 ,, ,, ,, ...	April 27 to Aug. 27, 1855.	46
No. 5 ,, ,, ,, ...	Nov. 14, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	124
12th Artillery Brigade:—		
No. 7 Light Field Battery	June 11 to Aug. 27, 1855.	35
No. 8 ,, ,, ,, ...	June 11 to Aug. 27, 1855.	88
No. 9 ,, ,, ,, ...	June 22 to Aug. 27, 1855.	106
14th Artillery Brigade:—		
No. 4 Light Field Battery	Sept. 13 to Nov. 15, 1854.	26
No. 6 ,, ,, ,, ...	Oct. 24 to Nov. 15, 1854.	3
16th Artillery Brigade:—		
No. 1 Heavy Field Battery	Sept. 13 to Oct. 24, 1854.	39
No. 1 Light Field Battery	Oct. 24 to Nov. 15, 1854.	18
17th Artillery Brigade:—		
No. 4 Light Field Battery	Sept. 13 to Oct. 31, 1854; July 22 to Aug. 27, 1855.	108
No. 5 ,, ,, ,, ...	Sept. 13 to Oct. 25, 1854, June 17 to Aug. 27, 1855.	65

Division, or Brigade.	Time in Garrison.	Loss in Men.
		101,681
RIGHT PLATE.		
No. 2 Battalion of the Black Sea Infantry Cossacks.	Sept. 20, 1854, to April 24, 1855.	340
No. 8 Battalion of the Black Sea Infantry Cossacks.	Sept. 20, 1854, to May 5, 1855.	1,177
No. 47, No. 48, No. 41 — Militia Battalions of the Koursk Government.	Aug. 22 to Aug. 27, 1855.	Loss not marked.
Battalion of the Greek Volunteers	Mar. 1 to Aug. 27, 1855.	
Companies of Sebastopol Garrison Artillery.	Sept. 13, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	
NAVY.		
Ships' Crews (les équipages des vaisseaux) Nos. 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, and 45.*	Sept. 13, 1854, to Aug. 27, 1855.	15,977
Marine Invalids No. 4		
Dockyard Workmen's Companies (les ouvriers de l'arsenal), Nos. 17, 18, and 19		
Arsenal and Laboratory Labourer's Companies		
Convict Companies		
		119,075

* NOTE.—Each ship's crew was originally 1,000 men strong, and used to man —one line-of-battle-ship and one frigate; or one line-of-battle-ship and three or four minor men-of-war; or two frigates and two or three minor men-of-war.

A Russian Infantry Division was composed of two brigades—one line and one light; each brigade of two regiments, and each regiment of four battalions, 1,000 men strong each.

Appendix C.

The following is a copy of the Address presented by the Pera Deputation.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

May it please your Royal Highness,—The undersigned, on behalf of the British community of Constantinople, desire to offer to your Royal Highness and the Princess of Wales the expression of their respectful and hearty welcome, on the occasion of this your second visit to the Turkish capital.

Though for the greater part permanently resident in the Levant, and thus removed from the immediate influences which have contributed so much to develop and strengthen the affectionate loyalty with which Her Majesty and every member of the Royal family are universally regarded at home, the British community of Constantinople yields to no other section of Her Majesty's subjects in devoted attachment to her throne and person.

While, therefore, most cordially welcoming your Royal Highness and the illustrious lady who has won for herself so conspicuous a place in the affections of the British people, the undersigned avail

themselves of the opportunity which doing so affords to place once more on record their sentiments of loyal devotion to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

On behalf of the British community of Constantinople.

Constantinople, April 2, 1869.

Mr. Hanson, of the Bank, an old and respected resident of Constantinople, whose name must be known to every British officer who served in the Crimea, was the spokesman on the occasion.

The Prince of Wales made a reply in very gracious terms, and expressed his pleasure at the allusion made to Her Royal Highness, and his sense of the feeling which animated the address.

THE END.

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